McCLURE'S

Edited by Herbert Kaufman

AUGUST
1921

15¢

In this number

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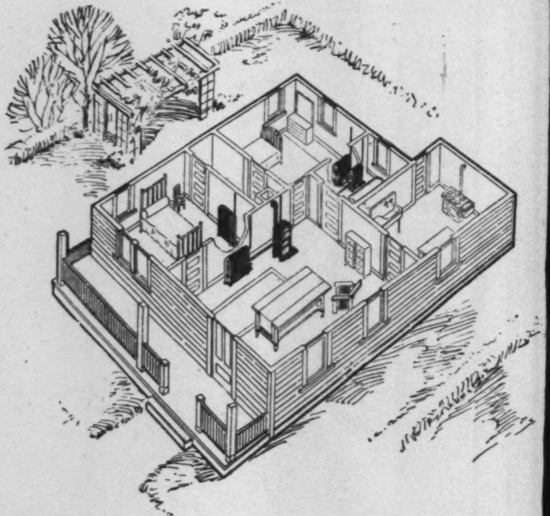

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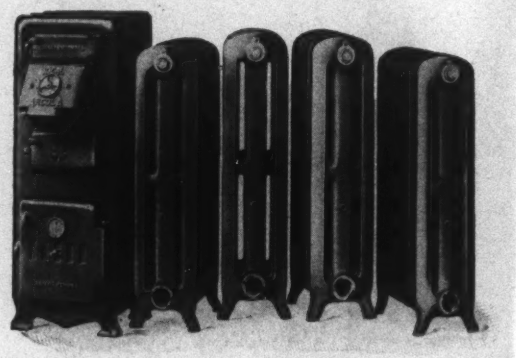

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McCLURE'S

Number 7
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Let's Look To September Also

The Salvation of George Mackintosh
by P. G. Wodehouse

Who writes gayly of the cure that just had to be given to George when he took to talking on the tees and gabbling on the greens. George was saved by a girl. Most men are. Complete short story.

Miss Nemesis
by Holworthy Hall

A girl makes up her mind that she wants Power. Of course, that being the case, she got it. But did she want it then? And for what was she willing to trade it? We suspect that this is a love story, at bottom. Complete short story.

The Best of All Possible Worlds
by Sir Oliver Lodge

This is it, despite incompletion, imperfection, and the philosopher so demonstrates.

Loaves and Fishes
by Robert Husted Chambers

Isolation, particularly isolation on a tropic island, has strange effects on the minds of men, and the young author has wrought the theme into a tensely dramatic narrative. Complete short story.

The Breaking Point
by Mary Roberts Rinehart

McClure's is the only magazine that can print a Rinehart serial this year, because no other magazine has one this year. This mystery novel — her best, too — will be her sole novel-writing product for the twelfth-month to come. Your chance to read Rinehart fiction is confined to McClure's.

Fishers of the Air
by Major Charles G. D. Roberts

In this woodland story, a valiant pair meet and vanquish a mighty foe. Complete short story.

To Oblige A Lady
by Courtney Ryley Cooper

Don Quixote in the guise of a "cullud gellmun" does battle to oblige in this happy tale. Complete short story.

Through the Golden Chersonese to Elephant Land
by E. Alexander Powell

The famous world traveler will take you with him through Johara, the storied region of the East.

Also Owen Johnson's novel "The Wasted Generation" still has several months to run. Not too late to begin it now. And Herbert Kaufman's Editorials

in September McClure's 15 cents

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Pour achever une Harmonie veritable de la Toilette

Ostende! *Dieppe!* At these famous French watering places one may mingle these summer days with the *élite —les élégantes*— of Paris itself. Here, *Madame, Mademoiselle*, one cannot but observe that *perfection exquise de la toilette* which so distinguishes French ladies of fashion—"*les femmes à la mode.*"

But, you, *Madame*, need not envy these *demoiselles Françaises*. One secret of their subtle charm may today be yours. It is so very simple. In the very words of France it is just this:

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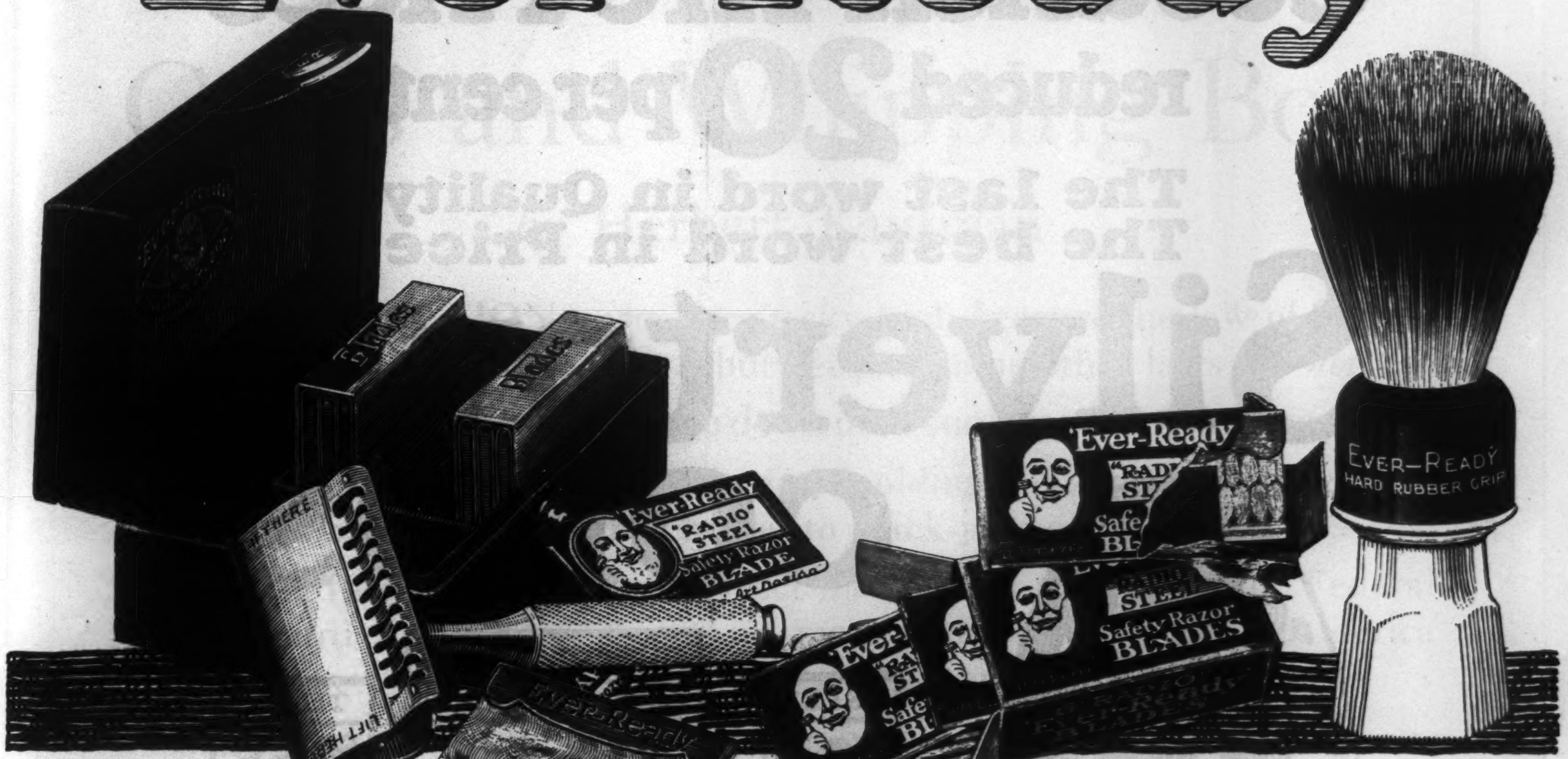
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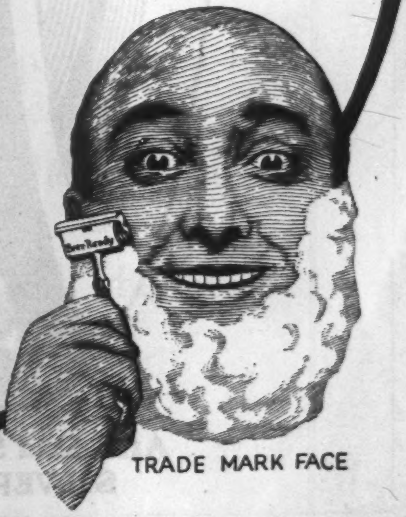

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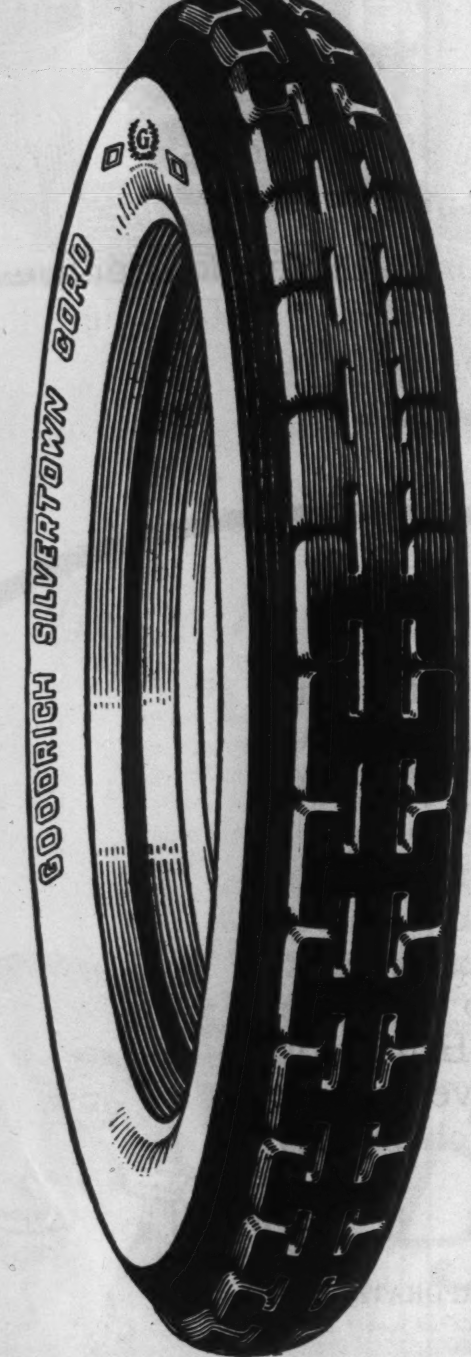

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THE B.F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
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Volume 53
Number 7

McCLURE'S

AUGUST 1921

Goats and Whipping Boys

by Herbert Kaufman

CONSTRUCTION costs aren't sky-high because the law of Supply and Demand is working—but because some other laws are *not*.

Certain prices won't come down until sundry persons are "sent-up."

Rents sha'n't fall while lumber and building materials conspire with boodling contractors and labor bosses to black-jack competition.

Against this ring The Sherman Act has proved a "dud"—The Federal Trade Board a futile paddle. And meanwhile war-bewildered America plays Laocoon in the strangling coils of extortion.

Conditions revealed by Untermyer at New York outstench any previous rottenness of our economic history. Past virtuosities in profiteering offer no comparable program of concerted usury, greed and sabotage.

The mucky record involves banks, insurance companies, price-fixing associations, realtors and the cruelest group of mortgage sharks that ever swarmed the backwaters of finance.

We do not yet know the nauseous worst, but we do find existing statutes far too bland for the situation. Verbal spankings and small-change fines are hardly corrective agents for such merciless opportunists.

Congress and legislatures must provide stronger remedies. There are too many protecting technicalities now between predacity and penitentiary. The imprisonment of minor officials and obscure clerks doesn't reach the seat of trouble—ours is not a pagan conscience to be satisfied with the sacrifice of "goats."

Public interest is cheated by the substitution of whipping boys for guilty principals. If the tool is dirty, so is the hand that used it.

We insist upon one quality of justice for the high and the low—discrimination is not democracy.

Now get busy with your hired men at Washington and the State Capital and order some laws with fangs in 'em.

Nations that won't defend their rights deserve their wrongs.

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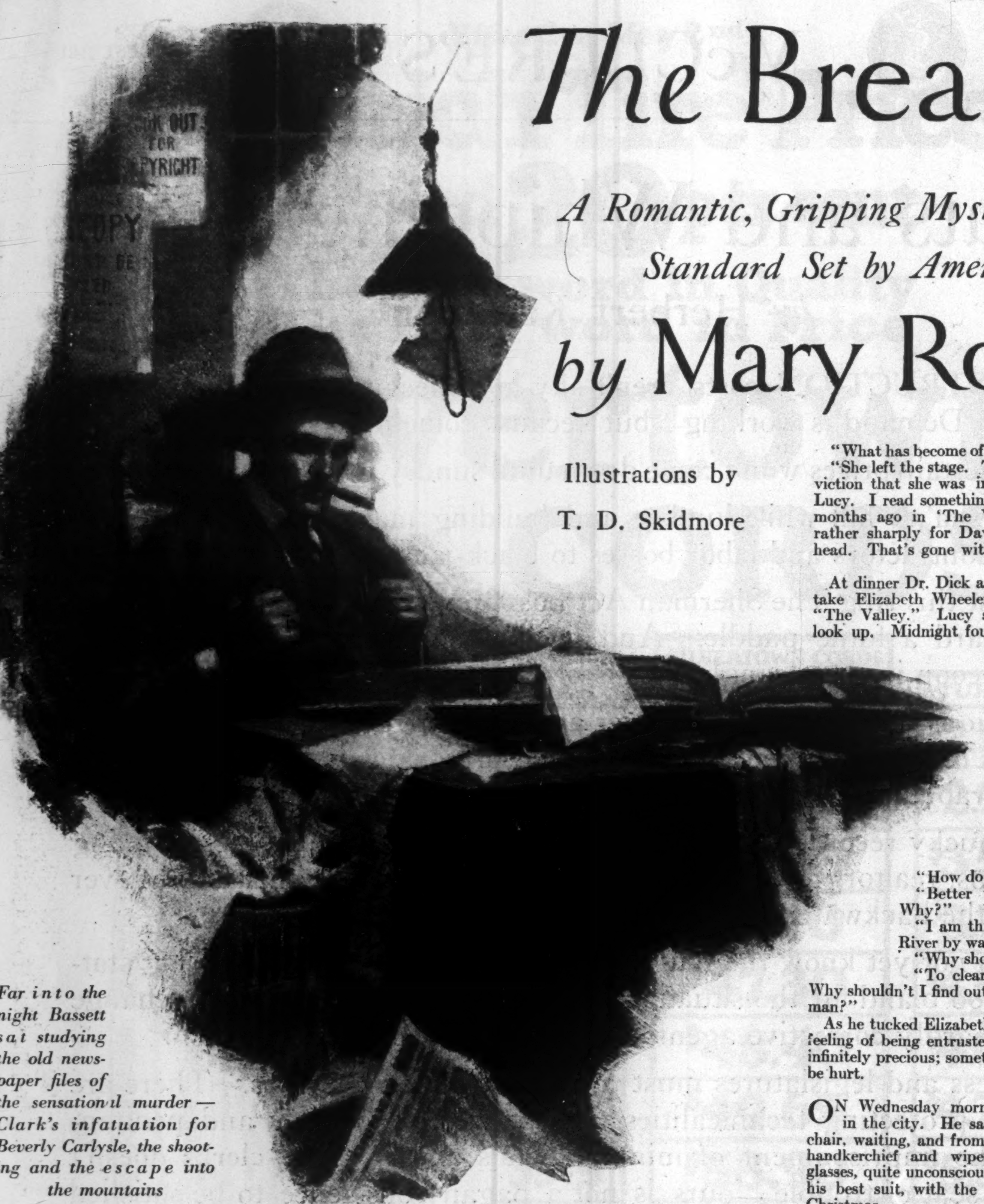
The Breaking

A Romantic, Gripping Mystery Story That Standard Set by America's Favorite

by Mary Roberts

Illustrations by

T. D. Skidmore



Far into the night Bassett sat studying the old newspaper files of the sensational murder — Clark's infatuation for Beverly Carlysle, the shooting and the escape into the mountains

IN HAVERLY, a smiling tree-shaded suburb that "talked," Dick Livingstone was the person of the moment — the man of mystery. Ten years before he had appeared there, in the home of Dr. David Livingstone. He had won his diploma in medicine, he had served his country in war, and now he was back, gradually taking over the practise of Dr. David. Haverlyites were not clear as to the relationship, if any, between these two, so there was a question upon every pair of lips except those of Elizabeth Wheeler, a small, sweet girl, not asking greatly but hoping much.

Elizabeth and Clare Rossiter sang in the choir. Clare was mad about Dr. Dick. Goodness knew why for he never looked at her. To Elizabeth she poured out her unwelcome story of unrequited love and she had added that there was strange gossip about him in the village, but she did not say why. Elizabeth, unaffected by the hint of gossip, was made uncomfortable by Clare's unblushing confession of love, for her dreams centered around some one who should be tall like Dick Livingstone and alternately grave and gay.

She never thought seriously of Wallie Sayre whom Nina, her spendthrift married sister, favored for the reason that after exhausting her credit with the family she could always borrow from him.

At last the village gossip reached the Livingstone household. One of Dr. David's patients, Mrs. Morgan, asked the servant who was Dr. Dick's mother; there had been a woman in town from Wyoming who thought she had known his people. The servant repeated this to Mrs. Lucy Crosby who presided over the household. Lucy had always deplored Dr. David's course with Dick, and this gossip aroused a fierce resentment in her. This was what came of taking a life and molding it according to a predetermined plan. This was for God to do, not man. She reproached David, told him Dick was in love with Elizabeth Wheeler.

"Won't he want a good many things cleared up before he marries?" she asked. "Won't he want to go back to Norada? If he does go back — —"

"Donaldson is dead," David broke in, almost roughly.

"Maggie Donaldson is still living."

"What if she is? She's loyal and besides she's criminally liable. Liable as I am."

"What has become of the Carlysle girl?"

"She left the stage. There was a sort of general conviction that she was implicated and — I don't know, Lucy. I read something about her coming back some months ago in 'The Valley.'" He turned on her, rather sharply for David. "Don't get that in your head. That's gone with the rest."

At dinner Dr. Dick announced that he was going to take Elizabeth Wheeler to see Beverly Carlysle in "The Valley." Lucy stared at him; David did not look up. Midnight found the old doctor still awake. Also awake was the city editor of one of the morning papers.

"Beverly Carlysle," he commented to Louis Bassett, his star reporter and audience of one, "Back with bells on. You might see her when she arrives and ask her what has become of Judson Clark. It would make a darned good story."

The evening that he was to take Elizabeth to the theater, Dick suddenly asked Mrs. Crosby:

"How do you think Uncle David is?"

"Better than he has been in years. Why?"

"I am thinking of taking a trip to Dry River by way of Norada."

"Why should you go there?"

"To clear things up in my own mind. Why shouldn't I find out, for instance, that I am a free man?"

As he tucked Elizabeth into the little car he had the feeling of being entrusted temporarily with something infinitely precious; something that must never suffer or be hurt.

ON Wednesday morning David was in an office in the city. He sat forward on the edge of his chair, waiting, and from time to time he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, or polished his glasses, quite unconscious of either action. He was in his best suit, with the tie Lucy had given him for Christmas.

Across from him, barricaded behind a great mahogany desk, sat a small man with keen eyes and a neat brown beard. On the desk was a spotless blotter, an inkstand of silver and a pen. Nothing else. The terrible order of the place had at first rather oppressed David.

The small man was answering a question.

"Rather on the contrary, I should say. The stronger the character, the greater the smash."

David pondered this.

"I've read all you've written on the subject," he said finally. "Especially since the war."

The psycho-analyst put his finger-tips together, judicially.

"Yes. The war bore me out," he observed with a certain complacence. "It added a great deal to our literature, too, although some of the positions are not well taken. Val Alston, for instance — —"

"You have said, I think, that every man has a breaking point."

"Absolutely. All of us. We can go just so far. Where the balance is strong and very sound, we can go farther than when it is not. Some men, for instance, lead lives that would break you or me. Was there — was there such a history in this case?"

"Yes." Doctor David's voice was reluctant.

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Point

Equals the Best Woman Writer

Rinehart

"The mind is a strange thing," went on the little man, musingly. "It has its censors, that go off duty during sleep. Our sternest and often unconscious repressions pass them then, and emerge in the form of dreams. But of course you know all that. Dream symbolism. Does the person in this case dream? That would be interesting, perhaps important."

"I don't know," David said unhappily.

"The walling off, you say, followed a shock?"

"Shock and serious illness."

"Was there fear with the shock?"

David hesitated. "Yes," he said finally. "Very great fear, I believe."

Doctor Lauler glanced quickly at David and then looked away.

"I see," he nodded. "Of course the walling off of a part of the past — you said a part — — ?"

"Practically. I'll tell you about that later. What about the walling off?"

"It is the result of what we call the protective mechanism of fear. Back of most of these cases lies fear. Not cowardice, but perhaps we might say the breaking point. Fear is a complex, of course. Dislike, in a small way, has the same reaction. We are apt to forget the names of persons we dislike. But if you have been reading on the subject — — "

"I've been studying it for ten years."

"Ten years! Do you mean that this condition has persisted for ten years?"

David moistened his dry lips. "Yes," he admitted. "It might not have done so, but the — the person who made this experiment, used suggestion. The patient was very ill, and weak. It was desirable that he should not identify himself with his past. The loss of memory of the period immediately preceding was complete, but of course, gradually, the cloud began to lift over the earlier periods. It was there that suggestion was used, so that such memories as came back were, well, he adapted them to fit what he was told."

Again Doctor Lauler shot a swift glance at David, and looked away.

"An interesting experiment," he commented. "It must have taken courage."

"A justifiable experiment," David affirmed stoutly. "And it took courage. Yes."

David got up and reached for his hat. Then he braced himself for the real purpose of his visit.

"What I have been wondering about," he said, very carefully, "is this: this mechanism of fear, this wall — how strong is it?"

"Strong?"

"It's like a dam, I take it. It holds back certain memories, like a flood gate. Is anything likely to break it down?"

"Possibly something intimately connected with the forgotten period might do it. I don't know, Livingstone. We've only commenced to dig into the mind, and we have many theories, and a few established facts. For instance, the primal instincts — — "

He talked on, with David nodding now and then in apparent understanding; but with his thoughts far away. He knew the theories; a good many of them he considered poppycock. Dreams might come from the subconscious mind, but a good many of them came from the stomach. They might be safety valves for the mind, but also they might be rarebit. He didn't want dreams; what he wanted was facts. Facts and hope.

The office attendant came in. She was as tidy as the desk, as obsessed by order, as wooden. She placed a pad before the small man and withdrew. He rose.

"Let me know if I can be of any further assistance, doctor," he said. "And I'll be glad to see your patient at any time. I'd like the record for my files."

"Thank you," David said. He stood fingering his hat.

"I suppose there's nothing to do? The dam will either break, or it won't."

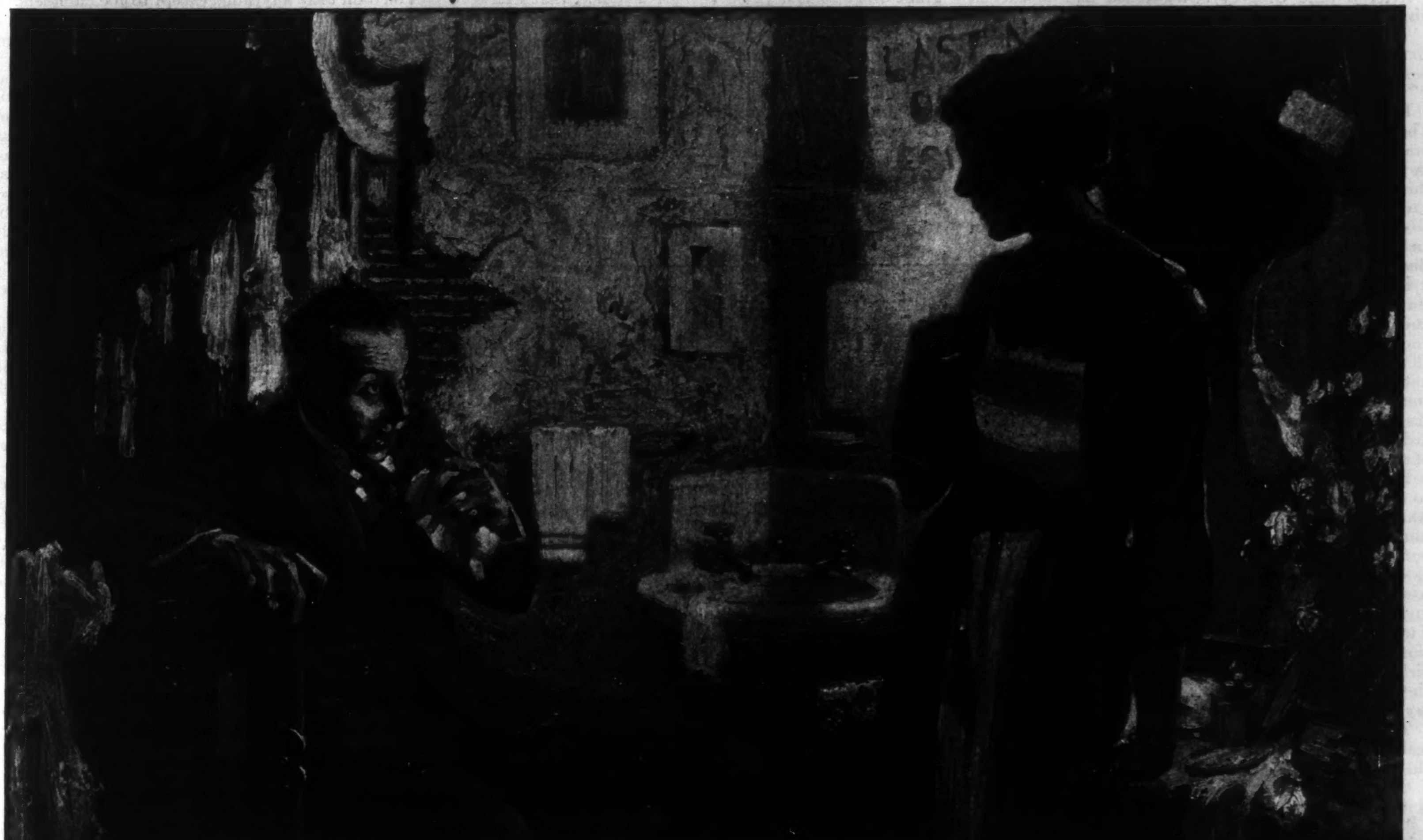
"That's about it. Of course since the conditions that produced the setting up of the defensive machinery were unhappy, I'd say that happiness will play a large part in the situation; that happiness and a normal occupation will do a great deal to maintain the *status quo*. Of course I would advise no return to the unhappy environment, and no shocks. Nothing, in other words, to break down the wall."

Outside, in the corridor, David remembered to put on his hat. Happiness and a normal occupation, yes. But no shock.

Nevertheless, he felt vaguely comforted, and as though it had helped to bring the situation out into the open and discuss it. He had carried his burden alone for ten years, or with only the additional weight of Lucy's apprehensions. He wandered out into the city streets, and found himself, some time later, at the railway station, without remembering how he got there.

Across from the station was a large billboard and on it the name of Beverly Carlysle and her play, "The Valley." He stood for some time and looked at it, before he went in to buy his ticket. Not until he was in the train did he realize that he had forgotten to get his lunch.

He attended to his work that evening as usual, but he felt very tired, and Lucy, going in at nine o'clock, found him dozing in his chair, his collar half choking him and his face deeply suffused. She wakened him and then, sitting down across from him, joined him in the vigil that was to last until they heard the car outside.



He staggered to a chair, and ran a handkerchief across his shaking lips. "Saunders!" he said chokingly. "Saunders, the damned fool! He's given it away. They're hound dogs on a scent, Bev. They'll get the story and blow it wide open!"

She had brought in her sewing, and David pretended to read. Now and then he looked at his watch.

At midnight they heard the car go in, and the slamming of the stable door, followed by Dick's footsteps on the walk outside. Lucy was very pale, and the hands that held her sewing twitched nervously. Suddenly she stood up and put a hand on David's shoulder.

Dick was whistling cheerfully outside.

At the end of the second act Louis Bassett was standing at the back of the theater, talking to the publicity man of "The Valley" company, Fred Gregory. He was calm and only slightly interested. By the end of the first act he had realized that the star was giving a fine performance, that she had even grown in power, and that his sentimental memory of her was considerably dearer than the reality.

Beside his robust physique, Gregory, the publicity man, sank into insignificance. Even his pale spats, at which Bassett had shot a contemptuous glance, his highly expensive tailoring, failed to make him appear more than he was, a little, dapper man, with a pale cold eye and a rather too frequent smile. He hesitated, then added: "She's my sister. For business reasons, I don't publish the relationship."

Bassett glanced at him.

"That so? Well, I'm glad she decided to come back. She's too good to bury."

But if he expected Gregory to follow the lead, he was disappointed. His eyes, blank and expressionless, were wandering over the house. The curtain came down, and the lights flashed up. Gregory stirred and glanced casually at the reporter.

"It's going like a house afire," he said, complacently. "This whole tour has been a triumph. She's the greatest there is, and they know it."

"Does *she* know it?" Bassett inquired.

"She doesn't throw any temperament, if that's what you mean. She — —"

He checked himself suddenly, and stood, clutching the railing, bent forward and staring into the audience. Bassett watched him, considerably surprised. It took a great deal to startle a theatrical publicity man, yet here was one who looked as though he had seen a ghost.

After a time Gregory straightened and moistened his dry lips.

"There's a man sitting down there — see here, the sixth row, next the aisle; there's a girl in a blue dress beside him. See him? Do you know who he is?"

"Never saw him before."

For perhaps two minutes Gregory continued to stare. Then he moved over to the side of the house, and braced against the wall, continued his close and anxious inspection. After a time he turned and, passing behind the boxes, made his way into the wings. Bassett's curiosity was aroused especially when, shortly after, Gregory reappeared, bringing with him a small man in an untidy suit, who was probably, Bassett surmised, the stage manager.

He saw the small man stare, nod, stand watching, and finally disappear, and Gregory resume his former position and attitude against the side wall. Throughout the last act Gregory did not once look at the stage. He continued his steady, unwavering study of the man in the sixth row, seat next the aisle, and Bassett continued his study of the little man.

His long training made him quick to scent a story. He was not sure, of course, but the situation appeared to him at least suggestive. He wandered out with the crowd, edging his way close to the man and girl who had focused Gregory's attention, and following them into the street. He saw only a tall man, with a certain quiet distinction of bearing, and a young and pretty girl, still flushed and excited, who went up the street a short distance and got into a small and rather shabby car. Bassett noted, carefully, the license number.

Then, still curious and extremely interested, he walked briskly around to the stage entrance, nodded to the doorkeeper, and went in.

Gregory was not in sight, but the stage manager was there, directing the striking of the last set.

"I'm waiting for Gregory," Bassett said. "Hasn't fainted, has he?"

"What d'you mean, fainted?" inquired the stage manager, with a touch of hostility.

"I was with him when he thought he recognized somebody. I don't think it was the person in question. Do you?"

The stage manager's hostility faded, and he fell into the trap. "You know about it, then?"

"I was with Gregory when he saw him. Unfortunately I couldn't help him out."

"It's just possible it's a chance resemblance. I'm darned if I know. Look at the facts! He's supposed to be dead. Ten years dead. His money's been split up a dozen ways from the ace. Then — I knew him, you know — I don't think even he would have the courage to come here and sit through a performance. Although," he added reflectively, "Jud Clark had the nerve for anything."

Bassett gave him a cigar and went out into the alleyway that led to the street. Once there, he stood still and softly whistled. Jud Clark! If that was Judson Clark, he had the story of a lifetime.

For some time he walked the deserted streets of the city, thinking and puzzling over the possibility of Gregory's being right. Sometime after midnight he went back to the office, and to the filing room. There, for two hours, he sat reading closely old files of the paper, going through them methodically and making occasional brief notes in a memorandum book. Then, at two o'clock he put away the files, and lighted a cigar.

IT WAS all there; the fabulous Clark fortune inherited by a boy who had gone mad about this same Beverly Carlysle, her marriage to her leading man, Howard Lucas, the subsequent killing of Lucas by Clark at his Wyoming ranch, and Clark's escape into the mountains. Immense wealth, gifts of ropes of pearls, the sensational details of Clark's infatuation, the drama of his escape, and the later certainty of his death in a mountain storm, the story had filled the newspapers of the time for weeks. Judson Clark had been famous, notorious, infamous and dead, all in less than two years. A shameful and somehow a pitiful story.

But if Judson Clark had died, the story still lived, Every so often it came up again. Three years before, he had been declared legally dead, and his vast estates, as provided by the will of old Elihu Clark, had gone to universities and hospitals, but now and then came a rumor. Jud Clark was alive. He was living in India; he had a cattle ranch in Venezuela. He had been seen on the streets of New Orleans.

Bassett ran over the situation in his mind.

First then, grant that Clark was still living, and had been in the theater that night. It became necessary to grant other things. To grant, for instance, that Clark was capable of sitting, with a girl beside him, through a performance by the woman for whom he had wrecked his life, of a play he had once known from the opening line to the tag. To grant that he could laugh and applaud, and at the drop of the curtain go calmly away, with such memories behind him as must be his. To grant, too, that he had survived miraculously his sensational disappearance, found a new identity and a new place for himself; even, witness the girl, possible new ties.

At half-past two he closed his memorandum book, stuffed it into his pocket, and started for home. As he passed the Ardmore Hotel he looked up at its windows. Gregory would have told her, probably. He wondered, half amused, whether the stage manager had told him of his inquiries, and whether if he had they might not fear him more than Clark himself. After all, they had nothing to fear from Clark, if this were Clark.

No. What they might see and dread, knowing he had had a hint of a possible situation, was the revival of the old story she had tried so hard to live down. She was ambitious, and there are some types of publicity that are not assets in a stage career. There might be others reasons, too. That long retirement of hers, for instance. Had it been entirely grief?

He slowed down, absorbed in deep thought. It was a queer story. It might be even more queer than it seemed. Gregory had been frightened rather than startled. The man had even gone pale.

Motive, motive, that was the word. What motives lay behind action. Conscious or unconscious, every volitional act was the result of motive.

He wondered what she had done when Gregory had told her . . .

As a matter of fact, she had shown less anxiety than her brother. Still pale and shocked, he had gone directly to her dressing-room when the curtain was rung down, had tapped and gone in. She was sitting wearily in a chair, a cigarette between her fingers. Around was the usual litter of a stage dressing-room after the play, the long shelf beneath the mirror crowded with powders, rouge and pencils, a bunch of roses in the corner washstand basin, a great wardrobe trunk, and a maid covering with cheesecloth bags the evening's costumes.

"It went all right, I think, Fred."

"Yes," he said absently. "Go on out, Alice. I'll let you come back in a few minutes."

He waited until the door closed.

"What's the matter?" she asked rather indifferently. "If it's more quarreling in the company I don't want to hear it. I'm tired." Then she took a full look at him, and sat up.

"Fred! What is it?"

He gave her the truth, brutally and at once.

"I think Judson Clark was in the house to-night."

"I don't believe it."

"Neither would I, if somebody told me," he agreed sullenly. "I saw him. Don't you suppose I know him? And if you don't believe me, call Saunders. I got him out front. He knows."

"You called Saunders!"

"Why not? I tell you, Bev, I was nearly crazy. I'm nearly crazy now."

"What did Saunders say?"

"If he didn't know Clark was dead, he'd say it was Clark."

She was worried by that time, but far more collected than he was. She sat, absently tapping the shelf with a nail file, and reflecting.

"All right," she said. "Suppose it is? What then? He has been in hiding for ten years. Why shouldn't he continue to hide? What would bring him out now? Unless he needed money. Was he shabby?"

"No," he said sulkily. "He was with a girl. He was dressed all right."

"You didn't say anything, except to Joe Saunders?"

"No, I'm not crazy to tell the world."

"I'd better see Joe," she reflected. "Go and get him, Fred. And tell Alice she needn't wait."

She got up and moved about the room, putting things away and finding relief in movement, a still beautiful woman, with rather accentuated features and an easy carriage. Without her make-up the stage illusion of her youth was gone, and she showed past suffering and present strain. Just then she was uneasy and resentful, startled but not particularly alarmed. Her reason told her that Judson Clark, even if he still lived and had been there that night, meant to leave the dead past to care for itself, and wished, no more than she, to revive it. She was surprised to find, as she moved about, that she was trembling.

Her brother came back, and she turned to meet him. To her surprise he was standing inside the door, white to the lips and staring at her with wild eyes.

"Saunders!" he said chokingly. "Saunders, the damned fool! He's given it away."

He staggered to a chair, and ran a handkerchief across his shaking lips.

"He told Bassett, of the *Times-Republican*," he managed to say. "Do you — do you know what that means? And Bassett got Clark's automobile number. He told Joe."

He looked up at her, his face twitching. "They're hound dogs on a scent, Bev. They'll get the story, and blow it wide open!"

"You know I'm prepared for that. I have been for ten years."

"I know." He was suddenly emotional. He reached out and took her hand. "Poor old Bev!" he said. "After the way you've come back, too. It's a damned shame."

She was calmer than he was, less convinced for one thing, and better balanced always. She let him stroke her hand, standing near him with her eyes absent and a little hard.

"I'd better make sure that it was Jud first," he offered, after a time, "and then warn him."

"Why?"

"You know what I think. I think he believes — —"

"Hush!" she commanded sharply. "No, Fred. You let the thing alone. You've built up an imaginary

He was a Tee-Talker, a Green-Gabbler, and the need of cure was drastic, but she was a courageous girl, as you will see in

The Salvation of George Mackintosh

by P. G. Wodehouse

September McClure's 15 cents

situation, and you're not thinking straight. Plenty of things might happen. What probably has happened is that this Bassett is at home and in bed."

She sent him out for a taxi soon after, and they went back to the hotel. But, alone later on in her suite in the Ardmore, she did not immediately go to bed. She put on a dressing gown, and stood for a long time by her window, looking out. Instead of the city lights, however, she saw a range of snow-capped mountains, and sheltered at their foot the Clark ranch house, built by the old millionaire as a place of occasional refuge from the pressure of his life. There he had raised his fine horses, and trained them for the track. There, when late in life he married, he had taken his wife for their honeymoon and two years later, for the birth of their son. And there, when she died, he had returned, with the child, broken and prematurely aged, to be killed by one of his own stallions, when the boy was fifteen.

Six years his own master, Judson had been twenty-one to her twenty, when she first met him. Going the usual pace, too, and throwing money right and left. He had financed her as a star, ransacking Europe for her stage properties, and then he fell in love with her. She shivered as she remembered it. It had been desperate and terrible, because she cared for some one else.

Standing by the window, she wondered, as she had over and over again in the last years, what would have happened if, instead of marrying Howard, she had married Judson Clark? Would he have settled down? She had felt sometimes that he was only playing a game that amused him, that the hard-headed part of him inherited from his father sometimes stood off and watched, with a sort of interested detachment, the follies of the rest. That he played his wild game with his tongue in his cheek.

She left the window, turned out the lights and got into her bed. She was depressed and lonely, and she cried a little. After a time she remembered that she had not put any cream on her face. She crawled out and went through the familiar motions in the dark.

Dick rose next morning with a sense of lightness and content that sent him singing into his shower. In the old stable which now housed both Nettie and the little car, Mike was washing them both with indiscriminate wavings of the hose nozzle, his old pipe clutched in his teeth. From below there came up the odors of frying sausages and of strong hot coffee.

The world was a good place. A fine old place. It had work and play and love. It had office hours and visits and the golf links, and it had soft feminine eyes, and small tender figures always to be cared for and looked after.

She liked him. She did not think he was old. She thought his profession was the finest in the world. She had wondered if he would have time to come and see her, some day. Time! He considered very seriously, as he shaved before the slightly distorted mirror in the bathroom, whether it would be too soon to run in that afternoon, just to see if she was tired, or had caught cold or anything? Perhaps to-morrow would look better. No, hang it all, to-day was to-day.

On his way from the bathroom to his bedroom he leaned over the staircase.

"Aunt Lucy!" he called.

"Yes, Dick?"

"The top of the morning to you! D'you think Minnie would have time to press my blue trousers this morning?"

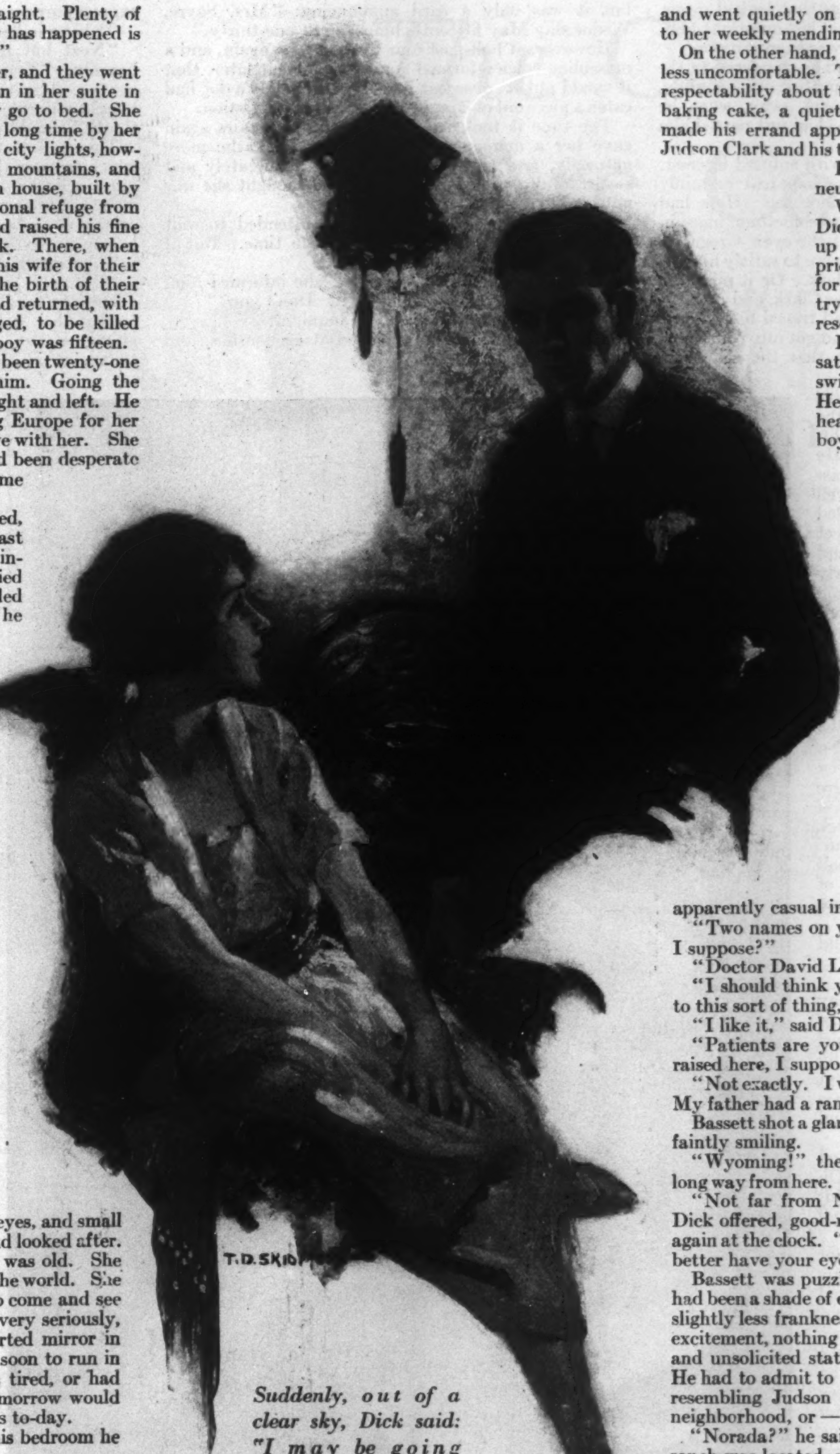
There was the sound of her chair being pushed back in the dining-room, of a colloquy in the kitchen, and Minnie herself appeared below him.

"Just throw them down, Doctor Dick," she said. "I've got an iron hot now."

"Some day, Minnie," he announced, "you will wear a halo and with the angels sing."

This mood of unreasoning happiness continued all morning. He went from house to house, properly grave and responsible, but with a small song in his heart, and about eleven o'clock he found time to stop at the village haberdasher's and to select a new tie, which he had wrapped and stuffed in his pocket. And which, inspected in broad day later on a country road, gave him uneasy qualms as to its brilliance.

At the luncheon table he was almost hilarious, and David played up to him, albeit rather heavily. But Lucy was thoughtful and quiet. She had a sense of things somehow closing down on them, or hands reaching out from the past, and clutching; Mrs. Morgan, Beverly Carlysle, Dick in love and possibly going back to Norada. Unlike David, who was content that one emergency had passed, she looked ahead and saw their common life a series of such chances, with their anxieties and their dangers.



Suddenly, out of a clear sky, Dick said: "I may be going away before long, Elizabeth." She had a feeling that behind this, as behind everything that afternoon, was something not spoken

She could not eat.

Nevertheless, when she herself admitted a new patient for Dick that afternoon, she had no premonition of trouble. She sent him into the waiting-room, a tall robust and youngish man, perhaps in his late thirties, and went quietly on her way to her sitting-room, and to her weekly mending.

On the other hand, Louis Bassett was feeling more or less uncomfortable. There was an air of peace and quiet respectability about the old house, a domestic odor of baking cake, a quietness and stability that somehow made his errand appear absurd. To connect with it Judson Clark and his tumultuous past seemed ridiculous.

His errand, on the surface, was a neuralgic headache.

When, hat in hand, he walked into Dick's consulting-room, he had made up his mind that he would pay the price of an over-active imagination for a prescription; walk out again, and try to forget that he had let a chance resemblance carry him off his feet.

But, as he watched the man who sat across from him, tilted back in his swivel chair, he was not so sure. Here was the same tall figure, the heavy brown hair, the features and boyish smile of the photograph he had seen the night before. As Judson Clark might have looked at thirty-two this man looked.

He made his explanation easily. Was in town for the day. Subject to these headaches. Worse over the right eye. No, he didn't wear glasses; perhaps he should.

It wasn't Clark. It couldn't be. Jud Clark sitting there tilted back in an old chair and asking questions as to the nature of his fictitious pain. Impossible. Nevertheless, he was of a mind to clear the slate and get some sleep that night, and having taken his prescription and paid for it, he sat back and commenced an apparently casual interrogation.

"Two names on your sign, I see. Father and son, I suppose?"

"Doctor David Livingstone is my uncle."

"I should think you'd be in the city. Limitations to this sort of thing, aren't there?"

"I like it," said Dick, with an eye on the office clock.

"Patients are your friends, of course. Born and raised here, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I was raised on a ranch in Wyoming. My father had a ranch out there."

Bassett shot a glance at him, but Dick was calm and faintly smiling.

"Wyoming!" the reporter commented. "That's a long way from here. Anywhere near the new oil-fields?"

"Not far from Norada. That's the oil center," Dick offered, good-naturedly. He rose, and glanced again at the clock. "If those headaches continue you'd better have your eyes examined."

Bassett was puzzled. It seemed to him that there had been a shade of evasion in the other man's manner, slightly less frankness in his eyes. But he showed no excitement, nothing furtive or alarmed. And the open and unsolicited statement as to Norada baffled him. He had to admit to himself either that a man strongly resembling Judson Clark had come from the same neighborhood, or——

"Norada?" he said. "That's where the big Clark ranch was located, wasn't it? Ever happen to meet Judson Clark?"

"Our place was very isolated."

Bassett found himself being politely ushered out, considerably more at sea than when he went in, and slightly irritated. His confusion was not decreased by the calm voice behind him which said:

"Better drink considerable water when you take that stuff. Some stomachs don't tolerate it very well."

The door closed. The reporter stood in the waiting-room for a moment. Then he clapped on his hat.

"Well, I'm a damned fool," he muttered, and went out into the street.

He was disappointed and a trifle sheepish. Life was full of queer chances, that was all. No resemblance on earth, no coincidence of birthplace, could make him believe that Judson Clark, waster, profligate and fugitive from the law, was now sitting up at night with sick children, or delivering babies.

After a time he remembered the prescription in his hand, and was about to destroy it. He stopped and examined it, and then carefully placed it in his pocketbook. After all, there were things that looked queer. The fellow had certainly evaded that last question of his.

He made his way, head bent, toward the station.

He had ten minutes to wait, and he wandered to the newsstand. He made a casual inspection of its display, bought a magazine and was turning away, when he stopped and gazed after a man who had just passed him from an outbound train.

The reporter looked after him with amused interest. Gregory, too! The Livingstone chap had certainly started something. But it was odd, too. How had Gregory traced him? Wasn't there something more in Gregory's presence there than met the eye? Gregory's visit might be, like his own, the desire to satisfy himself that the man was or was not Clark. Or it might be the result of a conviction that it was Clark, and a warning against himself. But if he had traced him, didn't that indicate that Clark himself had got into communication with him? In other words, that the chap was Clark, after all?

Gregory, having made an inquiry of a hackman, had started along the street, and after a moment's thought, Bassett fell into line behind him. He was extremely interested and increasingly cheerful. He remained well behind, and with his newspaper rolled in his hand, assumed the easy yet brisk walk of the commuters around him, bound for home and their early suburban dinners.

Half-way along Station Street, Gregory stopped before the Livingstone house, read the sign, and rang the door-bell. The reporter slowed down to give him time for admission, and then slowly passed. In front of Harrison Miller's house, however, he stopped and waited. He lighted a cigarette and made a careful survey of the old place. Strange, if this were to prove the haven where Judson Clark had taken refuge, this old brick two-story dwelling, with its ramshackle stable in the rear, its small vegetable garden, its casual beds of simple garden flowers set in a half-acre or so of ground.

A doctor. A pill shooter. Jud Clark!

Elizabeth had gone about all day with a smile on her lips and a sort of exaltation in her eyes. She had, girl fashion, gone over and over the totally uneventful evening they had spent together, remembering small speeches and gestures; what he had said and she had answered.

She had, for instance, mentioned Clare Rossiter, very casually. Oh very, very casually. And he had said: "Clare Rossiter? Oh yes, the tall blonde girl, isn't she?"

She was very happy. He had not seemed to find her too young or particularly immature. He had asked her opinion on quite important things, and listened carefully when she replied. She felt, though, that she knew about one-tenth as much as he did, and she determined to read very seriously from that time on. Her mother, missing her that afternoon, found her curled up in the library, beginning the first volume of Gibbon's Rome with an air of determined concentration, and wearing her best summer frock.

She did not intend to depend purely on Gibbon's Rome, *et al.*

"Are you expecting any one, Elizabeth?" she asked, with the frank directness characteristic of mothers, and Elizabeth, fixing a date in her mind with terrible firmness, looked up absently and said:

"No one in particular."

At three o'clock, with a slight headache from concentration, she went up-stairs and put up her hair again; rather high this time to make her feel taller. Of course it was not likely he would come. He was very busy. So many people depended on him. It must be wonderful to be like that, to have people needing one, and looking out of the door and saying: "I think I see him now."

Nevertheless, when the postman rang her heart gave a small leap and then stood quite still. When Annie slowly mounted the stairs she was already on her feet, but it was only a card announcing: "Mrs. Sayre, Wednesday May fifteenth, luncheon at one-thirty."

However, at half-past four the bell rang again, and a masculine voice informed Annie, a moment later, that it would put its overcoat here, because lately a dog had eaten a piece out of it and got most awful indigestion.

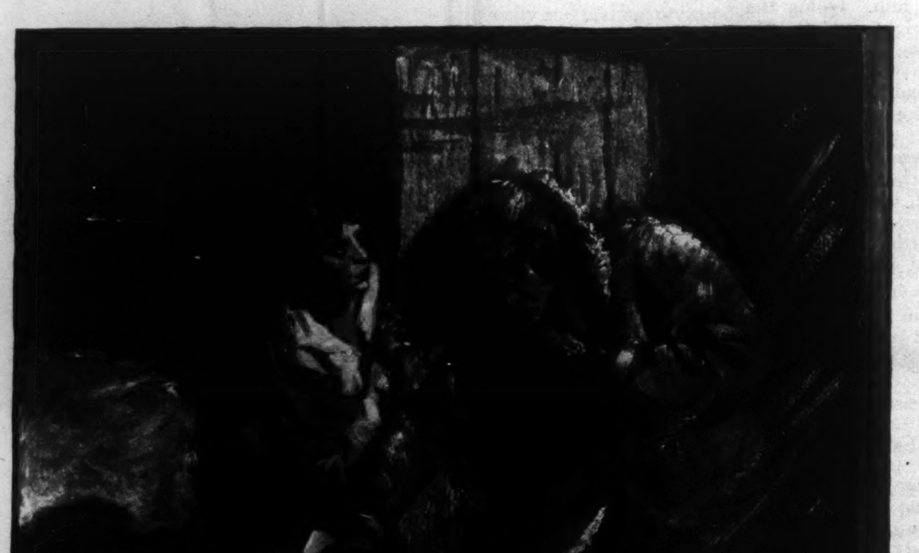
The time it took Annie to get up the stairs again gave her a moment so that she could breathe more naturally, and she went down very deliberately and so dreadfully poised that at first he thought she was not glad to see him.

"I came, you see," he said. "I intended to wait until to-morrow, but I had a little time. But if you're doing anything — —"

"I was reading Gibbon's Rome," she informed him. "I think every one should know it. Don't you?"

"Good heavens, what for?" he inquired.

"I don't know." They looked at each other, and suddenly they laughed.



Maggie Donaldson had finally admitted the man who had come to the cabin in the storm and he had helped her care for the sick man

"I wanted to improve my mind," she explained. "I felt, last night, that you — that you knew so many things, and that I was frightfully stupid."

"Do you mean to say," he asked, aghast, "that I — ! Great Scott!"

Settled in the living-room, they got back rather quickly to their status of the night before, and he was moved to confession.

"I didn't really intend to wait until to-morrow," he said. "I got up with the full intention of coming here to-day, if I did it over the wreck of my practise. At eleven o'clock this morning I held up a consultation ten minutes to go to Yardsleys' and buy a tie, for this express purpose. Perhaps you have noticed it already."

"I have indeed. It's a wonderful tie."

"Neat but not gaudy, eh?" He grinned at her, happily. "You know, you might steer me a bit about my ties. I have the taste of an African savage. I nearly bought a purple one, with red stripes. And Aunt Lucy thinks I should wear white lawn, like David!"

They talked, those small, highly significant nothings which are only the barrier behind which go on the eager questionings and unspoken answers of youth and love. They had known each other for years, had exchanged the same give and take of neighborhood talk when they met as now. To-day nothing was changed, and everything. Then, out of a clear sky, he said:

"I may be going away before long, Elizabeth."

He was watching her intently. She had a singular feeling that behind this, as behind everything that afternoon, was something not spoken. Something that related to her. Perhaps it was because of his tone.

"You don't mean — not to stay?"

"No. I want to go back to Wyoming. Where I was born. Only for a few weeks."

And in that "only for a few weeks" there lay some of the unspoken things. That he would miss her and come back quickly to her. That she would miss him, and that subconsciously he knew it. And behind that, too, a promise. He would come back — to her.

"Only for a few weeks," he repeated. "I thought, perhaps, if you wouldn't mind my writing to you, now and then — I write a rotten hand, you know. Most medical men do."

"I should like it very much," she said, rather primly.

She felt suddenly very lonely, as though he had already gone, and slightly resentful, not at him but at the way things happened. And then, too, everyone knew that once a westerner always a westerner. The west always called its children. Not that she put it that way. But she had a sort of vision, gained from the moving pictures, of a country of wide spaces and tall mountains, where men wore quaint clothing and the women rode wild horses, and had the dash she knew she lacked. She was stirred by vague jealousy.

"You may never come back," she said, very, very casually. "After all, you were born there, and we must seem very quiet to you."

"Quiet!" he exclaimed. "You are heavenly restful and comforting. You —" he checked himself and got up. "Then I'm to write, and you are to make out as much of my scrawl as you can and answer. Is that right?"

"I'll write you all the town gossip."

"If you do — !" he threatened her. "You're to write me what you're doing, and all about yourself. Remember, I'll be counting on you."

And, if their voices were light, there was in both of them the sense of a pact made, of a bond that was to hold them, like clasped hands, against their coming separation. It was rather anti-climacteric after that to have him acknowledge that he didn't know exactly when he could get away!

She went with him to the door and stood there, her soft hair blowing, as he got into the car. When he looked back, as he turned the corner, she was still there. He felt very happy and affable and he picked up an elderly village woman with her basket and went considerably out of his way to take her home.

At half-past five that afternoon David had let himself into the house with his latch-key, hung up his overcoat on the old walnut hat-rack, and gone into his office. The strain of the days before had told on him, and he felt weary and not entirely well. He had fallen asleep in his buggy, and had wakened to find old Nettie drawing him slowly down the main street of the town, pursuing an erratic but homeward course, while the people on the pavements watched and smiled.

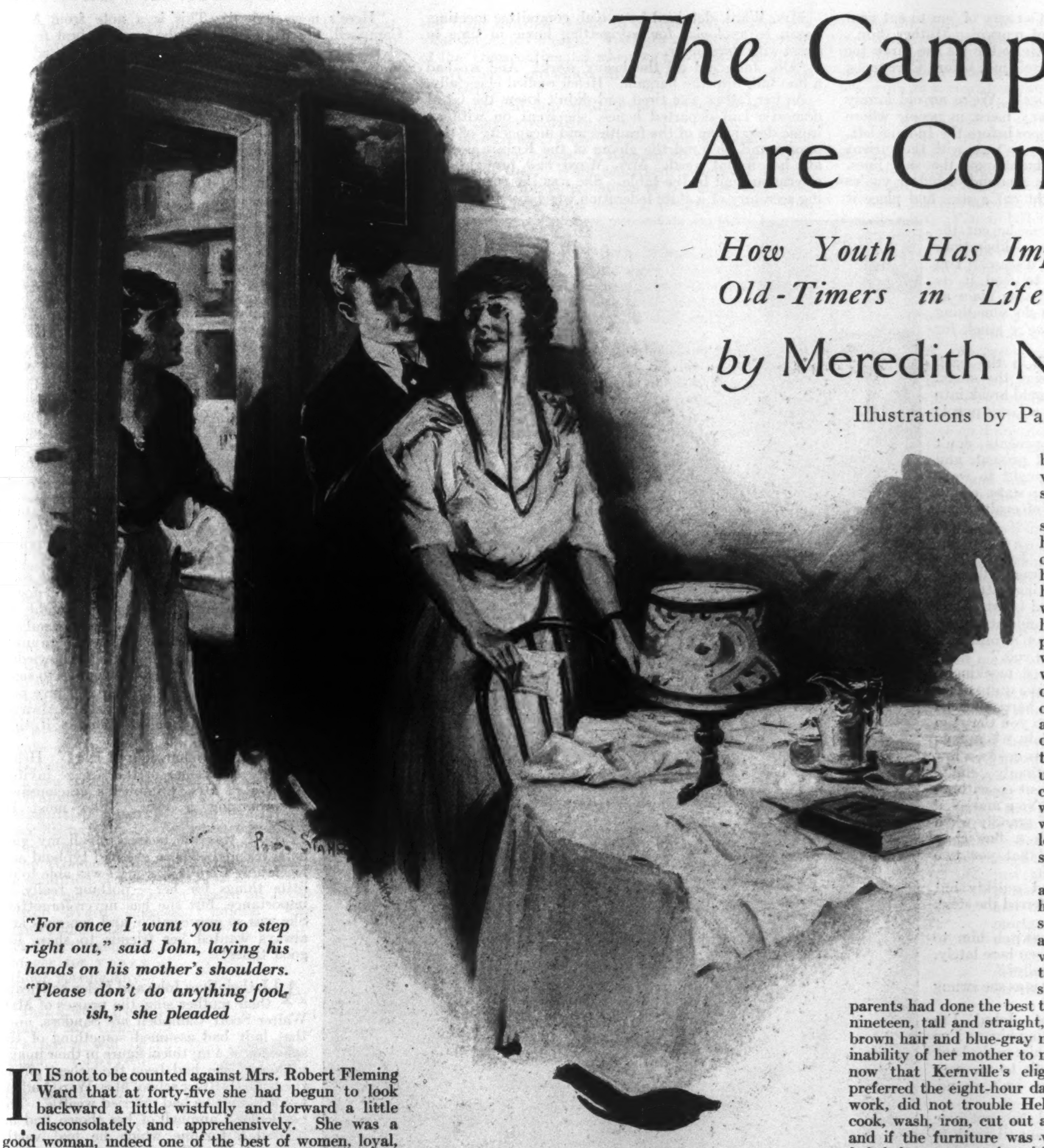
[*Continued on page 43*]

The Campbells Are Coming

How Youth Has Improved Upon Old-Timers in Life and Love

by Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by Paul Stahr



"For once I want you to step right out," said John, laying his hands on his mother's shoulders. "Please don't do anything foolish," she pleaded

IT IS not to be counted against Mrs. Robert Fleming Ward that at forty-five she had begun to look backward a little wistfully and forward a little disconsolately and apprehensively. She was a good woman, indeed one of the best of women, loyal, conscientious and self-sacrificing in the highest degree. But she was poignantly aware that certain ambitions dear to her heart had not been realized. Robert Fleming Ward had not attained that high place at the Sycamore County bar which had been his goal, and he seemed unable to pull himself to the level with Canby Taylor and Addison Swiggart, who practised in federal jurisdictions and were not unknown to the docket of the United States Supreme Court.

Even as Mrs. Ward was a good woman, so her husband Robert was a good man and a good lawyer. But just being good wasn't getting the Wards anywhere. At least it wasn't landing within the golden portals of their early dreams. To find yourself marking time professionally and socially in a town of seventy-five thousand souls, that you've seen grow from twenty-five thousand, is a disagreeable experience if you are a sensitive person. And Mrs. Ward was sensitive. It grieved her to witness the prosperity flaunted by people like the Picketts, the Shepherds, the Kirbys and others comparatively new to the community, who had impudently availed themselves of Sycamore County's clay to make brick, and of its water power to turn the wheels of industries for which the old time Kernville pioneer stock had gloomily predicted failure.

The Picketts, the Shepherds, the Kirbys and the rest of the new element had builded themselves houses that were much more comfortable and pleasing to the eye than the houses of the children and grandchildren of the old families that had founded Kernville away back when Madison was president. The heads of the respective brick, box, match, bottle, canning and strawboard industries might be deficient in culture but they did employ good architects. The Wards lived in a house of the Queen Anne period, which it had been necessary to mortgage to send John Marshall through college and give Helen a year at a Connecticut finishing school. The Wards' home had deteriorated to the point of dinginess, and the dinginess, and the inability to keep a car, or to return social favors, or belong to the new country club weighed heavily upon Mrs. Ward.

HER husband, with all his industry and the fine talents she knew him to possess, was making no more money at forty-seven than he had made at thirty-five. She was a little bewildered to find that socially she had gradually lost contact with the old aristocracy without catching step with the flourishing makers of brick and other articles of commerce that were carrying the fame of Kernville into new territory. And as Mrs. Ward was possessed of a pardonable pride, this situation troubled her greatly. They had been unable to send John to the Harvard Law School, but he had made a fine record in the school of the state university, and his name now appeared beneath his father's on the door of the law office on the second floor of the old Wheatley block, which had been pretty well deserted by tenants now that Kernville boasted a modern ten-story office building.

John Ward was a healthy, sanguine young fellow who had every intention of getting on. Some of the friends he had made in law school threw him some business, and it was remarked about the court house that John had more punch than his father, and was bound to succeed. Halfway through the trial of a damage suit in which the firm of Ward & Ward represented a plaintiff who had been run down by an interurban car, the senior Ward was laid up with tonsillitis, and John carried the case through and won a verdict for twice what the plaintiff had been led to believe he could possibly get.

Helen Ward was quite as admirable and interesting as her brother. The finishing school had done her no harm and she returned to Kernville without airs, assumptions or affectations, understanding perfectly that her parents had done the best they could for her. She was nineteen, tall and straight, fair, with an abundance of brown hair and blue-gray mirthful eyes. The growing inability of her mother to maintain a maid-of-all-work, now that Kernville's eligibles for domestic service preferred the eight-hour day of the factories to housework, did not trouble Helen particularly. She could cook, wash, iron, cut out a dress and sew it together, and if the furniture was wobbly and the upholstery faded she was an artist with the glue-pot, and her linen covers on the chairs gave the parlor a fresh, smart look. The humor that was denied their parents was Helen's and John's portion in large measure. They were of the Twentieth Century, spoke its language and knew all its signs and symbols. They were proud of each other, shared their pleasures and consoled each other in their disappointments, and resolutely determined to make the best of a world that wasn't such a bad place after all.

John reached home from the office on a day early in January and found Helen preparing supper.

"Great Scott, sis; has that last girl faded already!"

"Skipped, vamoosed. vanished!" Helen answered, looking up from the gas range on which she was broiling a steak. "The offer of a dollar more a week transferred her to the Kirbys', where she'll have nothing to do but cook. The joke's on them. She's the worst living cook, and not even a success in hiding her failures."

"I hope," said John, helping himself to a stalk of celery and biting it meditatively, "I hope the Kirbys suffer the most frightful tortures before they die of indigestion. Haven't invited us to the party they're giving, have they?"

"Not unless our invitations got lost in the mails. And I hear it's going to be a snappy function with the refreshments and a jazz band imported from Chicago."

"Look here, sis, that's rubbing it in pretty hard! I don't care for myself, but it's nasty of 'em to cut you. But in a way it's an act of reprisal. Mother didn't ask Mrs. Kirby and Jeannette to the tea she threw for that National Federation swell just before Christmas. But even at that — —"

"Oh, don't be so analytical! We're an old family and mama refuses to see any merit in people whose grandparents didn't settle here before the Indians left. And as we haven't the money to train with the ancient aristocracy we've got to huddle on the side lines. Pardon me, dear, but that's a pound of butter you're about to sit on! You might cut a slice and place it neatly on yonder plate."

"Snobbery!" said John, as he cut the butter with exaggerated deliberation; "snobbery is a malady, a disease. You can't kill it; you've got to feed it its own kind of pabulum. It's as plain as daylight that we've got to do something to get out of the hole or we're stuck for good."

"We might bore for oil in the back yard," said Helen, scrutinizing the steak. "If we struck a gusher we could break into the country club and buy a large purple limousine like the Kirby's."

"My professional engagements don't exhaust my brain power at present, and I'm giving considerable thought to ways and means of improving our state, condition or status as a family of exalted but unrecognized merit."

"YOU'RE doing nobly, John! Tom Reynolds told me they were talking of running you for prosecuting attorney. That would give you a grand boost. And there's Alice Hovey — I understand all about that, John. I think you're mistaken about the Hoveys not liking you."

"Ah, Alice!" he exclaimed mockingly. "Papa and mama Hovey have quite other ideas for Alice; no penniless barrister need apply! But I won't deny to you that I'm pretty keen about Alice, only when I go to the house the fond parents create a low temperature that is distinctly chilly. Listen to me, Helen," he went on with an abrupt change of tone. "You and Ned Shepherd were hitting it off grandly when something happened. He's a fine chap and I rather got the idea that you two would make a match of it."

"Oh, no!" she protested quickly but unconvincingly as she transferred the steak to the platter.

"His family's trying to switch him to Sally Pickett. He hasn't been here lately, but you do see him occasionally?"

There were tears in her eyes as she swung around from the range.

"I've got to stop that, John! I'm ashamed of myself for meeting him as I've been doing — walking with him in the back streets and letting him talk to me over the telephone when mama isn't round. I didn't know — —"

"Well, I just happened to spot you Monday evening, and I meant to speak to you about it. Not exactly nice, sis. I'm sorry about the whole business. Ned's really a manly chap, and I don't believe he'll be bullied into giving you up."

"All over now, John," she answered with badly-feigned indifference.

"Well, the course of true love never did run smooth. Father and mother have done their almighty best for us, but changes have come so fast in this burg they haven't been able to keep up with the procession. Father misses chances now and then, as in refusing the Pickett case when the State went after him for polluting the river with refuse from his strawboard mill. Dad thought the prosecution was justified and foolishly volunteered to assist the State as a public duty. Pickett lost and had to spend a lot of money changing his plant; so he's knocked us whenever he got a chance."

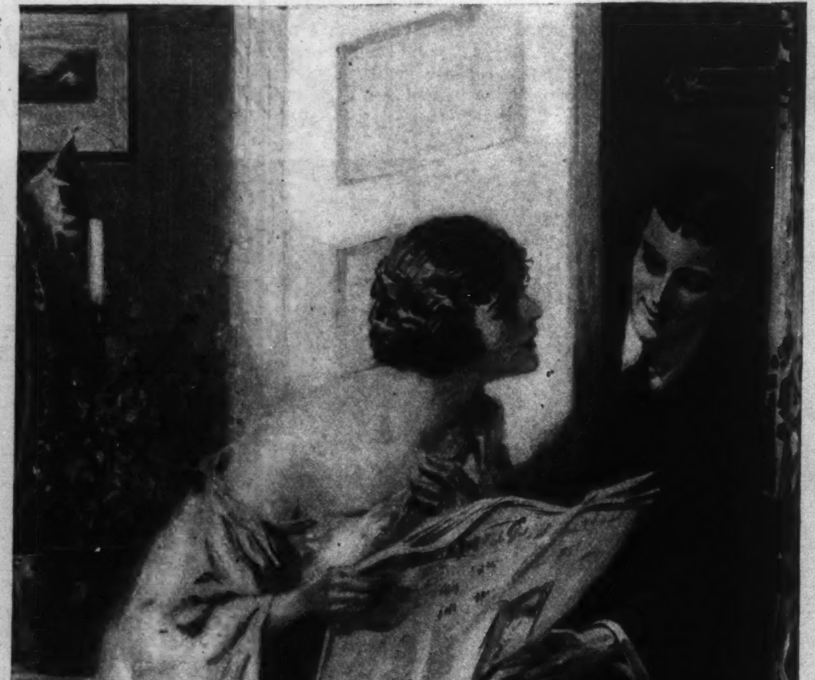
"That's just like papa. I only wish we could do something really splendid for him and mama."

"We're going to, sis," said John confidently. "Take it from me we're going to do that identical thing. Now give me the potatoes and the coffee-pot. Precede me with the bread and butter. There's mother at the front door now. Step high as to the strains of a march of triumph. We'll give a fine exhibition of a happy family, one for all and all for one!"

Mrs. Ward, detained by a club committee meeting, began to apologize for not getting home in time to assist with the supper.

"Oh, John did all the heavy work! And we had a fine talk into the bargain," Helen replied cheerfully.

As her father was tired and didn't know the latest domestic had departed hence, she went on with an ironic description of the frailties and incapacity of that person and pictured the gloom of the Kirbys as they ate her initial meal. Mrs. Ward had brought the afternoon mail to the table. She was the corresponding secretary of a state federation which used the mails freely. She ate in silence, absorbed in her letters, while her husband praised Helen's cooking.



"The first gun is fired!" John whispered excitedly, thrusting the paper through Helen's bedroom door. "The Campbells are coming!"

Ward found a real joy in his children. It was not lost upon him that they were making the best of circumstances for which, in a somewhat bewildered fashion, he felt himself responsible. Their very kindness, their disposition to make the best of things, hurt him and deepened his growing sense of defeat. John began talking of a case they were to try shortly. He had found some decisions that supported the contention of their client. They were explaining it to Helen, who teased them by perversely taking the opposite view, when they were silenced by an exclamation from Mrs. Ward.

"Here's news indeed! This is a note from Mrs. Campbell, the Ruth Sanders who was my best friend at school — Mrs. Walter Scott Campbell," she added impressively, looking round at them over her glasses. "It's short; I'll just read it:

"Dearest Iphigenia:—

("You know the girls at Miss Woodburn's school always called me Iphigenia — due to a stupid answer I once gave in the literature class.)

"It's so sweet of you to remember me year after year with a Christmas card. The very thought of you always brings up all the jolly times we had at Miss Woodburn's. We parted with a promise to meet every year; and I have never set eyes on you since we sat side by side at the closing exercises! The class letter doesn't come around any more, but your children must be grown up. Mine are very much so and getting married and leaving Walter and me quite forlorn.

("Her daughter Angela married into that Thornton family of Rhode Island — or maybe it was the Connecticut branch — who are so terribly rich; made it in copper, no, I believe it was rubber.)

"Don't be startled, but Mr. Campbell and I are planning to go to California next month, and as we have to pass right across your state it seems absurd not to stop and see you. I've looked up the time-tables and we can easily leave the Limited at Cleveland and run down to Kernville. Now don't go to any trouble for us, but treat us just as old friends and if it isn't convenient for us to stay with you for a night — we just must have a night to gossip about the old days — we can put up at the hotel. We sha'n't leave here until February 17, but wishing to acknowledge your card — I never can remember to send Christmas cards — I thought I'd give you fair warning of our approach. Always, dear Iphigenia, your affectionate, Ruth."

"That's a charming letter!" Helen volunteered, as her mother's gaze invited approval of Mrs. Campbell's graciousness in promising a visit. "She must be lovely!"

"Ruth was the dearest of all my girlhood friends! When she had typhoid and her family were in Europe I was able to do little things for her — nothing really of importance, but she has never forgotten. She was so appreciative and generous and always wanted her friends to share her good times!"

ALL their lives John and Helen had heard their mother sing the praises of Mrs. Walter Scott Campbell *née* Sanders, until that lady had assumed something of the splendor of a mythical figure in their imaginations. She had been the richest girl in the Hudson River school Mrs. Ward had attended, and she had married wealth. The particular Campbell of her choice had inherited a fortune which he had vastly augmented. When occasionally a New York newspaper drifted into the house, Mrs. Ward scanned the financial advertisements for the name of Walter Scott Campbell set out in bold type as the director of the most august institutions.

"I suppose," Mrs. Ward's tone expressed awe in all its connotations; "I *suppose* Mr. Campbell is worth fifty millions at the lowest calculation. I met him years ago at one of the school dances. He was quite wild about Ruth then, and they were married, John, just a year before we were. I still have the invitation, and Ruth sent me a piece of the wedding cake. And from the photograph she sent me at Christmas two years ago, I judge that time has dealt lightly with her."

"Campbell's one of the most important men in Wall Street," Ward assented. "One of his institutions, The Sutphen Loan & Trust, financed the Kernville Water Power Company, a small item, of course, for so big a concern. Campbell probably never heard of it."

"Well, men of his caliber usually know where the dollars go," said John, whose wits were functioning rapidly.

"Of course we simply can't let them go to the hotel," continued Mrs. Ward; "the Kipperly House is a disgrace. And if Ruth hasn't changed a lot in twenty-six years she'll accept us as she finds us. Our guest room needs redecorating, and we can hardly keep the jackets on the parlor furniture right in the middle of winter; and the bathroom fixtures ought to be replaced — —"

She paused, seeing the look of dejection on her husband's face. He was well aware that all these things were old needs which the coming of important guests now made imperative. Mrs. Ward carefully thrust the note back into its envelope. John exchanged telegraphic glances with Helen. His eyes brightened with the stress of his thoughts but he buttered a bit of bread before he spoke.

"Well, mother," he began briskly. "I'm sure we're all tickled that your old friend's coming. I can just see you sitting up all night talking of the midnight spreads you had, and how you fooled the teachers. Now don't worry about the house — you or father either; I'm going to manage that."

"BUT, John, we mustn't add to your father's worries. I realize perfectly that we're in debt and can't spend money we haven't got. Ruth was always a dear — so considerate of everyone — and we'll hope it's me and my family and not the house she's coming to see."

"That's all right, mother, but this strikes me as something more than a casual visit. I see in it the hand of Providence!" he cried eagerly.

"If they carry a maid and valet as part of their scenery we're lost — hopelessly lost!" Helen suggested.

"Oh, not necessarily!" John replied. "We'll stow 'em away somewhere. In a pinch you and I can move to the attic. Anyhow, we've got a month to work in. When we begin to get publicity for the coming of the rich and distinguished Campbells, I miss my guess if things don't begin to look a lot easier."

"But, John," his mother began, shaking her head with disapproval, "you wouldn't do anything that would look — vulgar?"

"Certainly not, but the Sunday *Journal's* always keen for news of impending visitors in our midst, and no people of the Campbells' social and financial standing have ever honored our city with their presence. The president of the Transcontinental did park his private car in the yards last summer, but before the Chamber of Commerce could tackle him about building a new freight house he faded away."

"Walter Scott Campbell is a director in the Transcontinental," remarked Mrs. Ward. "I happened to see his name in the list when I looked up the name of the company's secretary to send on the resolutions of the Women's Municipal Union complaining of the vile condition of the depot."

"Such matters are never passed on in the New York offices," Ward suggested mildly. "Our business organizations have worked on the general manager for years without getting anywhere."

"Just a word from a man of Mr. Campbell's power will be enough," replied John spaciously. "For another thing the train schedule ought to be changed to give us a local sleeper to Chicago. We'll stir up the whole service of the Transcontinental when we get Walter here!"

"Walter!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward, aghast at this familiarity.

"Better call him Walt, John, to make him feel at home," suggested Helen.

"The directors of the Water Power Company want to refund their bonds. I suppose Mr. Campbell could help about that," Ward remarked, interested in spite of himself in the potentialities of the impending visit.

"But it would be a betrayal of hospitality," Mrs. Ward protested, "and we mustn't do anything to spoil their visit."

"Oh, that visit's going to be a great thing for Kernville! It grows on me the more I think of it," said John loftily. "It's our big chance to do something for the town. And the Campbells can't object. They will pass on, never knowing the vast benefits they have conferred upon mankind."

"Your imagination's running away with you, John," said his father. "With only one day here to renew their acquaintance with your mother they'll hardly care to be dragged through the factories and over the railway yards."

"While mother and Helen are entertaining Mrs. Campbell, we'll borrow the largest car in town and show Walter the sights. And it will be up to us to prove to him that Kernville's the best little town of the seventy-five-thousand class in the whole rich valley of the Mississippi. All Walter will have to do will be to send a few wires in a casual manner to the right parties and everything the town needs will be forthcoming."

"But why should we worry about the town when it isn't worrying particularly about us?" asked Helen as she began to clear the table.

"I don't quite follow you either," said his mother. "You can't, you really mustn't — —"

"Such matters are for the male of the species to grapple with. You and Helen arrange a tea or dinner or whatever you please, making something small and select of the function, and I'll do all the rest."

"In some way John and I will manage the money," said Mr. Ward, slowly, and then catching a meaningful look in John's eyes, he added with unwonted confidence: "Where there's a will there's a way. I want the Campbells' visit to be a happy occasion. You are entitled to it, Margaret — you and Helen must get all the pleasure possible from meeting a woman of Mrs. Campbell's large experience of life."

"Mama will need a new frock," said Helen, a remark which precipitated at once a lively debate with her mother as to which if any item of her existing wardrobe would lend itself to the process of reconstruction. This question seemed susceptible of endless discussion, and was only ended by John's firm declaration that there should be new raiment for both his mother and Helen.

"Father, we'll show these upstarts from New York what real American women are like!"

"We shall be ruined!" cried Helen tragically, as she disappeared through the swing-door with a pile of plates.

"Please, John, don't do anything foolish," his mother pleaded, but she smiled happily under the compulsion of his enthusiasm.

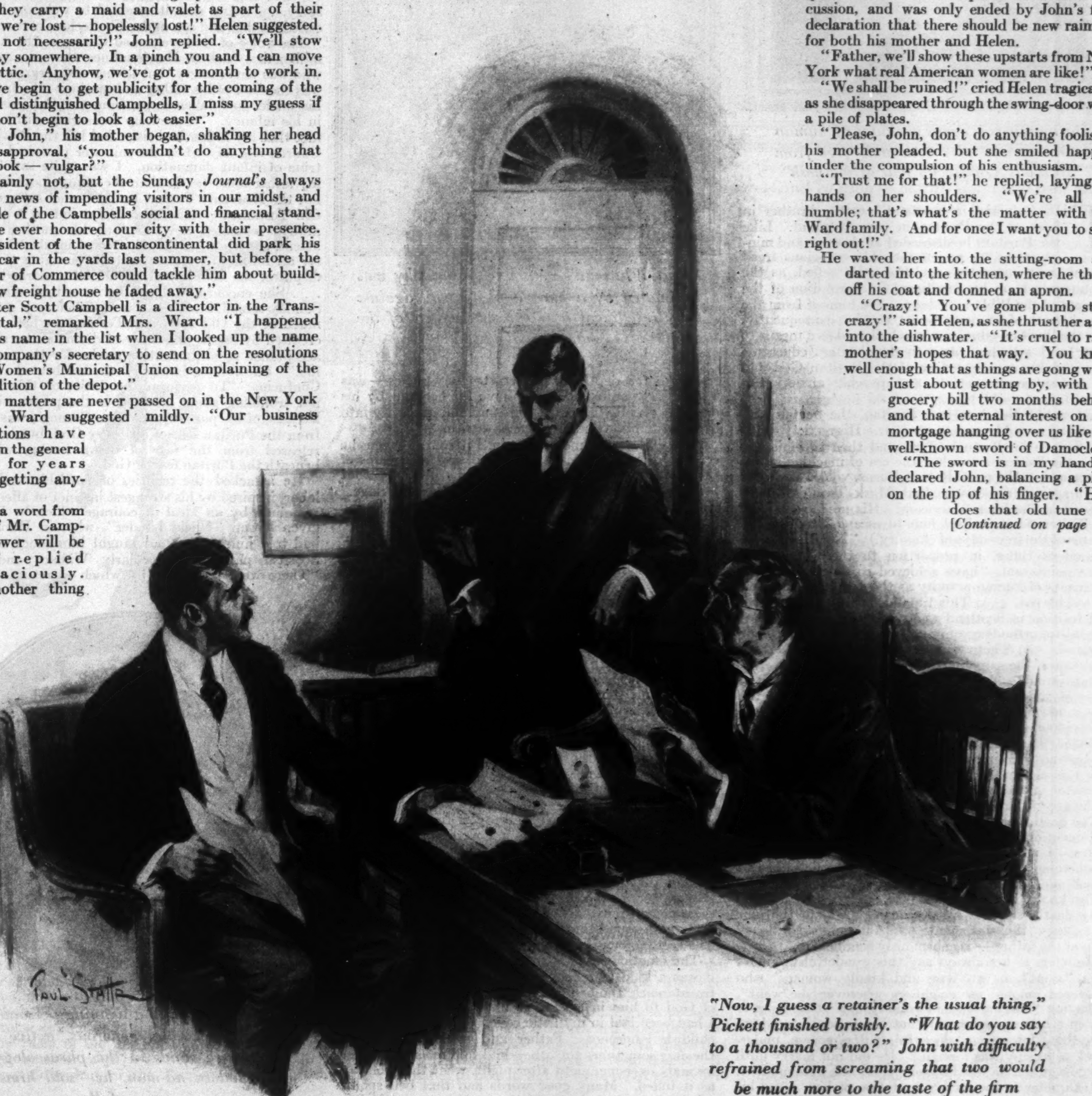
"Trust me for that!" he replied, laying his hands on her shoulders. "We're all too humble; that's what's the matter with the Ward family. And for once I want you to step right out!"

He waved her into the sitting-room and darted into the kitchen, where he threw off his coat and donned an apron.

"Crazy! You've gone plumb stark crazy!" said Helen, as she thrust her arms into the dishwater. "It's cruel to raise mother's hopes that way. You know well enough that as things are going we're just about getting by, with the grocery bill two months behind and that eternal interest on the mortgage hanging over us like the well-known sword of Damocles."

"The sword is in my hands!" declared John, balancing a plate on the tip of his finger. "How does that old tune go?

[*Continued on page 45*]



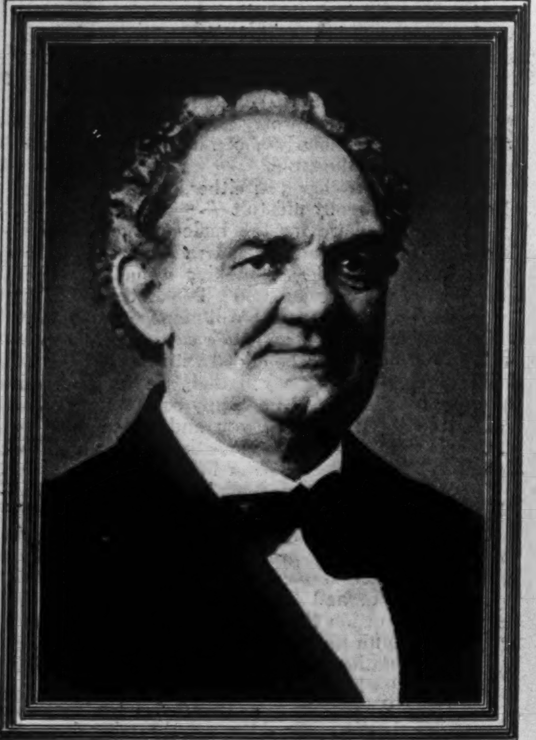
"Now, I guess a retainer's the usual thing," Pickett finished briskly. "What do you say to a thousand or two?" John with difficulty refrained from screaming that two would be much more to the taste of the firm

Some Further Exhibits in a Study

Carnegie, Barnum

by Harvey

and Edward H.



Barnum was a jovial exploiter of human credulity and was noticeably free from Anthony Comstock's fear of the flesh

Walt Whitman's conscious philosophy was animated by a pure Quaker revolt against any intelligent authoritative control of the subconscious mind

THE Calvinist in Scotland was the brother in faith of the Puritan in New England. Like the Puritan, he discarded all the rites and ministrations by which the older religions freed men of their instinctive soul-fear. He relied, as the Puritan relied, on his intelligent interpretation of the precepts of the Bible in order to save himself from the eternal wrath of an angry God. To him, consequently, as to the Puritan, education was hallowed as a means to grace; and with him, as with the Puritan, education destroyed his conscious fear of the Puritan God and left his subconscious fear and psychic anxiety unrelieved.

But unlike the American Puritan, the Scotch Calvinist had no wilderness to conquer. His anxiety drove him first to intellectual effort, and then to eminence in the mechanical arts when the era of machine industry opened. (His poet, Robert Burns, voiced the same revolt against repressions that Mark Twain's humor relieved in the later Americans. His great romancer, Sir Walter Scott, helped him to escape into fictional dreams of the freer days of chivalry.) "No other people in modern times, in proportion to their numbers," Fiske points out, "have achieved so much in all departments of human activity as the people of Scotland have achieved. . . . This time of magnificent intellectual fruition in Scotland was preceded by a period of Calvinistic orthodoxy quite as rigorous as that of New England. . . . There was the same austerity, the same intolerance, the same narrowness of interests."

One would expect to find, then, a typical Puritan drive of subconscious fear and insecurity behind the career of Andrew Carnegie, born in Dunfermline, Scotland, of "poor but honest" Presbyterian parents, in 1835. His Autobiography makes it plain that his life had no such impulsion, and it is interesting to see how this accounts for much that was singular in his character in the American scene to which he migrated at the age of thirteen.

The dominant note of his story of himself is his love and devotion to his mother. "Perhaps some day," he writes, "I may be able to tell the world something of this heroine, but I doubt it. I feel her to be sacred to myself and not for others to know. No one could ever really know her — I alone did. After my father's early death, she was all my own." And to the new psychology, this statement — with its implied jealousy even of the father — is enormously significant.

He refers to her always as "this wonderful woman", as a "saint", as a "wise and kindly woman" who "towered among her neighbors wherever she went", as having "the most extraordinary eye" that he ever saw in a human being, as "that heroic soul" to whom "anything low, mean, deceitful, shifty, coarse, underhand or gossipy was foreign." He did not marry until she died, when he was fifty-one years old. He modeled his character in instinctive imitation of her. And his whole life up to the time of her death — including his rise from the depths of poverty to great riches — was instinctively animated by his love for her and by his desire to elevate her out of hardship and obscurity into every distinction and privilege of wealth.

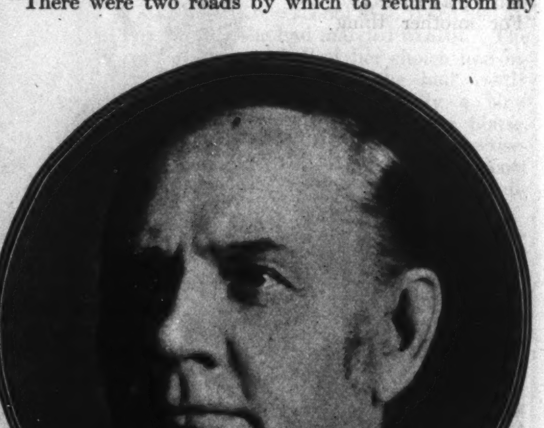
As a telegraph messenger in Pittsburg, when he received his first raise in wages and saw his dreams of riches coming true, he confided to his brother "that father and mother should yet ride in their carriage." And, as he points out, unlike the old Scotch lady who felt no triumph in riding in her carriage in London — because the friends of her home-town could not see her — "father and mother would not only be seen in Pittsburg but should visit Dunfermline, their old home, in style." He celebrated the realization of this dream, at the age of forty-six, when he wrote his book, "An American Four-in-Hand in Great Britain." He dedicated the volume "To My Favorite Heroine, My Mother." He described how they drove together into Dunfermline, with a coach-and-four. And if he had been Napoleon, crowning himself and Josephine in Notre Dame, he could not have felt a more thrilling emotion at topping the summit of his hope.

"AS we drove down the Pends," he writes, "I was standing on the front seat of the coach with Provost Wells, when I heard the first toll of the Abbey bell, tolled in honor of my mother and myself. My knees sank under me, the tears came rushing before I knew it, and I turned round to tell the Provost that I must give in. For a moment, I felt as if I were about to faint. Fortunately I saw there was no crowd before us for a little distance. I had time to regain control, and biting my lips till they actually bled, I murmured to myself, 'No matter, keep cool, you must go on'; but never can there come to my ears on earth, nor enter so deep into my soul, a sound that shall haunt and subdue me with its sweet, gracious, melting power as that did."

The emotion was not merely an upwelling of pride, it was a kind of religious ecstasy, too. By a curious transference, the bell of the Abbey had been the voice of God to him in his infancy. "By that curfew bell I had been laid in my little couch to sleep the sleep of childish innocence. Father and mother, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, had told me as they bent lovingly over me, night after night, what that bell said as it tolled. Many good words had that bell spoken to me through their translations. No wrong did I do through the day which that voice from all I knew of heaven and the great Father there did not tell me kindly about ere I sank to sleep, speaking the words so plainly that I knew the power that moved it had seen all and was not angry, never angry, never, but so very, *very* sorry. . . . And now it sounded to welcome back the exiled mother and son under its precious care again."

The voice of God welcomed Carnegie, the American millionaire, back to Dunfermline—the voice of a God who was never angry, but loving and forgiving. That was the God of his father and mother. His father and his uncles had fallen away from the Calvinistic faith in his infancy. "I grew up treasuring within me the fact that my father had risen and left the Presbyterian Church one day when the minister preached the doctrine of infant damnation. I was quite satisfied that my father knew better than the minister, who pictured not the Heavenly Father, but the cruel avenger of the Old Testament. His father "was indeed a saint and always remained devout", but his mother did not attend church. "Although always inculcating respect for all forms of religion, and discouraging theological disputes, she maintained for herself a marked reserve. . . . She encouraged her boys to attend church and Sunday-school; but there was no difficulty in seeing that much of the Old and New Testaments had been discredited by her as unworthy of divine authorship or of acceptance as authoritative guides for the conduct of life." She followed rather "the celebrated maxim of Confucius: 'To perform the duties of this life well, not troubling about another, is the prime wisdom.'" Because of his parents' example, Carnegie was released from the Puritan fear of an angry God, but he was not released from the fear of doing wrong, which lies beneath the Puritan fear of God.

He attacked the realities of hardship and ill-paid labor, inspired by his strongest instinct of affection and sustained by an ideal of courage which he had been given by an "Uncle Lauder", who, in Dunfermline, had told him stories and taught him songs about the Scottish patriots—particularly Wallace and Bruce. "There were two roads by which to return from my



Mark Hanna had a winning personality; he was sociable, generous, active and aggressive, and, in the phraseology of the modern ad-man, he "sold himself" successfully

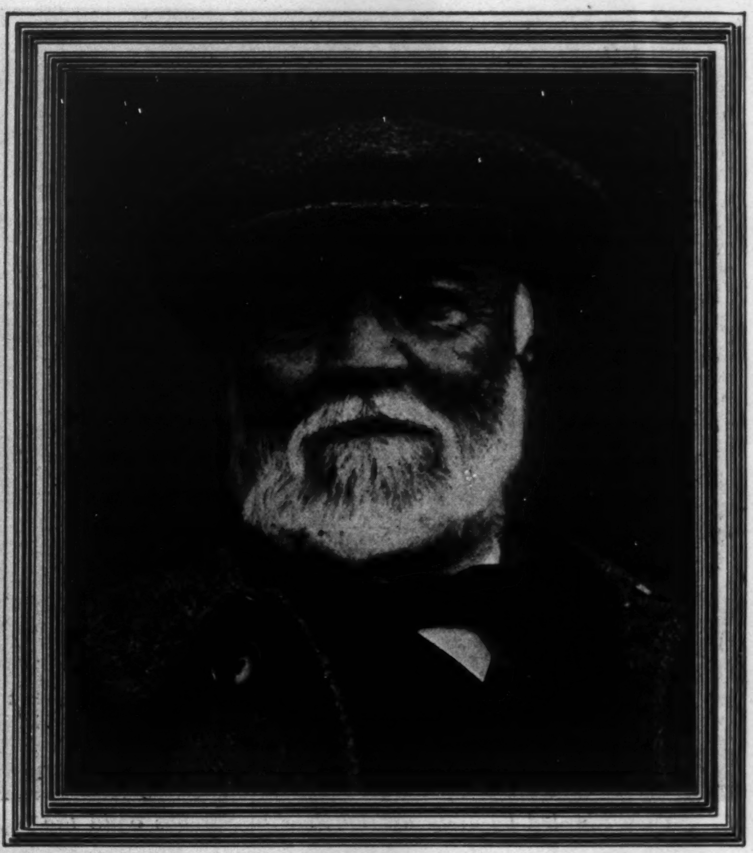
Copyright, 1921, by Harvey O'Higgins

of the American Mind

and Others

O'Higgins

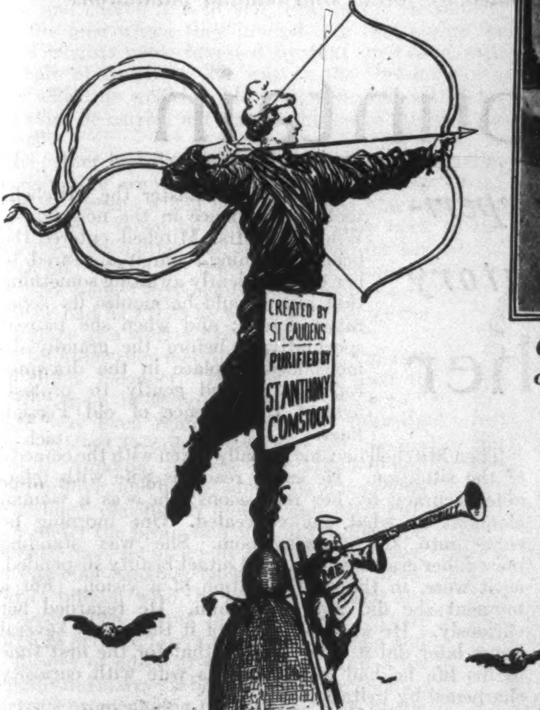
Reede M.D.



Carnegie had a Scotch conscientiousness and a fair degree of Scotch canniness and caution — but his dominant trait was his freedom from Puritanical fear

Comstock escaped his subconscious hatred of himself by projecting it on others

uncle's house . . . one along the eerie churchyard of the Abbey among the dead, where there was no light; and the other along the lighted streets by way of the May Gate. When it became necessary for me to go home, my uncle, with a wicked pleasure, would ask which way I was going. Thinking what Wallace would do, I always replied I was going by the Abbey. . . Trying to whistle and keep up my courage, I would plod through the darkness, falling back in all emergencies upon the thought of what Wallace would do if he had met with any foe, natural or supernatural."



A well-known cartoon showing Diana draped to Comstock's satisfaction

Later, as a boiler-boy in a bobbin factory at Allegheny City, earning two dollars a week, Carnegie was happy because he was "doing something for my world — our family." And though he worried so about the boilers that he could not sleep at night, he asked himself "what Wallace would have done", and he was sure that Wallace would "never give up." He became an oil-boy, soaking the bobbins in grease, the smell of which produced nausea and vomiting. "I never succeeded," he says, "in overcoming the nausea produced by the smell of the oil. Even Wallace and Bruce proved impotent here. But if I had to lose breakfast, or dinner, I had all the better appetite for supper, and the allotted work was done. A real disciple of Wallace or Bruce could not give up; he would die first."

Meanwhile, "this wonderful woman, my mother, earned four dollars a week binding shoes." When he became a messenger boy he had but one linen suit of summer clothing; "and every Saturday night, no matter if I did not return till near midnight, my mother washed those clothes and ironed them. There was nothing that heroine did not do in the struggle we were making for elbow room in the western world." He became a telegraph operator, a clerk and operator for the divisional superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and then superintendent himself. He notes, now, as "an important change in our life", the employment of a servant to help his mother with the housework. He writes: "There comes a time, although the fond mother cannot see it, when a grown man has to put his arms around his saint and kissing her tenderly try to explain to her that it would be much better were she to let him help her in some ways" — namely, by hiring a servant so that "the slaving mother" might live a "life of ease hereafter" and rise "to her proper and deserved position as Her Ladyship."

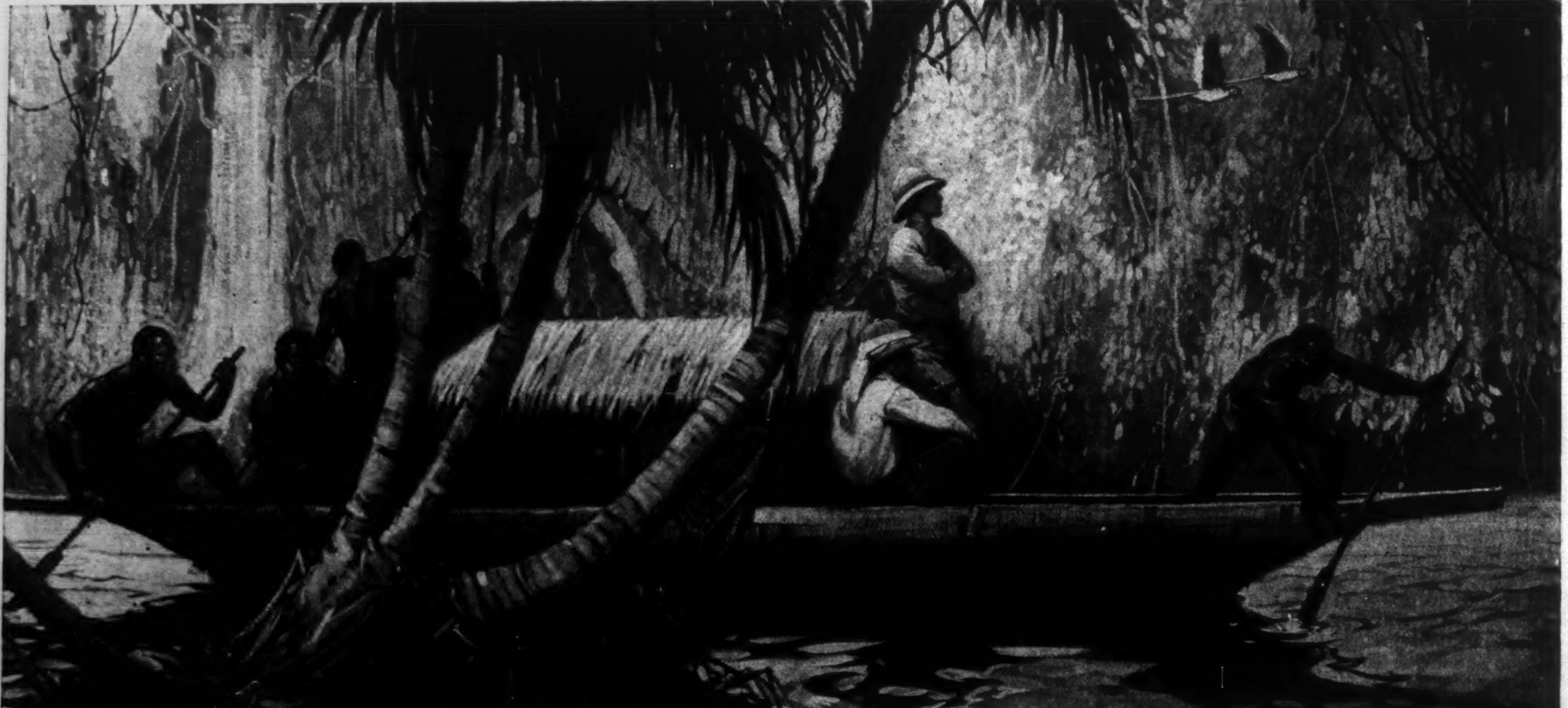
This, then, was the simple psychology of Andrew Carnegie's subconscious mind — an impelling affection and ambition for his mother and a notable lack of instinctive fear. But such a psychology, in its implications, is not as simple as it looks. Instead of a continual fear of doing wrong, he had the unconscious self-reliance of a character that seizes opportunities to do right. Instead of being superstitiously afraid of ill-luck, he had the unconscious expectation of being lucky. His ambition, based on an affectionate and unselfish motive, was never unkindly; he did not antagonize his fellows. He had a Scotch conscientiousness and he showed a fair degree of Scotch canniness and caution in his self-reliance, but his dominant trait was his fearless and enterprising optimism.

For instance, when he went to apply for a place as telegraph messenger boy, his father accompanied him to the office, but he made his father wait outside on the street while he mounted, as he says, "to the second or operating floor to see the great man and learn my fate. . . . I imagined that I could make a smarter showing if alone than if my good old Scotch father were present, perhaps to smile at my airs." His showing was successful; he was taken on at once; another boy was deputed to teach him the business; and it was some time before he "found the opportunity to run down to the corner of the street" and tell his father "that it was all right and to go home and tell mother that I had got the situation." He had served as a messenger about a year before the manager began selecting him occasionally to watch the office. He learned operating, and practised while the office was empty. An important message arrived when no one was there to take it. He not only dared to take it, but to write it out and deliver it without having it verified. When he became clerk and operator to the divisional railroad superintendent, he dared, in his chief's absence, to assume the responsibility of giving train orders over the superintendent's signature so as to relieve a blockade. "'Death or Westminster Abbey,'" he says, "flashed through my mind." He was twenty-four years old when he was asked if he thought he could "manage the Pittsburg Division" of the railroad. "My model then," he says, "was Lord John Russell, of whom it was said he would take command of the Channel Fleet to-morrow. So would Wallace or Bruce." He replied that he thought he could manage the division and he was given the position of superintendent.

WITH the same spirit, he seized on the opportunity of going into the business of building sleeping-cars, after a talk with the inventor of the first American Pullman; and he organized the first company for making iron railroad bridges in 1862, another company to make iron rails in 1864, and another to build locomotives in 1866. The success of his iron and steel mills came from his insistence on "good quality"; his conscience compelled him always to do his work well and to manufacture a worthy product. By 1868, he was writing the following memorandum for his future guidance: "Thirty-three and an income of $50,000 per annum! By this time two years I can so arrange all my business as to secure at least $50,000 per annum. Beyond this never earn—make no effort to increase fortune, but spend the surplus each year for benevolent purposes. Cast aside business forever, except for others." He planned to settle in England, educate himself thoroughly, buy a London newspaper, and take "a part in public matters, especially those connected with the education and improvement of the poorer classes."

His qualities of mysticism, romanticism and philanthropy are recognized by the new psychology as trends of suppressed sex; and his life is an arresting reply to those who claim that devotion to the mother-image unfits a man for an attack on reality. But his philanthropy had another and more conscious inspiration. As a child in Scotland, he had heard from his father and his uncles "denunciations of monarchical and aristocratic government, of privilege in all its forms, the grandeur of the republican system, the superiority of America, a land peopled by our own race, a home for freemen in which every citizen's privilege was every man's right." He developed into "a violent young Republican whose motto was 'death to privilege'," though he says, "I did not know what privilege meant, my father did." As his fortune grew in America he found himself attacked, as a creature of privilege himself, and his philanthropy

[*Continued on page 52*]



They traveled leisurely up the river to Sarebas amid the vapors of creeks and swamps surrounded by forests and banana plantations

The Enchanted Mountain

Another Name for a Vital Experiment in the Domestic Laboratory

by Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrations by J. D. Gleason

IT WAS the blue-green Persian tiles and the superb Jacobean Court cupboard of carved oak which precipitated the crisis in Crannon Mitchell's life. Also the announcement of Isaiah Gronner's death may have had something to do with it. Certainly the heroic old bacteriologist's jungle laboratory in Borneo became the center about which Mitchell's subsequent thoughts and acts pivoted.

Mrs. Mitchell had come upon the Persian tiles in the drawing-room of Shillinglee Towers, and on the cupboard in the dining-room of the same distinguished early Georgian residence, three summers before in England. She had instantly projected tiles and cupboard into an as yet dimly conceived drawing and dining-room above a bare site in Newport, over which hovered the still vaguer superstructure which was yet not even a suggestion to Messrs. Bishop, Fredericks and Munn, the architectural firm which eventually played its proper part in her scheme. Shillinglee Towers was for sale, but she wanted only the Persian tiles and the fine old cupboard, and she made her arrangements with the executors of the estate by private treaty.

Drawing and dining-rooms and the entire nebulous Newport mansion created themselves about tiles and cupboard more vividly in her imagination with each day's run nearer New York, so that when she entered the reception room of Messrs. Bishop, Fredericks and Munn, two days after her arrival, she had an even clearer idea than usual, if that were possible, of the thing she wanted. After her departure the senior partner referred to particular illustrated works on English architecture and eventually produced a sketch embodying elements of charm gathered from Norman to Tudor to Georgian, and castles to rectories, in a manner sufficiently homogeneous to still his own artistic conscience and meet the lady's demands.

The sketch, submitted, expanded into plans, in turn submitted in consultation to the Mitchells, their joint sense of fitness coming at times upon excellencies of judgment appreciated by Mr. Bishop. His respect may have been aided by the fact that the Mitchells of Baltimore had for generations been as famous for mental keenness as wealth, and conversely, that as important a part had been played in the history of the Parmoors of Boston — Mrs. Mitchell was a Parmoor — by wealth as by governors, ambassadors, an editor of note and a talented portrait painter.

Building was begun soon after Mrs. Mitchell's return, and with the completion of the chimney-pots High Lawn came to the notice of the world in a full page of exemplary half-tone photographs in a leading periodical of the class that is published presumably for women. There were, however, photographs neither of Persian tiles nor Court cupboard, the seeds, one might say, of both the big house and Crannon Mitchell's crisis. Yet in the sense of increasing concern to the owners of High Lawn, the tiles and cupboard of Shillinglee Towers were still the most prominent features of the house. For these lovely things were not in it; they were still on the same side of the Atlantic Ocean as Shillinglee Towers, gripped in the clutch of conservative English testamentary law and some quaint reservation in regard to the disposal of the property.

THE house in Newport remained inhospitable to its prospective mistress in their absence. She had ample cause for legal action, but she had neither tile nor cupboard; nor, as it appeared, would she ever have unless she bought Shillinglee Towers in its entirety of gardens, woodlands, ploughlands, grazing lands, trout streams, hunting privileges and shooting box, taxes and tithes. If tiles and cupboard were an integral portion of the idea of the house in Newport, they were as integrally part of the legal conception of Shillinglee Towers in Hertfordshire.

These comparatively slight objects, seen in this light, assumed respectable enough dimensions to justify the precipitation of a crisis in the life of a man inured to domestic tranquillity on a sumptuous scale and the velvet progression of days through a refined continuance of social observances; a former medical student and bacteriologist of promise, for whom life had been made thus tranquil and sumptuous by inheritance of sums which, for practical purposes, could hardly have been increased by his wife's bringing to them amounts almost as considerable.

Shortly after Easter the Mitchells took up residence in the new house. Whenever Mrs. Mitchell entered the beautiful dining-room it appeared to her to be patiently awaiting something that alone could harmonize its separated details; and when she paused speculatively before the grandly dimensioned fireplace in the drawing-room, it seemed gently to protest, against the absence of old Persian hues.

Then Mitchell became genially taken with the comedy of the situation. He could read his wife with tolerable accuracy by her repressions; she was a woman eloquent in what she concealed. One morning he came into the drawing-room. She was standing poised, her gracious figure and intact beauty suspended, as it were, in the contemplation of a vision. For a moment she did not notice him. He regarded her curiously. He was not aware of it then, only several hours later did it come on him that for the first time in his life he had looked on his wife with curiosity sharpened by irritation.

"Are you playing golf with us after lunch?"

She had seen him and asked it in the most natural manner, exhibiting no confusion at this momentous display of absence on the part of a spirit who as a rule was brilliantly present.

"No," he said, surprisingly; because that was exactly what he had been coming in to say he was going to do. "I am off for a walk."

At the table she said:

"You will be back at four? Mr. Santley is coming. He has just heard from England."

Mitchell laughed ironically.

"Isn't it going it a bit strong to get a busy lawyer to come up here to discuss pottery and old furniture?"

"Pottery and old furniture!" she repeated incredulously. She recovered her usual tone. "This is his business. There is moreover a principle involved above pottery and old furniture, as I view it."

He bent slightly, almost affectionately toward her.

"Do you know, Amanda — prepare for a shock — I am beginning to suspect that what's principally involved is a certain childishness."

The shock was not visible; but he felt its recoil in the additional moment in which she regarded her plate.

"I shall see him," she stated quietly. Her eyes crossed his also with new curiosity for a moment, and then she glanced involuntarily at the place where the superb Shillinglee cupboard should have stood. "Don't you think a round of golf would do you good?" she came back with casual inconsequence.

He laughed heartily.

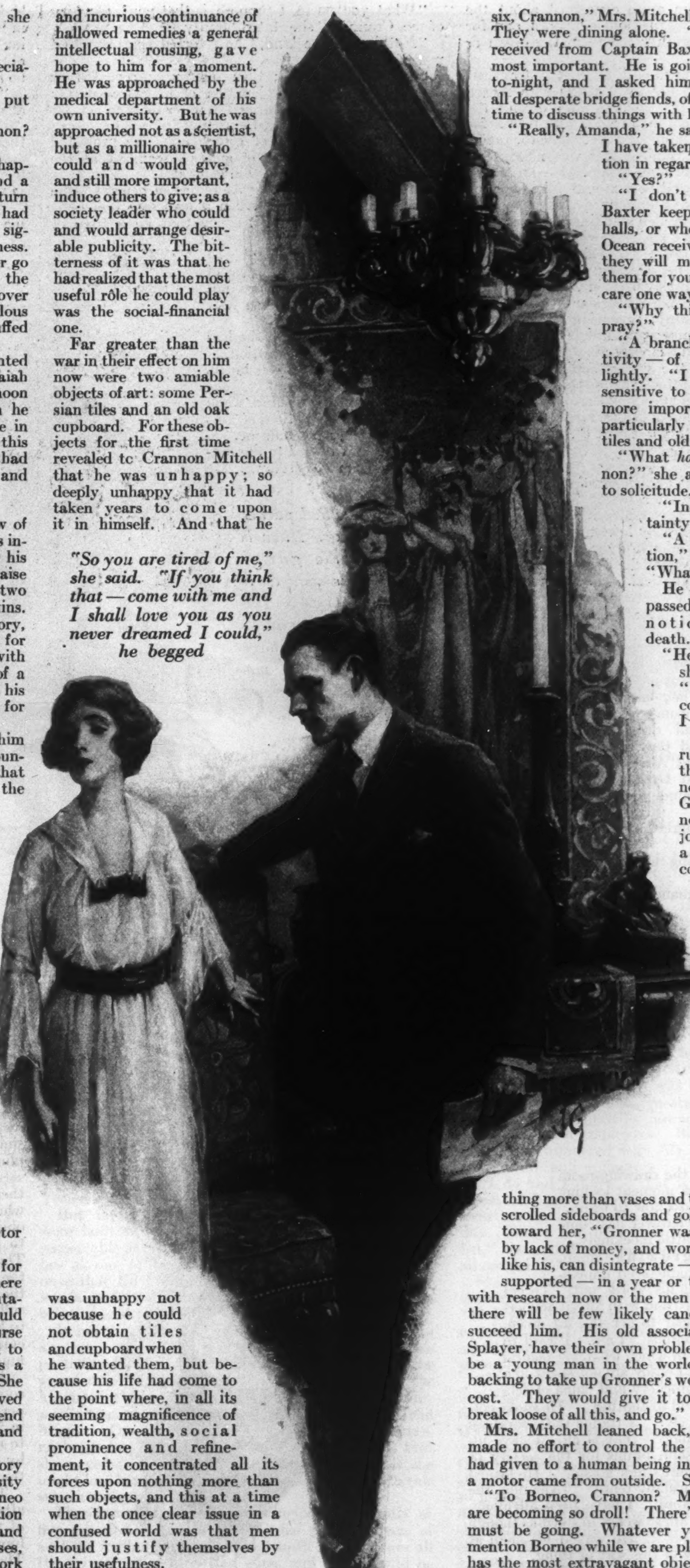
"What for — to recover the proper spirit of appreciation for Persian tiles and good carpentry?"

She seemed to detect a flippancy in this which put the matter in a new light.

"Have you lost interest in such things, Crannon? Or has my interest begun to bore you?"

It struck Mitchell that this was just what had happened. He avoided the thought with a laugh and a tendency to turn the conversation; but failed to turn his inner attentiveness from the clue to which she had directed him, and which was so astonishing, so significant that it created in him a mental breathlessness. She shortly motored off to the club; he watched her go from the library window. He went slowly to the smoking room and stood for a considerable time over an open box, presumably engrossed in a meticulous decision on cigars. He selected one; lighted it; puffed thoughtfully; got his hat and stick and went out.

On that short walk Crannon Mitchell confronted himself. Four hours later he saw the notice of Isaiah Gronner's death on the front page of the afternoon paper, awaiting him as usual on his table when he went up to dress. There was an odd coincidence in what his thoughts had been during his walk and this notice of the death of the old bacteriologist, who had been his father's friend, one of his own professors and then his colleague at Johns Hopkins.



"So you are tired of me," she said. "If you think that — come with me and I shall love you as you never dreamed I could," he begged

HE HAD been smothered by fortune. Some law of compensation had made life, in the form of his inheritance of wealth, avenge itself by overwhelming his inheritance of ability. Men as self-possessed in praise as Gronner and Marshall had called it genius in his two years of research, after graduating from Johns Hopkins. They had chosen him to join them in the laboratory, and the men whom they invited into that shrine for bacteriologists came invested by that invitation with the halo of equality. He was on the threshold of a fame which no wealth could bring a man if within his own skull he carried not the worthiness to attain it for himself.

His father had died, and there descended upon him the deluge of responsibility connected with his abundance of fortune which had submerged him from that day to this. When he might have gone back to the laboratory his mother had to go abroad for her health and he had felt it his duty to accompany her. He seemed to remember now the presentiment he had had that he would never enter the laboratory as a worker again.

In Mentone they met Mrs. Parmoor, Amanda and Hollis Parmoor. He had been used to meeting them in those places "one goes to." There was even remote cousinship between them. Robert Treadleigh was there also, paying court to Amanda, but she and Mitchell had fallen in love, and he had some idea of marrying her at once, placing his mother and Mrs. Parmoor under the protection of Hollis, who would assuredly have set up a jolly row at the prospect, and carrying Amanda back to America to reconnect himself with the laboratory. But she was even then adroit in repressions. Their courtship extended over two years, Europe and the fringes of adjacent continents. And after he finally did marry life became but a continuance of artistic promenading through corridors of the exquisite: one unabating surveillance, balancing and accepting or discarding of beauty in every form, public and domestic. Where, in another course of things he would probably have been president of a society for research, he was a director of the opera and subsidized symphony orchestras.

His love for his wife was stronger than his love for his work. This was what it amounted to. There was no necessity for him to make money or a reputation, because having more of the one than he could possibly spend the other followed in the natural course of human lackeyism. There was no external goad to send him back to research. He and Amanda, as a matter of fact, had practically never discussed it. She took it for granted, it seemed, that now he had arrived at man's estate of wise marriage, he would attend closely to the social obligations imposed upon him and put away childish things.

He had never gone back to visit the laboratory except once. He had given money to the university on its behalf, and when Gronner voyaged to Borneo to begin his painstaking experiments in connection with his great work on venom and anti-venom, and later his broader investigations of tropical diseases, he had sent a worthy check to endow Gronner's work also.

The war which brought to thousands of physicians who had fallen into easy ruts of medical pandering and incurious continuance of hallowed remedies a general intellectual rousing, gave hope to him for a moment. He was approached by the medical department of his own university. But he was approached not as a scientist, but as a millionaire who could and would give, and still more important, induce others to give; as a society leader who could and would arrange desirable publicity. The bitterness of it was that he had realized that the most useful rôle he could play was the social-financial one.

Far greater than the war in their effect on him now were two amiable objects of art: some Persian tiles and an old oak cupboard. For these objects for the first time revealed to Crannon Mitchell that he was unhappy; so deeply unhappy that it had taken years to come upon it in himself. And that he was unhappy not because he could not obtain tiles and cupboard when he wanted them, but because his life had come to the point where, in all its seeming magnificence of tradition, wealth, social prominence and refinement, it concentrated all its forces upon nothing more than such objects, and this at a time when the once clear issue in a confused world was that men should justify themselves by their usefulness.

"Mr. Santley telephoned that he couldn't leave Boston before six, Crannon," Mrs. Mitchell informed him at dinner. They were dining alone. "The communication he received from Captain Baxter's solicitors is really most important. He is going to be at Henrietta's to-night, and I asked him to bring it. They are all desperate bridge fiends, of course, but we shall find time to discuss things with him, don't you think?"

"Really, Amanda," he said slowly, "I am afraid I have taken an unaccountable position in regard to those things."

"Yes?"

"I don't care whether Captain Baxter keeps them in his ancestral halls, or whether we or the Atlantic Ocean receive them. Of course, if they will make you happy I want them for you. As for myself I don't care one way or another."

"Why this attitude suddenly, pray?"

"A branch of the theory of relativity — of importance," he said lightly. "I have become abruptly sensitive to the fact that there are more important matters in life — particularly to-day — than Persian tiles and old English cupboards."

"What *has* come over you, Crannon?" she asked, with an approach to solicitude.

"Indifference — and uncertainty — and certainty."

"A paradoxical combination," she criticized pleasantly. "What does it mean?"

He took out a clipping and passed it to her. It was the notice of Isaiah Gronner's death.

"He was your old professor," she said after reading it. "You're upset about it, of course, and sorry. But I— —"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, my dear: but that is not it. No one need be sorry for Isaiah Gronner. I certainly am not. He died — to be journalistic about it — like a warrior in armor, after a complete and purposeful life. To be sorry would be an impertinence."

"Then *what* is it? Or why did you show this to me?"

"Because I admire that method of dying," he said, still lightly. "I have become imbued with a vulgar desire for a journalistic obituary in my turn, in which it can be recorded that my life was filled with something more than vases and tapestry, chamber music, scrolled sideboards and golf. Amanda," he leaned toward her, "Gronner was handicapped out there by lack of money, and work that can't be finished, like his, can disintegrate — probably will, if it isn't supported — in a year or two. I am not in touch with research now or the men in it; but I daresay that there will be few likely candidates forthcoming to succeed him. His old associates, like Marshall and Splayer, have their own problems, and there may not be a young man in the world who could secure the backing to take up Gronner's work at the price it would cost. They would give it to me. Amanda — let's break loose of all this, and go."

Mrs. Mitchell leaned back, and for moments she made no effort to control the most plebeian stare she had given to a human being in her life. The sound of a motor came from outside. She laughed musically.

"To Borneo, Crannon? My dear, my dear, you are becoming so droll! There's the car, and we really must be going. Whatever you do, Crannon, *don't* mention Borneo while we are playing whist. Henrietta has the most extravagant objection to sensations that interrupt a rubber. In other words, my very dear, excuse me for asking you not to vent the fanciful flights of this momentary mood on your game or on

Mr. Santley. I still am quite concerned about the ultimate destination of my tiles and cupboard, and far from indifferent whether they repose in the ocean or come here."

She rose, with a movement of dismissing his transient aberration. He obeyed her instructions with regard to Santley by studiously avoiding him during the evening, and settling himself to bridge with people for whom he had never felt more than a sociable tolerance, but whom he detested to-night. It was nearly one o'clock when they were home again. He knew she had spoken to Santley, and he was grateful to her for withholding the outcome of the conversation from him. He sat up until four in his den smoking; looking over some old medical reviews and the proceedings of the last convention of bacteriologists. Odd bits of former lore came to him with no straining to recollect the scientific terminology. He lay back in the deep leather chair and through the smoke of his cigar revisioned old problems of serum therapy; reviewing the endlessly patient labor of the sparse vanguard of men who, in the obscurity of cloistral laboratories, fight with a microscopic world for the understanding to defeat invisible life's eternal attack upon the visible. It came to him with solemn authority that life, the art of life, is not the accumulation of things, however precious, but the renunciation of things except the all but indispensable.

He came down into the garden shortly before luncheon. In a large, light hat, a bright frock protected by an impressive garden apron, Mrs. Mitchell had been importantly busy with daintily held trowel and shears in one of the favored sections of the grounds. They chatted inconsequentially; Mitchell's attention to what they were saying being elliptical. He was preoccupied with a revelation which he wanted to explain, but could seemingly find no opening to. She avoided reference to Persian tiles, cupboard, or Mr. Santley: feeling in her husband the absence of concurrence which may have warned her of an approaching situation, and she preferred to approach situations with dignity, not to be pitched into them. Their inconsequential chatting continued through luncheon.

"I must go up and dress," she said. "The Carews are coming, and they're always appallingly prompt. You knew that Alice was coming, and for some reason you invited Gregory Weymyss. If he marries your niece blame yourself, dear Crannon Mitchell."

"Yes, of course," he agreed absently, looking out of the window.

She hesitated, throwing him a quick glance, and walked toward the door.

"Oh, by the way, Amanda," he said, with an exaggerated casualness, the words having a tendency to catch in his throat; "would you mind coming into the drawing-room for a minute. I should like to talk over something with you."

She hesitated again for a moment.

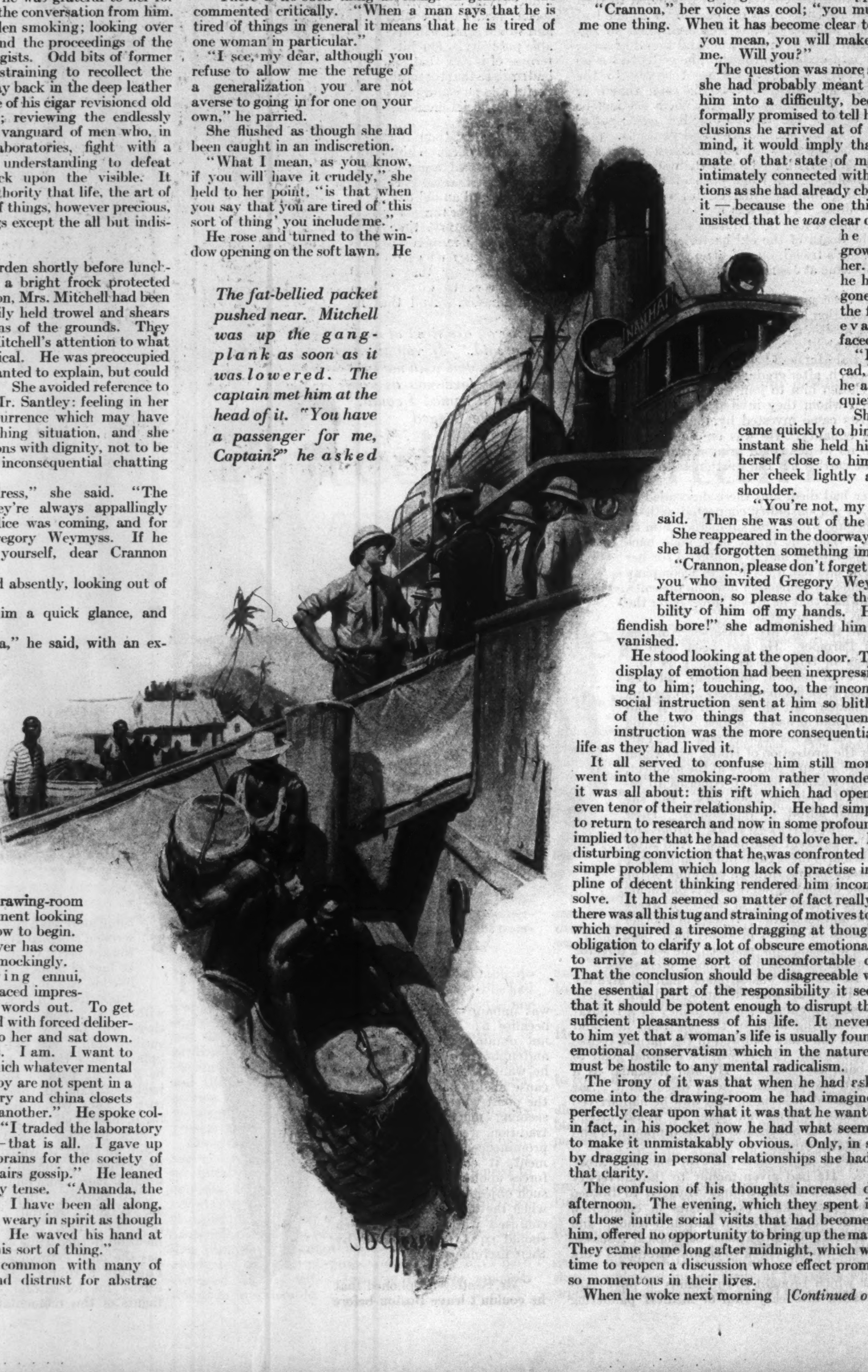
"Surely, if you wish me to," she consented quietly.

She seated herself by the drawing-room window. He stood for a moment looking out of it. He was at a loss how to begin.

"My dear husband, whatever has come over you?" she asked a little mockingly.

"Ennui, morbid ingrowing ennui, Amanda!" He had a shamefaced impression that he was blurting his words out. To get himself in hand he stopped and with forced deliberation brought a chair near to her and sat down. "You don't think I am serious. I am. I want to get back into something in which whatever mental and financial endowment I enjoy are not spent in a hectic attempt to drag crockery and china closets from one spot in the world to another." He spoke collectedly, but almost fiercely. "I traded the laboratory for a country club veranda — that is all. I gave up contact with men of useful brains for the society of experts in embellished front stairs gossip." He leaned forward, his features unusually tense. "Amanda, the truth of it is I am unhappy. I have been all along, but I didn't know it. I am as weary in spirit as though I had been digging ditches." He waved his hand at the room. "I am weary of this sort of thing."

Mrs. Mitchell had this in common with many of her fellow beings: a profound distrust for abstractions.



The fat-bellied packet pushed near. Mitchell was up the gang-plank as soon as it was lowered. The captain met him at the head of it. "You have a passenger for me, Captain?" he asked

"What you mean, I suppose, is that you are weary of me, Crannon," she stated bluntly.

"Nothing of the kind," he retorted sharply. "Of myself."

She scrutinized him; then insistingly repeated as a question the only explanation of his extraordinary announcement which seemed to offer itself to her:

"Crannon, are you tired — of me?"

"Heavens, Amanda! of course not," he protested again, but with a sense of guilty discomfort at the iteration. "Only of things in general."

"There is no such thing as things in general," she commented critically. "When a man says that he is tired of things in general it means that he is tired of one woman in particular."

"I see, my dear, although you refuse to allow me the refuge of a generalization you are not averse to going in for one on your own," he parried.

She flushed as though she had been caught in an indiscretion.

"What I mean, as you know, if you will have it crudely," she held to her point, "is that when you say that you are tired of 'this sort of thing' you include me."

He rose and turned to the window opening on the soft lawn. He had a hopeless sensation of being deflected, which roused in him a vague resentment, because she was not playing the game by injecting into the conversation personalities which he had expected to ignore. After a time he addressed her without turning.

"The truth of the matter is, Amanda, that I am not at all clear on what I mean myself."

Behind him he could hear a faint metallic clicking, as though she were opening and shutting her locket. It was a sign of unusual agitation, because she was not a woman who normally sought escape from her emotions in miscellaneous fidgeting. The noise stopped.

"Crannon," her voice was cool; "you must promise me one thing. When it has become clear to you what you mean, you will make it clear to me. Will you?"

The question was more subtle than she had probably meant it. It put him into a difficulty, because if he formally promised to tell her the conclusions he arrived at of his state of mind, it would imply that her estimate of that state of mind was as intimately connected with their relations as she had already characterized it — because the one thing he had insisted that he *was* clear on, was that he had not grown weary of her. However, he had already gone too far in the field of the evasive. He faced her.

"I am not a cad, Amanda," he answered quietly.

She rose and came quickly to him. For an instant she held his arm and herself close to him, brushing her cheek lightly against his shoulder.

"You're not, my dear," she said. Then she was out of the room.

She reappeared in the doorway, as though she had forgotten something important.

"Crannon, please don't forget that it was you who invited Gregory Weymyss this afternoon, so please do take the responsibility of him off my hands. He's such a fiendish bore!" she admonished him gaily and vanished.

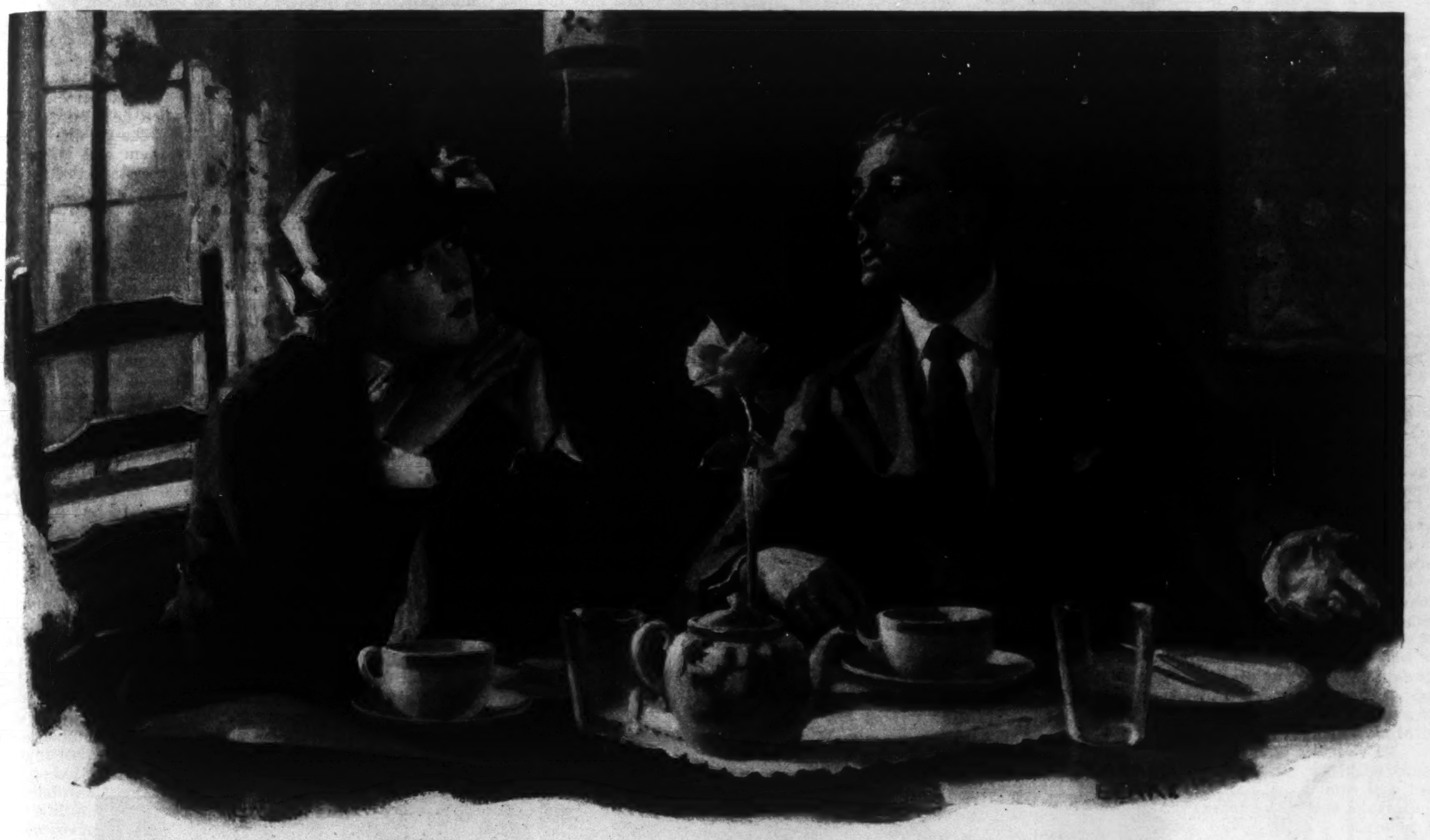
He stood looking at the open door. That flitting display of emotion had been inexpressibly touching to him; touching, too, the inconsequential social instruction sent at him so blithely. Yet of the two things that inconsequential social instruction was the more consequential in their life as they had lived it.

It all served to confuse him still more and he went into the smoking-room rather wondering what it was all about: this rift which had opened in the even tenor of their relationship. He had simply wanted to return to research and now in some profound way this implied to her that he had ceased to love her. He had the disturbing conviction that he was confronted by a really simple problem which long lack of practise in the discipline of decent thinking rendered him incompetent to solve. It had seemed so matter of fact really; and now there was all this tug and straining of motives to deal with, which required a tiresome dragging at thought, and an obligation to clarify a lot of obscure emotional processes to arrive at some sort of uncomfortable conclusion. That the conclusion should be disagreeable was almost the essential part of the responsibility it seemed; and that it should be potent enough to disrupt the hitherto sufficient pleasantness of his life. It never occurred to him yet that a woman's life is usually founded on an emotional conservatism which in the nature of things must be hostile to any mental radicalism.

The irony of it was that when he had asked her to come into the drawing-room he had imagined himself perfectly clear upon what it was that he wanted. That, in fact, in his pocket now he had what seemed to him to make it unmistakably obvious. Only, in some way, by dragging in personal relationships she had obscured that clarity.

The confusion of his thoughts increased during the afternoon. The evening, which they spent in another of those inutile social visits that had become odious to him, offered no opportunity to bring up the matter again. They came home long after midnight, which was not the time to reopen a discussion whose effect promised to be so momentous in their lives.

When he woke next morning [*Continued on page 48*]



"You look so fresh and rested — it's very clear that you aren't a girl who's out every night at a jazz palace. Do you know the derivation of the word jazz, Miss Cline?" asked the Talker

The Talker

by Sophie Kerr

One Way of Winning a Wife and Something More

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

THE first person you saw when you entered the office of the Magnum Opus Publishing Company, on the eighth floor of the Wheeler Building, was Lottie Cline, and Lottie Cline's shy friendly glance and smile, Lottie Cline's fresh rosiness, Lottie Cline's blue-grey eyes, all combined to make a pleasant moment for any one who had business with the firm, no matter how depressed, or peevish, or preoccupied he might be.

Ed Moran, nominally the head of the shipping room, in reality an uncrowned but highly efficient office manager, felt this would be so when he engaged Lottie and put her there at the reception hall desk. That she had no previous office experience did not weigh with him. She could learn — in fact, he would teach her. His only anxiety was — and it was well founded — that she would prove so apt a pupil that he'd soon have no excuse to stand by her desk and talk to her. Big square silent Ed knew that unless he had something specific to say he couldn't say anything, not even to a girl like Lottie Cline, who made him feel hot and happy every time she glanced at him.

"She's the kind of nice girl everybody'll see at first sight *is* a nice girl," he had thought, when he had told her that she could go to work on Monday and that her salary would be fifteen dollars, with five more in sight as soon as she learned to handle the switchboard, which was located at her desk.

Lottie beamed at him, and said earnestly that she certainly would try hard to make good, and on Monday morning she came in early, dressed according to the best standards of the evening-newspaper-advice-to-business-women column, namely, a plain dark frock, and spotless white collar and cuffs. No rouge, no scent, no jewelry, no ear-puffs, no wad of gum — all of which omissions caused some of the young ladies who condescended to oblige with their services in the form letter department of the Magnum Opus to look at her with dark suspicion. They thought she might be a millionaire's daughter in disguise, seeking to learn by personal experience the habits and characteristics of the poor working girl, in order to put them in a book, or in statistics, or something awful like that.

"She might even be one of these here rich Socialists," volunteered gloomily Miss Maxine Strauss, who sometimes read the *New Republic*.

"Yeh — and she looks t' me as if she might uv been to collitch," added Miss Strauss's chum, Rachel Yesiersky.

But under skilful cross-questioning these ghosts were laid, and Lottie proved to be as poor and as respectable as any of the others. So the girls accepted her as one of themselves, though they perceived at once that Ed Moran was stuck on her, and that she was a perfect simp not to work him for time off and other special privileges.

It never occurred to Lottie to work Ed Moran for anything, though she was not wholly unaware of his partiality for her. But she was so impressed with the grandeur of being employed by a concern such as the Magnum Opus, whose chief business was the dissemination on a subscription basis of the wonderful Magnum Opus Encyclopedia, in twenty-two volumes, no home can be called truly cultured without it, that she never dared ask for any favors, for fear that she might lose her job, and with it the association with this superior organization.

Therefore she punched the time-clock promptly at five minutes to nine, took only her three-quarters of an hour for luncheon, never left until she was sure all the private office force had gone, and there would be no more important telephone calls, and in her working hours was, as I have suggested before, an efficient and decorative part of the Magnum Opus herd of wage-slaves — this last is Miss Strauss's phrase, and not mine.

She had been working for the Magnum Opus for three months before Ed Moran got up his courage to make a personal remark to her. He strove to do so for days. He would walk out of his lair at the back of the place, and come boldly up to the entrance and switchboard, with the words right in his mouth. Each time they died a-borning. He would say, instead: "Did the electrician come to fix that desk light?" or "How about more ventilation?" or something to which he already knew the answer instead of — well, finally he got it out:

"Miss Cline, do you live at home?"

Lottie did not realize at first that this was a personal question — she thought it was the beginning of one of these new paternalistic questionnaires which are so popular with employers nowadays and so rightfully unpopular with employees. But she answered truthfully, and wondered why Mr. Moran looked so red and solemn and unhappy.

"I do and I don't — that is, I stay in the city all week, and go out home over Sundays. My family lives too far out in Jersey for me to commute every day. But I live in a boarding-house on the Y. W. list," she added, hoping that this might prove to her advantage.

She was quite unprepared for the invitation that thereupon burst from Ed Moran's stammering lips. "If I was to drop round about half-past seven this evening, would you enjoy going to the movies?" he asked, and wondered if she could hear his heart thump-thumping his ribs as he spoke.

"I'd *love* to," said Lottie Cline, fervently. "I just love the movies." She wanted to ask him if he preferred Wallace Reid to Charles Ray and Eugene O'Brien, but she decided to save that till the evening. Advice-to-Business-Women often warned its readers that conversations not pertaining to business matters should never take place in office hours. But she looked so pretty and her eyes shone so delightfully that it is doubtful if Ed Moran would have heard her even if she had asked him if the moon was made of green cheese. He moved away in a state of happy numbness after managing to ejaculate, "Well, I'll be there at seven-thirty."

He was there at seven-twenty-eight, pink from an extra shave, ceremoniously neck-tied and shoe-polished, and still very solemn. At sight of him Lottie wished fervently that she had something grander than the old pink georgette blouse that was her one dress-up garment. She need not have worried — to Ed Moran's eyes that pink blouse was a celestial robe, and made her far too beautiful for any reassurance to his hopes.

They set off blithely, and it transpired that they were going to the biggest, most expensive movie in the whole city, the one where the art of the films is embellished by opera stars, orchestras, and limitless luxury in the way of velvet seats for the audience, velvet draperies, gilded composition carvings, and real hand-painted panels and ceilings to surround it. Added to all this Ed Moran brought chocolates of a superior sort, in a box tied with wide ribbons, and presented them with embarrassed generosity, as they entered.

In short, it was a highly successful evening. To be sure they did not talk very much. Lottie offered her question about the charms of Charlie and Wallace and Eugene, and Ed Moran averred that he never could think of these movie fellows as real he-men, not even Doug, for there was something sappy in standing in front of a camera and making faces all the time.

Then, suggested Lottie, perhaps it was the movie ladies who had his interest. Did he like Mary or Mae or Theda or Anita best? But after a little choking he managed to convey the thought that though there was a lot to be said for Mary's curly mop, nevertheless a nice live girl, with nice ways and nice looks, and — well, you know — real nice — had it all over all the movie queens in the world.

He did not look at Lottie as he said this, but stared straight ahead, and his ears were scarlet, and there was sweat on his underlip, but he got it out, and it didn't exactly displease the hearer of it.

After the show they had a marshmallow sundae in a very superior confectionery shop, and then Ed Moran escorted Lottie to her door.

"I've had a grand time," she told him gratefully.

"Maybe — maybe you'll go with me again, then," he suggested after a few ineffectual efforts to get his vocal cords to working.

"I'd be pleased to," said Lottie, "if you ask me."

If he asked her! If he asked her! Ed Moran trod home with high and airy steps, taking no account of such other pedestrians as might be abroad, waving back wild and rampageous motors at crossings so that he might pass without slackening his triumphal progress. If he asked her! Oh boy! Oh, *Lottie!*

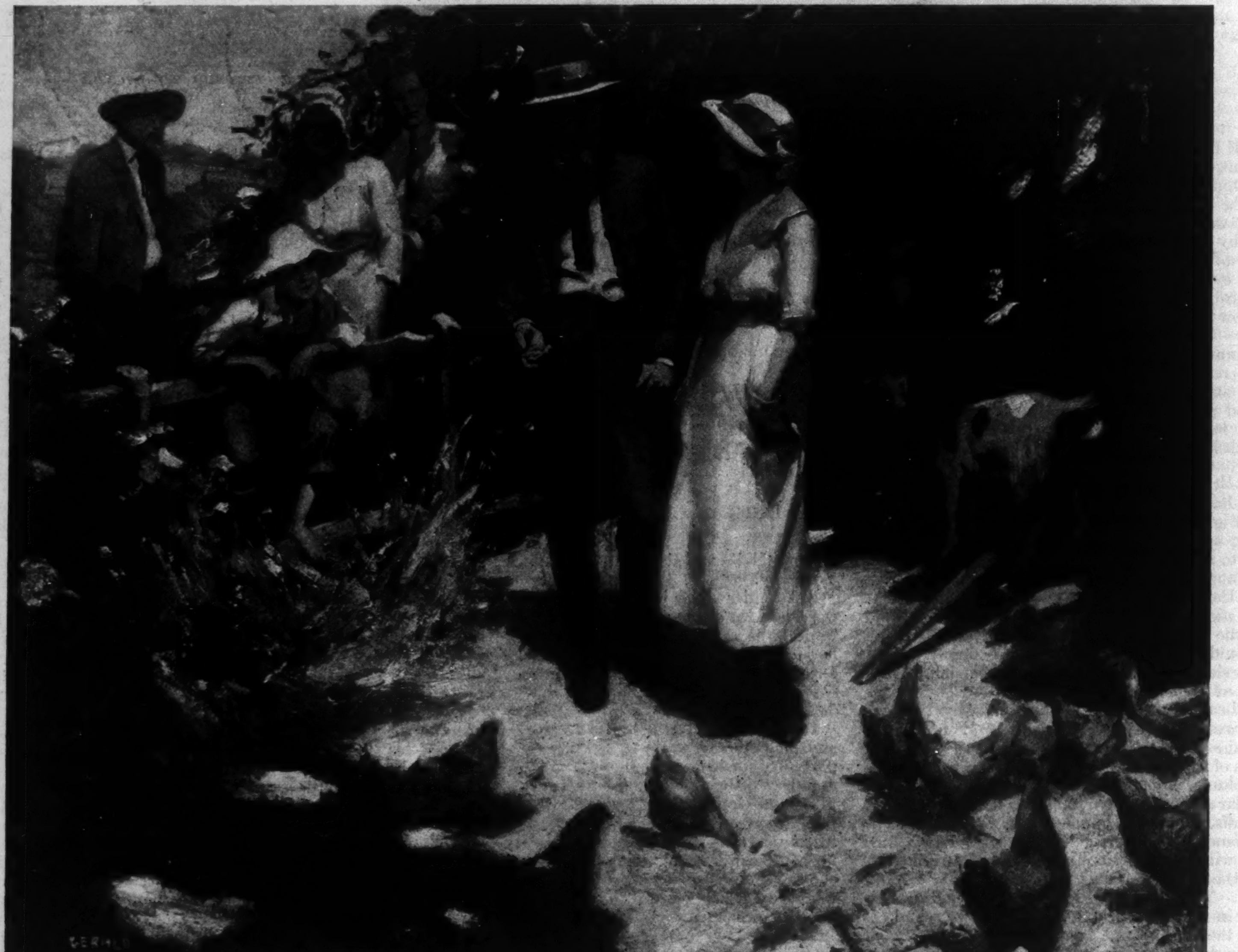
It was not so many weeks after that when Thursday-evening-at-the-movies for Ed and Lottie became a fixture of the week, and a very agreeable fixture to both of them. Then the Starlight Athletic Club, of which Ed was a leading heavy-weight, gave a dance and they went to that. After a great deal of worry, Lottie acquired a new dress for that occasion, blue organdy, and she made it every stitch herself, by hand, which lowered the high cost of evening dresses considerably, and evoked from Ed a rapture of admiration for her ability. Think of that, a girl who can make herself a whole dress, these days! She wasn't just a girl — but a super-girl.

MANY, many times he wondered, in great humility, if she liked him — that is, if she liked him even the least bit in the same way he liked her. He was, when with her, he admitted, nothing more than a big boob. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, his language, such as it was, absolutely deserted him. He managed to keep up a pretty fair flow of conversation on office matters, and in discussion of the films they saw together, but when it came to saying any of the things that he thought and dreamed and hoped for, there he was tongue-tied, dumb, "dumb as a fish", he told himself in utter disgust with his thickness.

And Lottie was such a little queen — such a wonder, such a winner — some other fellow with the gift of gab might come along at any moment and snatch her away from him, Ed mournfully reminded himself. But the thought brought more distress, and no relief whatever to his affliction. There had been plenty of fellows, he observed, at the Starlight Club's dance who came rushing around and asked for an introduction, and he had been mighty careful to pick out only the bad lookers, and poor dancers when he accorded the favor. The others he kept off by the primitive, yet effective method of scowling at them and growling, "Nothing doing." He thanked his stars that night that his boxing record was well known to every member of the club. He didn't believe he'd take Lottie to any more dances — it wasn't safe.

To Lottie, Ed's attentions were just one more of the gifts of the gods, of which she considered she had received more than her share. Think of going to work on your very first job and finding such a nice place as the one with the Magnum Opus. And the lady who kept her boarding-house was kind and generous and invited her to wash and iron as much as she liked in the kitchen, if she'd provide her own soap and starch and bluing, and pay fifty cents a month toward the gas bill. The girls at the office, too, after their first suspicions were dulled, made exciting acquaintances, they knew so much and had been round so much, and were so clever and so dressy. Clever and dressy as they were, it was clear that they envied her the interest of Ed Moran. Even if Lottie had had but little experience in the world, her basic common sense told her that much. The same rare commodity kept her from emulating the girls in their conversation or appearance. All right for *them*, she decided, but she wasn't up to such things.

It was some eight months since her connection with the Magnum Opus that Ed Moran, as they were going to their regular Thursday night movies, told her this bit of office news: "Mr. Billings fired Miss Topp last Saturday — said she used too much cheap cologne. Told me to get him a man stenog — said he was sick and tired of having his office smell like a bum beauty parlor. Oh, he was awful sore."



"These are as handsome a lot of Plymouth Rocks as I ever saw," he beamed. Lottie looked at him queerly. "They're not Plymouth Rocks," she said, "they're Rhode Island Reds"

Now Mr. Billings was the President of the Magnum Opus, and a testy, apoplectic ogre who ate stenographers at the rate of one every six weeks or so. He was a great trial to the efficient office management of Ed Moran, and Lottie knew this.

"He won't like a man any better," she prophesied. "I'm sorry about Miss Topp — but it was so, about the perfume, you know. Did you get him somebody yet?"

"Yep — coming Monday. Name's Wharton, and the manager over at the secretary's school said he's a crackerjack. Well, he'll need it all when Mr. Billings gets one of his red-headed days."

"Mr. Billings is always real nice to me," offered Lottie, in defense, "and oh, it must be a terrible nerve-straining job to run a great big business all about such wonderful books — I don't wonder he gets peevish sometimes, and fusses round. Sometimes he yells over the telephone till it seems like he'd crack the receiver — but not at me, y'understand. No, he's almost human to me."

Eddie summoned his powers, swallowed his Adam's apple and answered gruffly, "Who wouldn't be, I ask you?"

To which Lottie, being now pretty well used to his ways, replied blithely, "You're a great little kidder — look out; you'll get me too proud to answer fourteen when she rings." Fourteen being the number of the extension to Mr. Moran's cubby-hole.

The reply left Ed again speechless — when a girl like Lottie won't see that you mean every nice thing you try to say to her, what can you do? "She thinks I'm just one of these light-weight sappy boys always pulling hot air," he mourned within. "She don't get how I feel a-tall."

Nothing further was said of the new secretary, but the next morning on the stroke of nine Lottie saw a new young man enter the Magnum Opus, and approach her desk. "Will you tell me where to go," he asked, "please? I'm Mr. Billings' secretary." Then she remembered what Ed had told her the night before. And she remembered the young man's name, because one of the things Lottie Cline had learned from Advice-to-Business-Women was to remember names.

"Oh yes," said she, "Mr. Wharton. Will you go down to the left, and the last door is Mr. Moran's office. He likes to see new people first, and he'll take you in to Mr. Billings."

MENTALLY she was noting that the new secretary was a dapper polished youth, almost good-looking enough to be in the movies.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Wharton. "Somebody around here must believe in the old adage that first impressions should be agreeable ones." And he smiled right at her as he said it.

For an instant Lottie hesitated — was he, she wondered, trying to be fresh? She had seen fresh young men before, even in the office of the Magnum Opus Company, had Lottie. But he looked so respectful, and bowed so politely. Still . . . "Yes, you'll find Mr. Moran very agreeable," she told him, and turned back to her desk. Just as well to be on the safe side.

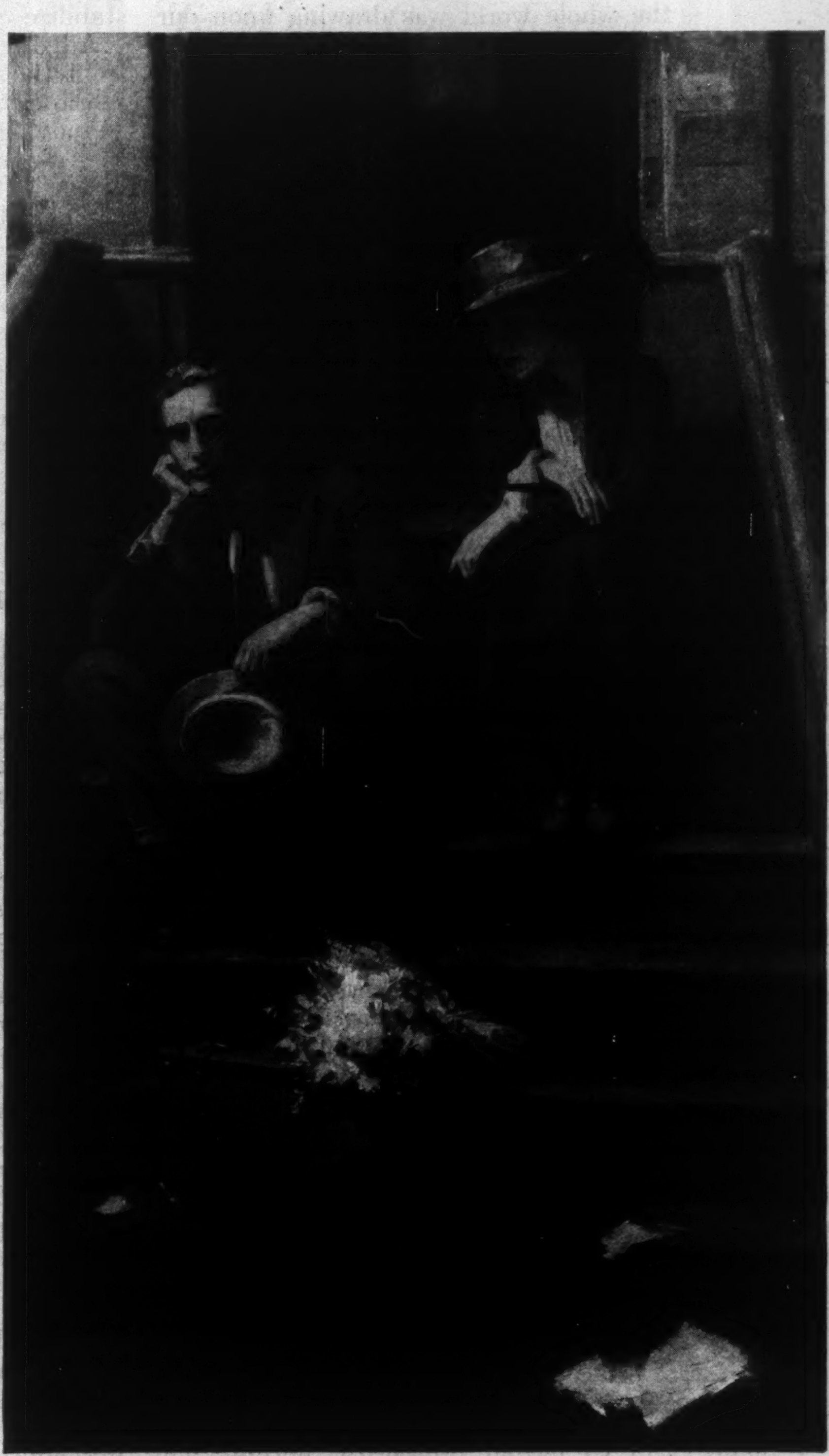
The offered tribute and its return, however, left a distinct recollection in the minds of both parties to the performance. When Mr. Wharton went out to lunch he stopped again by Lottie and said earnestly, "I do hope, Miss Cline," (He had got her name, too, you see, by this time) "I do hope you were not offended by my remark this morning. It was offered in a sincere spirit of appreciation of your courtesy and was not in the least intended as a personality. I feared afterward that you might have misunderstood this, and it distressed me."

"Oh, that's all right," said Lottie, smiling her shy smile. "I'm not offended. I hope — I hope you'll find your work here interesting," she added, not to be outdone in politeness.

"I'm very sure I shall do that," he said, and bowed again, as he went away. Ed Moran, looming up in the distance, marked the conversation, and sauntered by truculently.

"Old friend of yours?" he asked, indicating the departing Wharton by a nod.

"Mercy, no. I guess he feels sort of lonesome his first day here, and I spoke to him when he came in this morning." She hesitated a moment and unconsciously paraphrased one of the captions of a film they had seen some time before. "He seems a perfect gentleman, and talks in a highly educated way."



He choked a little. "I've been such a boob all day — I'm sorry I got in bad with your ma, but I couldn't stand that kid doing mean things to you"

Ed Moran glared at the door of the elevator through which Mr. Wharton had so lately stepped. "Some people talk too much," he said. And he hoped that the secretary-devouring Mr. Billings would make a quick meal of this new one.

He had no occasion to revise his comment, or his hope, though the latter showed no immediate signs of coming true. Mr. Wharton seemed as efficient as he was conversational, which is saying much. It was a dull day indeed that he did not find an errand to Lottie Cline's desk three times at least in the morning and as often in the afternoon, and she found that the dictum of discussing only office matters in office hours was difficult of application to him. Still, she did her best.

But, of course, there was no reason why she should enforce this rule in the five minutes before nine which she always spent in dusting and arranging her desk, straightening the reception hall, and the like. Then was the time when Mr. Wharton undoubtedly had his innings.

"Isn't it a wonderful morning?" he'd ask. "I wonder what you've been doing with yourself to look so fresh and rested — it's very clear that you aren't one of the girls who's out every night at a jazz palace. Do you know the derivation of the word jazz, Miss Cline? I think it ought to be put into the new edition of the Magnum Opus Encyclopedia, and I've written a memo to Mr. Billings suggesting it. It's my invariable custom to take an interest in every department of every concern I work for. I've always found that such interest is appreciated."

Lottie could only listen in unfeigned admiration. It must be won-der-ful to be able to think up things to write memoranda to Mr. Billings about, and then tell about it in such easy flowing words! And what he said about taking an interest in every department — this was sound stuff, in line with Advice-to-Business-Women.

IT WAS soon after this that Mr. Wharton found that his way home lay in the same general direction as Lottie's boarding-house, and that it was very pleasant to stroll along through the five-thirty crowd pouring forth his brilliant fancies to ears as pretty, and as receptive, as the little girl's in the front office.

And then one day, at lunch time, as she went out he fell into step beside her and at his earnest solicitation she went with him to a magnificent "art" tea-room, where the waiters wore smocks and tam-o'-shanters, and where the food, though hardly as good in quality as the dairy place she usually patronized, was, as the menu card promised, "Very Different."

"I love a quaint artistic atmosphere," he told her on this occasion. "There's something about a place like this with all its color and suggestion of cleverness that makes me feel that I'm really living. Too many of us get into ruts — we do certain things at certain times, we go to certain places, we don't get around and observe this great big interesting world of ours as we should. Every highly educated people has loved art — and I consider it the duty of every person of refinement to know something of the artistic, even though he cannot be an artist. Have you noticed this necktie of mine? I searched half New York until I found it — it has the exact colors of that first Egyptian color plate in the Encyclopedia and I get a real thrill every time I look at it."

Lottie Cline had never heard anything like this before in her life and she was impressed. Ed Moran did not talk about his neckties, but she knew very well he did not select them because they had the colors of Old Egypt. She hearkened avidly for more — and got it.

"Don't get the idea because I'm interested in art, Miss Cline, and culture, and things like that, that business isn't my first thought always. It's a wonderful opportunity to work for a concern like the Magnum Opus, and in a way combine art and business. That was one of the things that attracted me when the position was offered to me. Otherwise I would have looked for some wider field. But it is my belief that there is a chance anywhere for a live young man, who is always looking out to get on. I can tell you that I don't mean to stop at being secretary to Mr. Billings so very long — I want a position where my initiative and executive ability will be appreciated. But I know that I'm getting good training with Billings and I mean to stick to it for a while at least."

Think of that — condescending to "stick for a while" with a mighty man like [*Continued on page 55*]

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AUGUST, 1921

Don't Take the Neck

MOST manufacturers have already swallowed the medicine prescribed by readjustment. They've liquidated and fallen into line. It's the distributor's turn next — don't let him skip the dose and slip it to you another season.

Recent heavy cuts in men's clothing, automobiles, tires and a few other items prove that all merchandise should hereafter be cheaper or better.

The retailer alone is now blocking prosperity, and if he continues to postpone orders for fresh stocks until he shoves out his remaining high-priced inventory, there can be no immediate hope of normalcy.

Another element contributing to depression is the enormous hoard of merchandise with which speculating interests were caught on the collapse of export trade. The withdrawal of these vast holdings from local markets at the very peak of national shortage was no mean factor in establishing post-peace living costs.

Therefore it would seem poetic justice to let the aforesaid gentlemen stew in their own broth.

Trapped between bankrupting depreciation and past-due loans, however, they are rapidly relieving their distress through the retailer, which considerably accounts for the mass of inferior apparel, shoes and fabrics, deteriorating tires, dubious canned goods, tinned meats and other war leave-overs featured in many bargain sales.

The immediate disposal of such accumulations deprives mills and factories of urgently needed contracts. It holds thousands of workers in further idleness. It consumes the product of last year's and year before last's labor. It uses the ready cash which should be activating present industry and employment. It restricts output and defers the sale of 1921 crops — the South's new cotton and the West's last wool clip.

It disadvantages the whole country thus to grant priority in the channels of distribution to undesirable old merchandise.

It's bad business to absorb these surpluses while factories go begging for orders.

The public doesn't want this truck — we are purse-weary of haphazard wares and wearables. We demand access to the better goods now procurable in limitless quantity.

We are no longer content to accept whatever the stores please to furnish.

A little while back we recognized that the whole world was drawing upon our wealths, draining the uttermost resources of American institutions. Then we couldn't and didn't expect usual values.

Under compulsion we ceased to be choicy. So little fly-by-night firms, with no good-will at stake and therefore under no obligation to protect past standards, sprang up everywhere and unscrupulously opportunized the emergency.

Shoddy joined the wool club. Bunk and Junk invaded Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard and Main Street. Proscribed substitutes reappeared from exile.

Adulteration, skimping and all the other outlaw crews of shyster practises, long ago banished to water-front and shanty districts, slipped across the deadline and went pocket-picking through the town.

We never before paid so much for staples and never got so little satisfaction or service. The shrinking dollar surrendered pride and power. Preference yielded decision to necessity.

"It's-the-best-to-be-had," at first an apology, soon became a convenient alibi and finally an insolent ultimatum.

Reliable advertised products disappeared before unbranded snide and pinchbeck, upon which regardless profits could be charged without challenge. Customary guarantees were abolished — we bought entirely at our own risk.

Now that there's a surfeit once more, we're particular and insist on money's worth again. We want full measure. We want prime materials. We want careful workmanship. We want fast colors. And we want to know what we're getting.

When there's not enough chicken to go 'round, it's neck or nothing, but nobody's satisfied with a scrub portion if there's better in sight. The national platter's loaded with white meat this year — don't take the neck.

First-class wares of established reputation are ready for delivery and merchants must give them right of way. Nothing can so hasten prosperity, nothing will sooner start smoke-stacks belching and freight cars loading than a concerted demand for these sounder, cheaper advertised products.

Besides proclaiming safe-to-purchase articles, advertising is a declaration of faith in the soundness of conditions — a pledge of confidence in the earning power of the nation — a rebuke to timid capital.

Advertising establishes a constant flow of freshly made goods — keeps plants in continuous operation — keeps labor steadily occupied — makes possible maximum output and standardized methods — all essentials of economical manufacturing.

The consumer who does not specify advertised goods is without price or quality protection.

The worker who does not specify advertised goods is not using the strongest force at his command to increase and stabilize employment.

Advertising is moving wool and cotton from the field to the spindle — moving fabric from the loom to the cutting table — moving cattle from the ranch to the shoe shop, the leather store and the grocer's shelf — moving crops from the farm through the packing house to the kitchen cupboard — moving ore from the mine to the blast-furnace and moving steel from the rolling-mill to the motor works.

It keeps men, money and merchandise in steady circulation.

Where there's the most advertising, there's the least stagnation.

Above all, it prevents over-charge and under-worth through identifying trademarks.

"Necks" are never advertised.

Borrowed Intelligence

SUCCESS can't be reduced to paper patterns, blue prints or prescriptions. Knowing what to do and how to do it are not enough. "When" is another vital word in the dictionary of achievement. The moment is as important as the method.

Ability to deal with the unexpected — that's the peculiar quality of leaders. A sixth sense, the sense of timeliness, is worth as much as their other five.

A cut and dried formula, by its very nature, is incompetent to deal with departures from precedent. Judgment alone can grasp an unanticipated situation.

Careers of celebrities chiefly remind us that they were not copy-cats. No one ever became "a child of the ages" via borrowed intelligence.

The life of Samuel Johnson is minutely familiar to millions, but even such a searching analysis as Boswell's has not betrayed the secret mold in which his genius was cast.

All the cue books from Colley Cibber's to Henry Irving's won't fire a second-class actor with the distinction that was theirs.

The greater part of greatness is originality. And originality is bred in tormenting effort — mothered by stubbornness — coaxed and spurred and sped to its goals by all the fervor of soul and faith.

Bonapartes and Lincolns and Jim Hills and Da Vincis and Marshall Fields and Stonewall Jacksons and Hideyoshis can no more be duplicated by rule of thumb than Caruso's voice or Rodin's chisel.

Galileo had no training in telescope making. Nurhachu was not tutored in conquest. Nobody before Marconi had ever taught a mast in Ireland to gossip with a pole in Canada and Madame Curie didn't extract radium from a text-book.

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Down to an Island Eden

Where There's Nothing To Worry One — Except Flower-Decked Eves

by E. Alexander Powell

The women of Bali are bronzed, upstanding creatures with masses of blue-black hair

The chief adornments of the Bali women are flaming flowers in their dusky hair

I ENTERED the Insulinde through the back door, as it were. That is to say, instead of landing at Batavia, which is the capital of Holland's insular empire, and presenting my letters of introduction to the Governor-General, Count van Limburg Stirum, I slipped unobtrusively down the Straits of Makassar, touching at Borneo to look in on the head-hunters, and at the Celebes to purchase bird-of-paradise plumes, and eventually landed at Boeleleng, on the northern coast of Bali, an island two-thirds the size of Porto Rico, off the eastern extremity of Java. It was as though a foreigner visiting the United States were to land at Sag Harbor, on the far end of Long Island, instead of at New York. I learned afterward, from the American Consul-General at Batavia, that in doing this I committed a breach of etiquette. Though the Dutch make no official objections to foreigners landing where they please in their Eastern possessions, they much prefer to have them ring the front door-bell, hand in their cards, and give the authorities an opportunity to look them over. In these days, with Bolshevik emissaries stealthily at work throughout the archipelago, the Dutch feel that it behooves them to inspect strangers with some care before giving them the run of the islands.

"Why, come to think of it, the Dutch have a few colonies, haven't they?" I hear you remark a trifle vaguely, trying to recall the geographic facts which you acquired as a boy through the medium of your stamp-album. "They own some islands over near Australia, don't they?" Yes, they own a number of islands. In fact, Holland's insular empire — the Insulinde it is sometimes called — has a land area very nearly equal to that of all the states east of the Mississippi put together and a population somewhat greater than that of France. Being occupied with concerns nearer home, you did not realize, perhaps, that the distance as the seaplane flies from Kotaraja, at the northwestern extremity of Sumatra, to the Anglo-Dutch frontier in New Guinea is considerably greater than that from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. Or that in one of the islands of the archipelago — Borneo — the British Isles might be set down without crowding, and still leave a wide border of jungle all around.

My chief reason for visiting Bali was because I wished to see for myself if the accounts which I had heard of the surpassing beauty of its women were really true. The Dutch officials whom I had met in Samarinda and Makassar had depicted the unknown little isle as a flaming, fragrant garden, overrun with flowers, a sort of unspoiled island Eden, where bronze-brown Eves with faces and figures of exquisite loveliness disported themselves on the long white beaches or loitered the lazy days away beneath the palms. But I went there skeptical at heart, for, ever since I journeyed six thousand miles to see the women for whom Circassia has long been undeservedly famous, I have listened with doubt and distrust to the tales told by returned travelers of the nymphs whom they had found, leading an Arcadian existence, on distant tropic islands. Yet I must admit that, when the anchor of the *Negros* — the little coastguard cutter which had been placed at my disposal by the Government of the Philippines for a cruise through Malaysia — splashed into the blue waters off Boeleleng and a boat's crew of white-clad Filipinos rowed me ashore, I half expected to find a Balinese edition of the Ziegfeld Follies' chorus waiting to greet me with demonstrations of welcome and garlands of flowers. What I did find on the wharf was a surly Dutch harbor-master who looked and acted as though he had been out all night. Of the women whose beauty I had heard chanted in so many ports, or, indeed, of a native Balinese of any kind, there was no sign. Barring the harbor-master and a handful of Chinese, Boeleleng, which is a place of some size, appeared to be deserted. Yet, as I strolled through its empty streets, I had the uncomfortable feeling that I was being watched by many unseen eyes.

"Where has everyone gone?" I demanded of the impassive Chinese steward who served me liquid refreshment at the Concordia Club. (Every town in the Insulinde has its Concordia Club, just as every Swiss town has its Grand Hotel.)

"*Menjepee*," he answered mystically, shrugging his shoulders. "Evlyone stay in house."

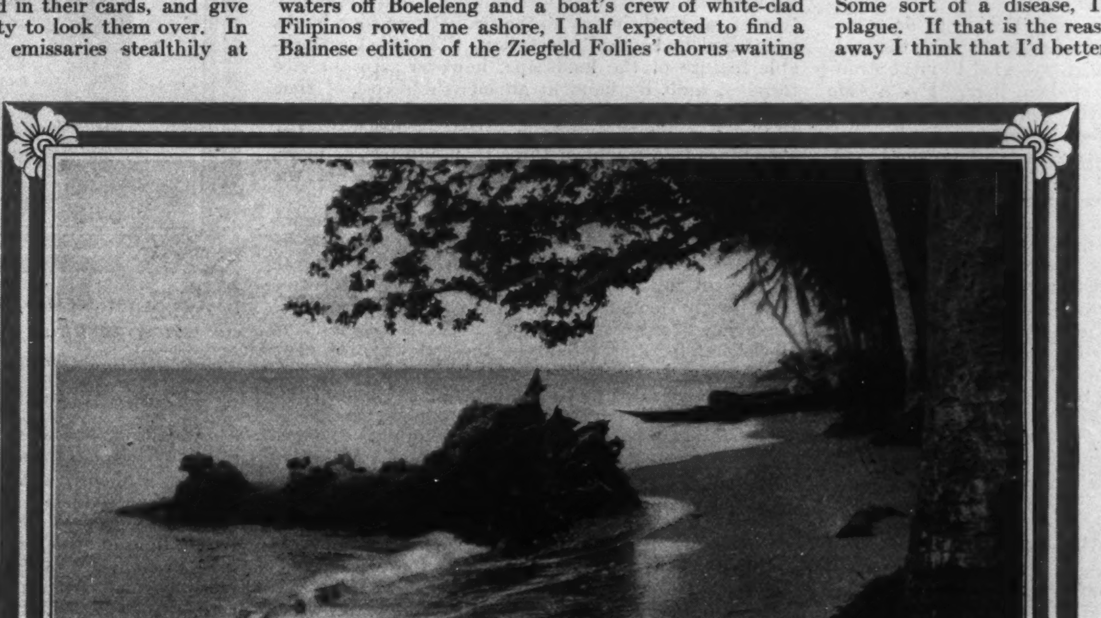
"*Menjepee*, eh?" I repeated. "Never heard of it. Some sort of a disease, I suppose, like cholera or plague. If that is the reason why everyone has run away I think that I'd better be leaving too."

A ghost of a smile flitted across the Celestial's impassive countenance.

"No clolra. No pleg," he assured me. "*Menjepee* make by pliest."

Before I could elucidate this curious statement a young Hollander wearing a toupée and immaculate white linen entered the club.

"It's not a disease, it's a religious observance," he explained, catching my last words. "They call it '*Menjepee*', which, literally translated, means 'silence.' The Balinese are Hindus, you know — about the only ones in the islands — and they observe the Hindu festivals very strictly. Their priests raise the very devil with them if they don't. During *Menjepee*, which lasts twenty-four hours, no native is permitted to set foot outside the wall of his *kampong* except for the



The little isle of Bali is a flaming, fragrant garden overrun with flowers

A dance on the lawn of the Residency at Kloeng Kloeng. The dancers' costumes are of a gorgeousness which make the efforts of Mr. Ziegfeld seem colorless and tame

most urgent reason, and even then he has to get permission from his priest. If he is caught outside his *kampong* without permission he is heavily fined, to say nothing of being given the cold shoulder by his neighbors."

"I was told in Samarinda," I remarked carelessly, by way of introducing the topic in which I was most interested, "that some of the native girls in Bali are quite good-looking."

"I thought you'd be asking about them," the Hollander commented dryily. "Everyone who comes to Bali does. But you won't find them here. If you want to see them you'll have to cross over to the south side of the island. The prettiest girls are to be found in the vicinity of Den Pasar and Kloeng Kloeng."

"So I had heard," I told him. "I am going to motor across the island and have already given orders to have my boat pick me up to-morrow evening on the other side. How far is it to Den Pasar?"

"Only about sixty miles and a tolerably good mountain road all the way. But you can't go to-day."

"Why not?"

"*Menjepee*," was the laconic answer. "You won't be able to get any one to take you. There are only half-a-dozen cars here and their drivers are all Hindus."

I smothered an expletive of annoyance, for my time was limited and the *Negros* had already sailed.

"Do you mean to tell me that there is no way in which I can get across the island to-day?" I demanded. "This *Menjepee* business is as infernal a nuisance as a taxicab strike in New York."

"Perhaps the Resident might be able to do something for you," he suggested, after a moment's thought. "He's a good sort and he's always glad to meet strangers. We don't see many of them here. I've a *sado* outside. Hop in and I'll drive you up to the Residency and you can ask the Resident to help you out."

As we rattled in a miniature dog-cart up the broad, palm-lined avenue which leads from Boeleleng to Singaradja, the seat of government, three miles away, I caught fleeting glimpses of natives peering at me furtively over the mud walls which surround their *kampongs*, but the instant that they saw they were observed they disappeared from view. The Resident I found to be a man of charm and culture who had twice crossed the United States going to and from Holland. At first he was dubious as to whether anything could be done for me, explaining that *Menjepee* is as religiously observed by the Hindus of Bali as the fasting month of Ramadan is by the Mohammedans of Turkey, but he finally consented to send for the chief priest and see if he could persuade him, in view of my limited time, to grant a special dispensation to a native who could drive a car. I don't know what arguments he used, but they must have been effective, for within the hour we heard the honk of a motor-horn at the Residency gate.

"We have no hotels in Bali," the Resident remarked when he was seeing me off, "but I'll telephone over to the Assistant Resident at Den Pasar to have a room ready for you at the *passanggrahan* — the government rest-house, you know. And I'll send word to the *Contrôleur* at Kloeng Kloeng that you are coming and ask him to arrange some native dances for you. He's very keen about that sort of thing and knows where to get the best dancers in the island."

"Tell me," I queried, as I was about to enter the car. "Are these girls that I've heard so much about really pretty?"

The Resident smiled cynically.

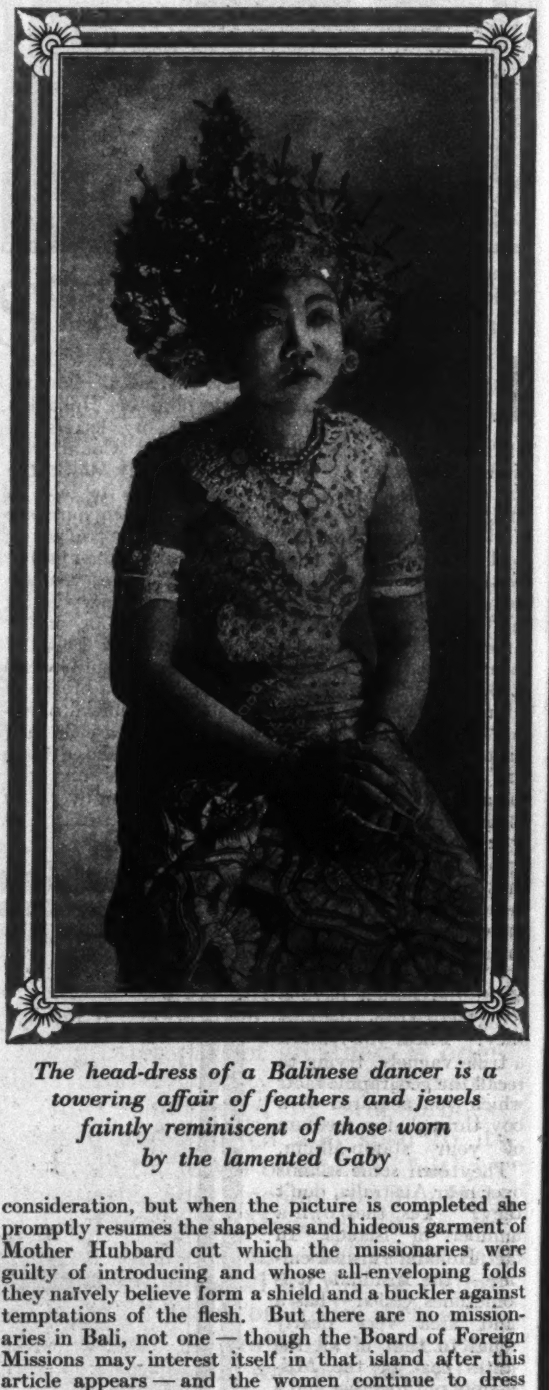
"Well," he replied, and I thought that I could detect a note of homesickness in his voice, "it depends upon the point of view. When you first arrive in Bali you swear that they are the prettiest brown-skinned women in the world. But after you have been here a year or so you get so tired of everything connected with the tropics that you don't give the best of them a second glance. For my part, give me a plain, wholesome-looking Dutch girl with corn-colored hair and cheeks like apples and a lusty figure in preference to all the *café au lait* beauties in Bali."

"*Au revoir*," I called, as I signaled to the driver and the car leaped forward. "If I listen to you any longer I shall have no illusions left."

SAVE only its western end, which is covered with dense jungle inhabited by tigers and boa-constrictors, Bali is a vast garden, ablaze with the most gorgeous flowers that you can imagine and criss-crossed by a network of hard, white roads which alternately wind through vast cocoanut plantations or skirt interminable paddy-fields. From the coast the ground rises steadily to a ridge formed by a central range of mountains which culminate in the imposing, cloud-wreathed Peak of Bali, two miles high. Streams rushing down from the mountains have cut the rich brown loam of the lowlands into deep ravines, down which the brawling torrents make their way to the sea between high banks smothered in tropical vegetation. The most remarkable feature of the landscape, however, are the rice terraces, built by hand at an incredible cost of time and labor, which climb the slopes of the mountains, tier on tier, like the seats in a Roman amphitheater, sometimes to a height of three thousand feet or more, constituting one of the engineering marvels of the world.

The southern slope of the divide appeared to be much more thickly peopled than the northern, for, as we sped down the steep grades with brakes a-squeal, villages of mud-walled, straw-thatched huts became increasingly frequent, nor did the natives appear to be observing *Menjepee* as strictly as in the vicinity of Boeleleng, for they stood in the gateways of their *kampongs* and waved at us as we whirled past, and more than once we saw groups of them squatting in a circle beside the road, engaged in the national pastime of cock-fighting. Now we began to encounter the women for whose beauty Bali is famous throughout Malaysia: glorious, upstanding creatures with great masses of blue-black hair, a faint *couleur de rose* diffusing itself through their skins of brown satin. They were taller than any women I saw in Malaysia, lithe and supple as Ruth St. Denis, but bearing themselves with a quiet dignity and lissome grace. From waist to ankle they were tightly wrapped in *kains* of brilliant batik, which defined, without revealing, every line and contour of their hips and lower limbs, but from the waist up they were entirely nude, barring the flame-colored flowers in their dusky hair. Unlike most Malays, the eyes of the Balinese, instead of being oblique, are set straight in the head. The nose, which frequently mars what would otherwise be well-nigh perfect features, is generally small and flat, with too-wide nostrils, though I saw a number of Balinese women with noses which were distinctly aquiline. The lips are thick, yet well formed; the teeth are naturally regular and white but are all too often stained with betel-nut, which is to the Balinese girl what gum is to her sister of Broadway. The complexion ranges from a deep but rosy brown to a *nuance* no darker than that of a European brunette, but in the eyes of the Balinese themselves a golden-yellow complexion, the color of weak tea, is the perfection of female beauty. But the chief charm of these island Eves is found, after all, not in their faces but their figures — slender, rounded, willowy, deep-bosomed, such as Botticelli loved to paint.

Despite the alluring tales brought back by South Sea travelers of the radiant creatures who go about as unclad as when they were born, I have myself found no spot, save only Equatorial Africa, where women dispense with clothing habitually and without shame. Indeed, I have seen girls far more scantily clad on the stage of the Winter Garden or the Ziegfeld Roof than I ever have in those distant lands which have not yet received the blessings of civilization. In most of the Polynesian islands the painter or photographer can usually bribe a native girl to disrobe for him, just as in Paris or New York he can find models who will pose in the nude for a consideration, but when the picture is completed she promptly resumes the shapeless and hideous garment of Mother Hubbard cut which the missionaries were guilty of introducing and whose all-enveloping folds they naïvely believe form a shield and a buckler against temptations of the flesh. But there are no missionaries in Bali, not one — though the Board of Foreign Missions may interest itself in that island after this article appears — and the women continue to dress as they should with such figures and in such a climate.



The head-dress of a Balinese dancer is a towering affair of feathers and jewels faintly reminiscent of those worn by the lamented Gaby

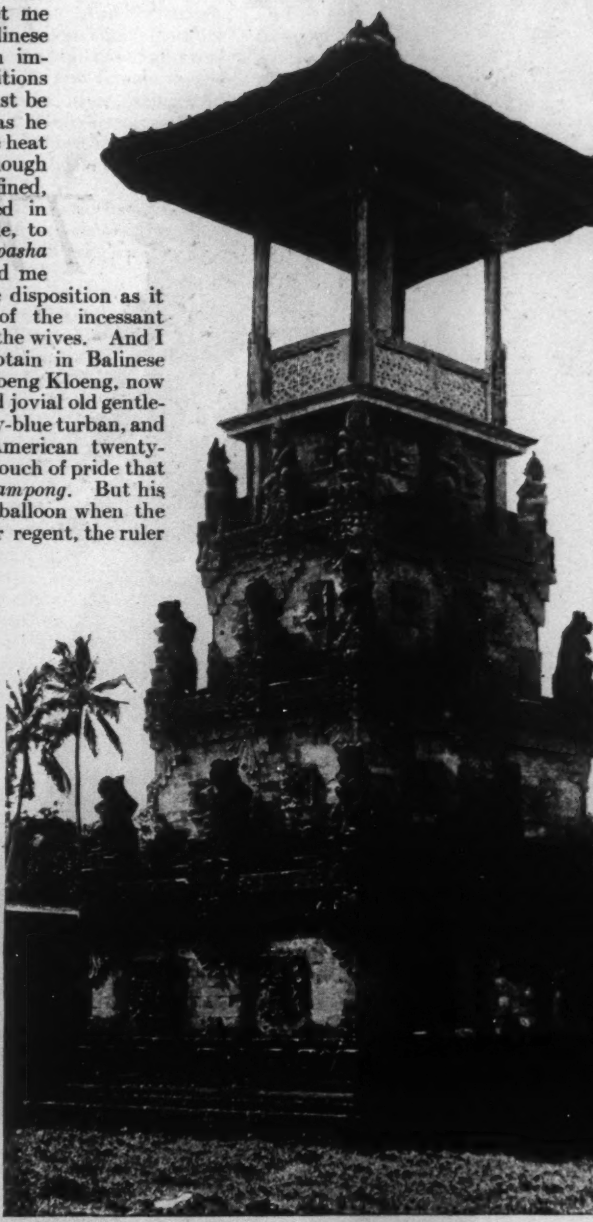
Because of a flat tire the driver stopped the car beside a little stream in which two extremely pretty girls were bathing. With the evening sun glinting on their brown bodies and their piquant oval faces framed by the dusky torrents of their loosened hair they looked

The dancers of Bali are extremely young—barely in their teens, being trained from infancy for the arduous muscle dancing

like those bronze maidens which disport themselves in the fountain of the Piazza delle Terme in Rome come to life. I felt certain that they would take to flight when the motion-picture operator who accompanied me unlimbered his camera and trained it upon them, but they continued their joyous splashing without the slightest trace of self-consciousness or confusion. In fact, when a Balinese girl becomes embarrassed, she does not betray it by covering her body but by drawing a veil, which looks like a piece of black fishnet, over her face. Their bath completed, they emerged from the water on to the farther bank, paused for a brief moment to arrange their hair, like wood-nymphs of the Golden Age, then wound their gorgeous *kains* about them and vanished amid the trees. From somewhere on the distant hillside came the sweet, shrill quaver of a reed instrument. The driver said it was a native flute, but I knew better. It was the Pipes of Pan.

In order that you may not be scandalized when you visit Bali, let me make it quite clear that the Balinese women are unmoral rather than immoral. This is one of the conditions of life in the Insulinde which must be accepted by the traveler, just as he accepts, as a matter of course, the heat and the insects and the dirt. Though polygamy is practised, it is confined, because of the expense involved in maintaining a matrimonial stable, to the wealthier chiefs. A Turkish *pasha* who kept a large harem once told me that polygamy is as trying to the disposition as it is to the pocketbook, because of the incessant jealousies and bickerings among the wives. And I suppose the same conditions obtain in Balinese harems. The former rajah of Kloeng Kloeng, now known as the Regent, a stout and jovial old gentleman arrayed in a cerise *kain*, a sky-blue turban, and a white jacket buttoned with American twenty-dollar gold pieces, told me with a touch of pride that he had twenty-five wives in his *kampong*. But his pride subsided like a pricked toy balloon when the *Contrôleur* remarked that another regent, the ruler of a district at the western end of the island, possessed something over three hundred wives — of the exact number he was not certain as it was constantly fluctuating. To my great regret I could not spare the time to pay a visit to this Balinese Brigham Young. There were a number of questions relative to domestic economy and household administration which I should have liked to have asked him.

Until very recent years the young girl who married an old husband incurred the risk of meeting an untimely and extremely unpleasant end, for Bali was the last stronghold of that strange and dreadful Hindu custom — *suttee*, or the burning of widows. The last public *suttee* in Bali was held as recently as 1907, but, in spite of the stern prohibition of the practise by the Dutch, it is said that some women faithful to the old customs and to their dead husbands continue to join the latter on the funeral pyre. In fact, the *Contrôleur* [*Continued on page 38*]



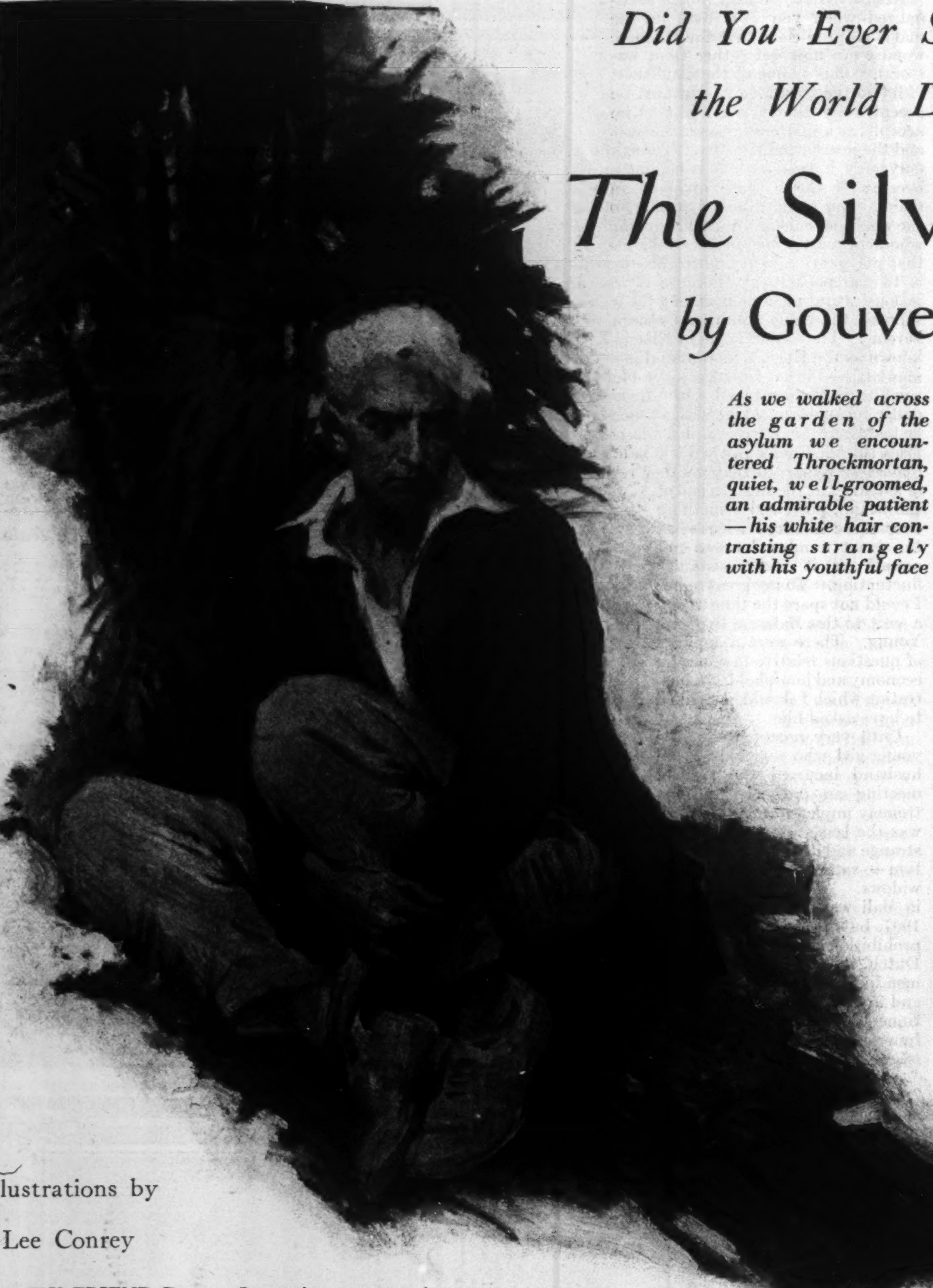
The Bali shrines are built of red-brown sandstone covered with carvings of grotesque Hindu deities enameled in all the colors of the chromatic scale

It is well for the Balinese that their enchanted island has no harbors, for harbors mean ships and white men, who all too often bring to the natives presents which are anything but blessings

Did You Ever Stop to Consider What the World Does to a Genius?

The Silver Screen

by Gouverneur Morris



As we walked across the garden of the asylum we encountered Throckmortan, quiet, well-groomed, an admirable patient — his white hair contrasting strangely with his youthful face

Illustrations by

Lee Conrey

MY FRIEND Doogan Jewett is an expert in bugs. I have known him ever since the asylum at Mirasol burnt down in the late nineties and I was appointed one of many special deputies to help run down the inmates who, released by the catastrophe, had scattered all over the countryside. From time to time thereafter I used to visit him. And since my return to California a year ago we have resumed our friendship just where we left off.

Motion pictures, it seems, have done wonders for the little asylum at Mirasol. It is always full. The type that used to imagine itself to be the Czar of Russia now labors under the impression that it is Douglas Fairbanks, and the type that used to think it was Shakespeare now fancies that it wrote the continuities of "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" and "Behind the Door." The woman who used to be Mary Queen of Scots is Theda Bara now, and at one time Doogan Jewett had no less than three octogenarians each of whom firmly and sometimes violently imagined herself to be America's Sweetheart.

But these are the most ordinary types of bugs, and not worth the ink that I have wasted on them.

Upon the occasion of my first revisiting the asylum Doogan Jewett told me that he was able to number in his collection an unclassifiable bug of extreme rarity.

"He was committed," Doogan Jewett told me, "under the name of Throckmortan. Paul. . . . That's over a year ago, and to this day he has me guessing. Until he puts himself on record — that is, until he takes pen and ink and writes things down, I can't for the life of me believe that he is insane. If he didn't turn up about once a month with a manuscript for me to read and forward to some producer or other — well, upon my word I have seen the day when I have been on the point of conniving at his escape. I have, as you know, a soft heart and a weak head. . . . Fortunately, though, each time just before I have actually softened and weakened into a dereliction of my duty he has turned up with a manuscript which has served to harden and strengthen me."

"WHAT are these manuscripts like?" I asked.

"Bughouse," answered Jewett, "of purest ray serene. But you must meet the man himself; he has a certain charm, a certain *je ne sais quoi* of old-time dignity and courtesy, of patience and reserve. . . . Later on — well, the next time he confides one of his manuscripts to me, I'll turn the same over to you and you will tell me what a professional writer thinks of it."

"You have," I said, "described a man of about fifty-five years of age, smooth-shaven, wearing a frock coat with a *boutonnière*."

"He isn't over thirty," said Jewett, "Poor fellow! He is rather wonderful looking. If he were loose and not a bug the women would all fight for him."

As we crossed the pretty garden from the asylum to the bungalow in which Jewett himself lives, we happened by luck to encounter the very rarity of whom we had been talking.

He wore white flannel trousers, white buckskin tennis shoes, a Norfolk jacket of gray Scotch tweed, and no hat. His hair was as white as cotton. His face, however, though thin-lipped and senatorial, you may say, was unlined and extremely youthful. He had dark molten eyes under the blackest, most strongly marked eyebrows I ever saw. His head was round and classic and the ears, small, delicate and closely set to the head, gave him an air of distinction — an air of having been highly finished by his Maker.

Jewett introduced us with the pleasant California formula of "So and So meet So and So," and added that we were both writers and that he wanted to see us shake hands. We did this and Throckmortan asked me if when I said that I was a writer I meant by any chance that I wrote for the screen? I disclaimed having said that I was a writer, put the blame on Jewett and admitted that while not actually writing for the screen up to the present time, I was studying it with that very end in view.

"WELL," said Throckmortan in a quiet, scholarly sort of voice, "when you get round to it do let me sit in. I might help you to some of the short cuts."

He chuckled, his eyes twinkled with humor and he said: "Don't let them floor you with the 'Picture Angle.' Never let them do that. I knew a director once — if I hadn't been a patient man he might have ended by driving me mad — who used to put his mouth within six inches of my ear and bellow at the top — ay, at the very tipmost top of his lungs — that I didn't have the picture angle. One day — out of very many others that were different and sadder — I actually secured a brief hearing from this firmly instructed Rhodomontadian. I said, 'Wilson' (he had a different name but no worse), 'I will consent to the unintelligent rearrangement which you ask of me, if you priorily, and on your part will do three very trifling things for me. First, you will define this famous 'Picture Angle' which you are incessantly bellowing about; second, you will prove to me that you have got it, and third, without usual concussions of sound-waves, you will prove that I have not got it.' And very naturally he was unable to do any of these three things."

"Why *naturally*, Mr. Throckmortan?"

"Because, my dear sir, there is no such thing as a 'Picture Angle.' There is but the one way to tell a story. There never will be but the one."

"And that way?" I asked (and I admit a little breathlessly, for I hoped that out of the mouth of lunacy might come a magical solution to some of my own most pressing problems).

"It's in 'Alice'," he answered, with his gentle smile. "'Begin at the beginning, go on to the end, and then stop! . . . That, like it or not, is the way to tell a story and the only way.'"

He turned abruptly and said to Jewett,

"Was there no mail for me this morning?"

Jewett shook his head and a momentary glint of impatience showed in Throckmortan's eyes. Then, the corners of his mouth twitching upward, he turned once more to me and said:

"Somewhere in this wide world of ours there is a barefoot boy. His day dreams and his nightmares are all worked out in terms of moving pictures. He has the brain of the boy Kipling, but the stories he tells himself do not march by phrases and paragraphs but by a continuous flowing of visualized scenes. To him the things which the producer now pronounces to be impossible will be child's play. He will find ready made to his hand the greatest of all languages — just as Shakespeare found that noble weapon, the English language, ready forged for him to wield. He will give us power and pathos and laughter and truth and passion and hope. . . ."

Throckmortan laughed a sudden boyish laugh. "This barefoot boy," he proclaimed, "will do still another new thing in the world. No two of his stories will end alike. We shall have no more views of two grossly enlarged faces of the opposite sexes engaged in the unwholesome and ultimately tedious business of gluing their brightly painted mouths together. . . . Oh, it would be as sane to end pictures with shots of head-on collisions between sexless pairs of locomotives. It would be just as sane and not nearly so cheap!"

"But," I objected, "isn't the producer bound to give the public what the public wants?"

"Yes. When the producer has found out what that is. But that is where the barefoot boy comes in. He knows and he will provide. . . . But I am encroaching upon your valuable time. It is a pleasure to have met you."

He gave me a shy hand, a quick flashing nod of the head and walked swiftly away.

For some moments neither Jewett nor I spoke. Then I said, and my voice sounded lugubriously solemn in my own ears:

"If that man's crazy I'll eat my hat."

"It is what I am continually threatening to do," said Jewett, "and yet, God bless my soul, there are the manuscripts. I wish I had one to show you."

"What becomes of them?"

"I am supposed to put stamps on them and mail them to this studio or that; but, of course, as they are sheer, stark, rank, staring lunacy I do no such thing. I chuck them into the waste-paper basket and from there they go to the incinerator."

"What are they about?"

"About nothing. They have neither rhyme nor reason, nor beginning nor subject matter, nor end. They are nothing but wild words and incomprehensible phrases. I'd like you to see one though, and I'll hang on to the next."

"Does he think that he is writing for the screen?"

"That would seem to be the idea, and of course the mail that he's always asking for so wistfully — you heard him just now — that would be the letters of acceptance he's always expecting."

"Has he any family?"

"He never attempts to communicate with his family if he has one. Several times, however, I have heard him speak with the utmost matter-of-factness and naturalness of his 'children' and express the necessity that was upon him to provide for their future. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that some domestic difficulty has landed him where he is. No ordinary disappointment could — well, his hair wasn't even gray when he came here. . . . Yes, I rather think that some dear little woman is at the bottom of our friend's trouble."

"Is he ever violent?"

"HE is always as you have seen him, well groomed, quiet, courteous and inclined to be satirical. He gives us no trouble. Quite the contrary. Upon any of the other patients with whom he comes in contact he has a soothing effect. Except that he cannot leave the grounds he comes and goes as he pleases. Once, between bookkeepers, he helped me out in the office. He did very well indeed. He has a neat hand and is quick at figures."

Thereafter I thought often of Paul Throckmortan, and always with a growing sense of concern and pity, but my time being no longer my own I did not see him or hear of him again for some weeks. Like many another man made restless beyond all conscience by the follies of Wilson and the horrors and activities of the great war, I drifted into the moving picture game and was trying my best to learn to play it, trying to welter through its manners, customs, conceits, shibboleths, superstitions and terminology to the fundamental principles which underlie the makings of all works of art.

I have said I thought often of Paul Throckmortan. As a matter of fact, the deeper I dug into the picture game the oftener I thought of him and of our brief conversation. And often and often as I learned the cold, repellent language of continuity, saw pictures made, cut, reviewed finally by the powers that be, and released, I thought of the phrase that he had quoted from "Alice."

"There is but one way to tell a story," he had said. "There never will be but the one. 'Begin at the beginning, go on to the end and then stop.'"

Now, the average picture does none of these things. Because there is a demand for six reelers, the story, as a rule, begins far enough back of its actual beginning to insure the required footage; thereafter it does not "go on" to the end, but by a series of furious forward and backward and sidewise jumpings. And thereafter, having reached its legitimate conclusion, such structure and motivation as it had, if any, are lambasted and tormented until the best looking male and female in the piece are brought together and made, after gazing into each other's eyes like a couple of Fabre's scorpions, to glue their mouths together in one of those happy endings which are very rapidly sickening the very audiences which they are supposed to delight.

And I began to think that my lunatic friend had a much saner "Picture Angle" than the clever financiers who have the final say as to what shall take place on the silent screen and what shall not,

ONE day with a problem of construction that was bothering the life out of me I actually drove out to Mirasol to ask his advice. What some of the old-timers about the studio had been unable to do for me he did. He solved my problem for me out of hand, and in addition he gave me some good advice.

"Don't let anything blind you," he said, "to the fact that *the story is the thing*. Financiers are powerful, continuity writers are adroit, directors are able and often filled to the brim with interpretative imagination, and the camera is a magician. But neither money, nor genius, nor optics, nor any amount of high hoping was ever yet able to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. And in the last analysis all these tremendous forces are but servants of the story. In time they will become its very humble servants. . . . The Cooper-Hewitt light, the Sun in the heaven — these too are servants of the story."

When the glow of enthusiasm had faded from his face I asked him very humbly if he would mind defining just what he meant by a "story." His eyes twinkled.

"It's beyond definition and above," he said, "but I can give you an example of something that is a story and of something that isn't. . . . A girl marries, she lives with her husband, and bears him children. *That* most distinctly is not a story. Now we take another girl. She is cast away upon a desert island. There she lives for seven long years in absolute solitude and isolation. At the end of that period she becomes the mother of twins. . . . That," he broke off with a laugh, "*is* a story. And by no means so improbable as some of the happy endings which the big interests ask us to swallow."

"I should think," I said, "that it would amuse you to write for the screen."

"Oh, I used to," he answered, "nothing original, you know; just putting other men's ideas into some sort of shape — not the best shape, but the shape I was told to put them in. Lately, since I've been shut up here I've written some stuff and turned it in. But I never get action. I don't even get acknowledgments. I suppose they just take what they like, if anything, hash it up according to their own peculiar notions of making a work of art that shall also be a Ford car — label the product either 'Stupendous' or 'Super-Stupendous'—forget the origin of what they did take and throw the rest into the discard."

"Why not try the company I am working for?" I suggested. "At least they are on the level about ideas. They don't steal. They are more or less businesslike. At least the scenarios and synopses that are contributed are read by a number of people, criticized and either accepted or rejected or sent back to the author for amendment. Real money has been known to change hands."

"Well," he said, "perhaps I'll send them the thing I'm on now. It's got the makings, I think. I sha'n't do another, and perhaps it will be better to try this one on strangers than on the people I used to know. . . . You know there has to be an end to

[*Continued on page* 55]

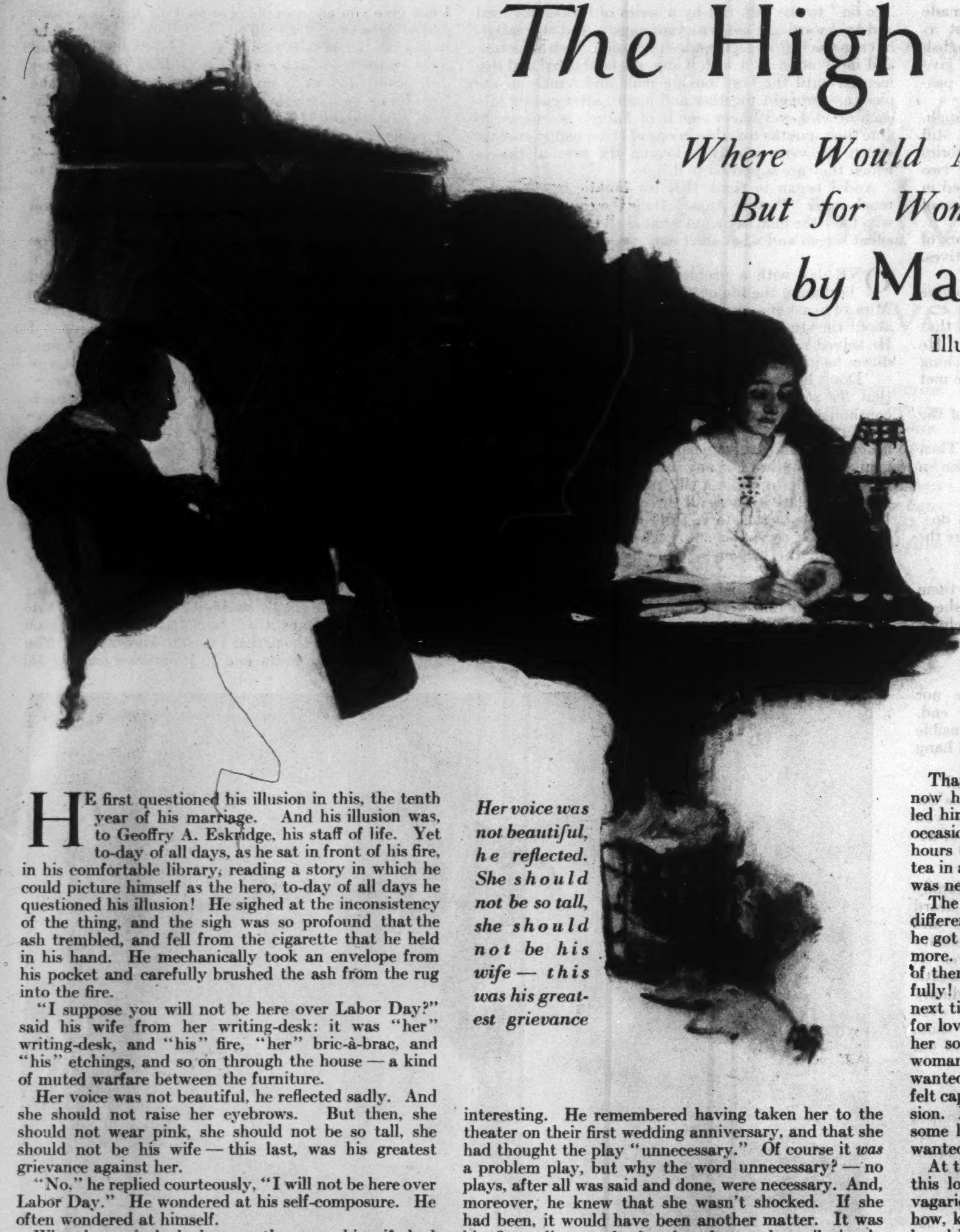
"Somewhere in this wide world," said Throckmortan, "I have a couple of kiddies. I don't know if they are sick or well—but I've hoped I could provide for their future"

The High Illusion

Where Would Mere Man Wind Up But for Woman's Good Sense?

by Marion Strobel

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer



Her voice was not beautiful, he reflected. She should not be so tall, she should not be his wife — this was his greatest grievance

HE first questioned his illusion in this, the tenth year of his marriage. And his illusion was, to Geoffry A. Eskridge, his staff of life. Yet to-day of all days, as he sat in front of his fire, in his comfortable library, reading a story in which he could picture himself as the hero, to-day of all days he questioned his illusion! He sighed at the inconsistency of the thing, and the sigh was so profound that the ash trembled, and fell from the cigarette that he held in his hand. He mechanically took an envelope from his pocket and carefully brushed the ash from the rug into the fire.

"I suppose you will not be here over Labor Day?" said his wife from her writing-desk: it was "her" writing-desk, and "his" fire, "her" bric-à-brac, and "his" etchings, and so on through the house — a kind of muted warfare between the furniture.

Her voice was not beautiful, he reflected sadly. And she should not raise her eyebrows. But then, she should not wear pink, she should not be so tall, she should not be his wife — this last, was his greatest grievance against her.

"No," he replied courteously, "I will not be here over Labor Day." He wondered at his self-composure. He often wondered at himself.

When he again looked across the room, his wife had continued her writing. The reading-lamp on the desk threw a spot of light upon the paper and as her hand moved smoothly across the paper it symbolized the woman to him — composed, sure of herself, of her position, of the irrevocable fact that she was his wife. She wrote without hesitation, never pausing to search for a word in her mind or the dictionary. She was like that. And because he questioned, for the first time, his illusion — which had nothing to do with her, which, in fact, concerned only Vera and himself — he was afraid, and to forget his fear he fell to analyzing his relations with his wife: a procedure which he usually spared himself.

He remembered that he had liked the sure way she had handled a boat. He had always been a little afraid of the water. And he had liked her hair. This, of course, was before they were married. The process of becoming, and being engaged was, he told himself whimsically, the illegitimate offspring of a rough wind upon the June waters: he had been frightened and she had managed to dock the boat without capsizing it. So he married her. And he was very much surprised to find himself married — somehow, that natural anomaly had not presented itself. Still, the first two years had passed smoothly enough. The getting to know her had been a complete revelation, and so quite interesting. He remembered having taken her to the theater on their first wedding anniversary, and that she had thought the play "unnecessary." Of course it *was* a problem play, but why the word unnecessary? — no plays, after all was said and done, were necessary. And, moreover, he knew that she wasn't shocked. If she had been, it would have been another matter. It was his first glimpse of what he afterward sacrilegiously termed, "her corner on God." She saw herself as an omnipotent force for good; therefore, though the play had not shocked her, she recognized its shocking elements and condemned it.

THEN there was the night their only child had died. He had felt real emotion then. He had come very near, out of his great pity for himself and for her, loving her. He had wanted very much to comfort her: to be comforted. He had gone to her — held out his arms to her — "Oh, my dear, oh, my dear" — and she had said: "We must be strong; perhaps he is better off." That old, hackneyed, unconsoling thought! Better off! Well, perhaps she was right — but could he not weep for his child? Must he not weep? Were they not human? He had left her and sobbed alone, and she had come to him later, dry-eyed, carrying a tray with tea and toast. Oh, it was very kind. But she was the mother of his child: his child was dead.

So the first two years had passed smoothly enough, and the third year he had fallen in love. The city was beautiful with winter, the first snow had as yet not fallen, and Beatrice — that was his wife — had said: "This will be good for your throat, Jo-Jo." Her playful moments inevitably robbed him of his dignity — this calling him Jo-Jo, and referring to his weak throat, which he had, and took care of, but to which he did not wish attention called, was doubly irritating. It made him feel, not only without dignity, but childish. And she had continued with: "We are going to dine with the Stephens to-night, Joey." "Joey" was the supreme offense.

His feeling of annoyance had persisted through two elaborate courses of the elaborate dinner, and then the lady on his right gave a provocative, purring laugh and said:

"I'm a little bit frightened of talking to you — you look so ferocious." She was frightened of him! Frightened of *him!* He looked ferocious. Wingéd words bearing his manhood back to him. He loved her at once. And before the end of the meal she was Periwinkle to him ("your eyes are so blue, Mrs. Innes"), and he G. A. to her ("it sounds stern and direct, Mr. Eskridge").

That had been his first clutching at a star, and even now he thought of her as a merry little star that had led him a dance and done him no harm. He even now occasionally dropped in at The Dalton between the hours of five and seven. She was usually sipping her tea in a corner of the big dining-room, and her husband was never there.

The others, for there had been many others, were different. Or perhaps he expected more. And though he got from them all he wanted, he should have wanted more. He had loved them, of course, but he had tired of them, or they of him. And he made love so beautifully! More beautifully each time: the desire for a next time had become almost as persistent as his desire for love. Yet he knew — he had come so near finding her so many, many times! — that there must be a woman for whom he would give up everything. He wanted so much to give up everything for a woman; he felt capable of giving up everything; it was his High Illusion. He, a man of affairs, who had sold several houses, some land, who had invested his wife's large income, wanted to give up *everything* for a woman. . . .

At times he had feared that his wife was conscious of this longing, for she, of course, knew of his romantic vagaries. He wondered why she had married him, and how, knowing that he did not love her, that in fact he loved Polly, or Stella, or Mrs. Seton, or "that widow", as the case might be, she could still go serenely to her clubs, teas, suffrage meetings. Once his curiosity had got the better of his deference, and he had said to her: "Marriage descends to a funny level. We are man and wife, but what's in a name?"

For answer she had given him a bland stare.

And he had accepted the reprimand, had felt that it was justified; after all, discussing one's marriage relations with one's wife was somehow offensive.

And the High Illusion flourished as the seed of Moses, propagating sundry little illusions. He, giving up everything, would go with The Woman to some torrid country of palm trees, soft breezes, pomegranates, and indolence (he had of late read, with thousands of other readers, and felt with thousands of other readers, the tremendous potentialities in the life of Gauguin. Of course a native did not appeal to him — but life in the South Seas — life in the South Seas with a woman — really, his reaction to what he read was normal). They would live a beatific, somnolent existence, and then return, for a while, to the city — San Francisco, perhaps — for they must work a little, "one must work to really enjoy play" . . . Yes, they would work. He had a novel in mind. He knew he could write, given the proper environment, and the necessary stimulus. A novel — somewhat autobiographical: he would like to tell of his dream come true, he would like to tell of his bravery, "nothing lost, nothing won" . . . And she — well, she would do a little social service work. They would return to their island. Life would be very simple. . . . very sweet . . . very sweet. . . .

His thoughts had soothed him. The mental pictures that had in the last few minutes paraded through his mind again substantiated his illusion. He no longer questioned the future. Had he not been confident? . . . Had he not said: "I will not be here over Labor Day?" . . . He was confident.

"Beatrice," he spoke aloud and waited till his wife paused in her writing, even waited till she looked up and her face changed its rapt expression to its habitual one of polite inquiry:

"Why not ask the women here for your suffrage meeting? I'll be away."

"M-m-m," she frequently hesitated over her replies, though she was never in doubt as to what she was going to say:

"Thanks, Geoffry. I had already thought of that. They are coming here to-morrow night."

She folded and sealed her letter, and rising, half turned toward him:

"I think I'll go up-stairs now, I'm rather tired. I expect you'll be gone before I'm up in the morning. I've ordered the car for you. So good-bye. Have a good time."

He had risen. He wanted to detain her: he did not know why. He was thinking, too, that as she stood there, she was quite the most competent-looking being he had ever seen, and not at all — not the least bit, for she now did her hair straight back from her brow — feminine.

"I may not get back until Tuesday. . . ." Rather silly that, considering he would not be back at all. . . . But he felt the moment should be memorable. He wanted to make it so. And because he was unable to change their commonplace conversation, he tried to linger over it, to emphasize it into a kind of prominence — something to look back upon.

"It doesn't make any difference when you return." She spoke without sarcasm. She simply answered his implied question. He half believed that had he said that he wouldn't be back at all, she would have answered in the same way.

"Is there anything I can do for you while I'm gone?" It sounded silly and anxious — though he wasn't anxious. But she was moving toward the door, soon her plain pink crêpe de chine dress would pass through the heavy red portières, and that would be the end of her. He felt that he didn't know her at all.

She smiled: "You might bring me a rubber tee."

That was her idea of a joke. He was supposedly going to a suburb to play golf: — well, he *was* going to a suburb, he *might* play golf. Still, she made him feel sheepish. He laughed apologetically.

And her pink crêpe de chine dress passed through the red portières. . . .

HE FELT unexpectedly lonely, though he didn't miss her at all. And his illusion went limp like a paper-doll, yet it was nearer actuality than it had ever been. Supposing Vera refused. . . . The possibility made him shiver and drop back into the chair in front of the fire. After all, who was he to aspire? . . . Who was he? . . . Even in his despair he was pleased that he could feel so: it made him recognize that he loved as he had not loved before. He held out his hands to the flames, he was cold. If she refused . . . if she refused . . . well, if she refused he would spend the rest of his days helping his wife — perhaps he could speak for some cause . . . if she refused. . . .

"Oh, my beautiful — " he whispered, and was conscious that he whispered it, and was not ashamed.

He spent the next half-hour in fatuously wondering if the flames were more yellow than her eyes. He loved her very, very much. She was the woman for whom he was about to give up everything. Unless she refused. . . . But, conjuring her from the fire, she no longer refused, and her acceptance, like the familiar sheep jumping the fence, went over and over in his mind until he slept.

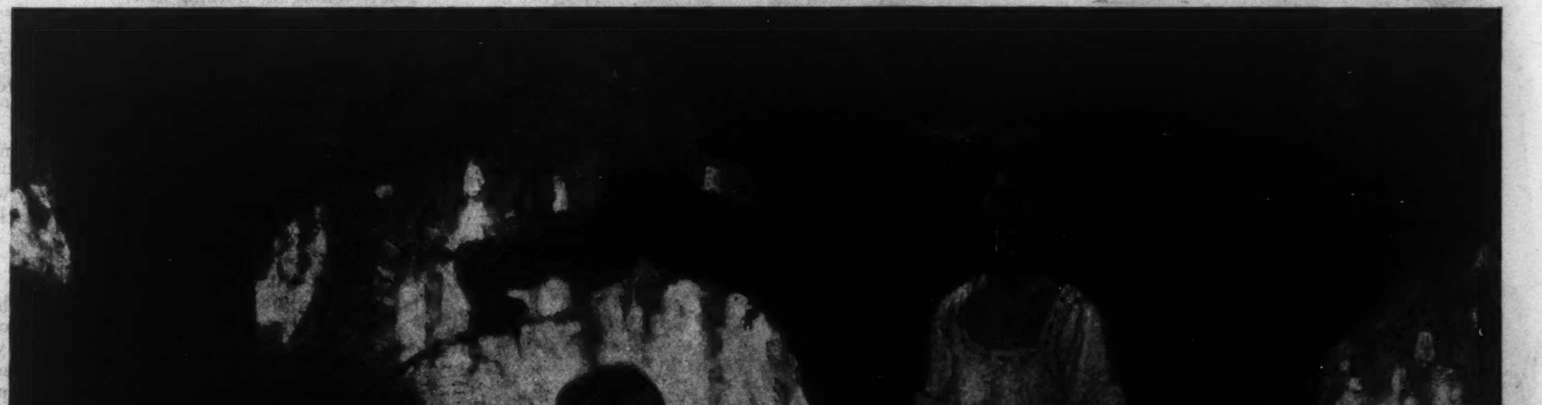
"You are a wickedness and a delight, and I love you very much," for emphasis Vera made little jabs with the point of her parasol, in much the same way little jabs have been made since parasols were invented. They were sitting under the "weepiest of willows" — Vera's description — the sky was blue, and the grass was soft, and no one would disturb them as Vera's husband was in Philadelphia making money so that Vera could more beautifully clothe her beautiful person.

"And you mustn't talk about your wife as if she were a daguerreotype and you were placing her back in an album of '64, for I warn you, *mio amico*, she has feelings and she will probably show them in a 20th century-with-modern-improvements way. For the barbaric fact is that you are her husband, and no woman, not even a Sinn Fein suffragette, could forget so charming an implication."

She rose for no particular reason, or perhaps for the best possible one, for she had on a new dress — she wanted him to see the funny way it had of falling from her shoulders and making a panel for the skirt — of course this indisputable fact also made him see the full grace of her slight figure. And the sun, for she moved into the sun, made her hair have copper lights, for all the world as if it had been beaten at the anvil of Vulcan, if hair could be beaten — and why not? — for none of her could be explained in a human way: take her eyes, for instance — yellow — and the way she danced, she had tried to account for that by calling herself a "fair example of the eurythmic method", which was patently absurd, as there was no method at all to her dancing.

"Oh la-la — " she laughed as she balanced herself on a stone scarcely larger than a pebble:

"You must not frown, my Geoffry," (She pronounced it Geoff-o-ry, it made it sound [*Continued on page 58*]

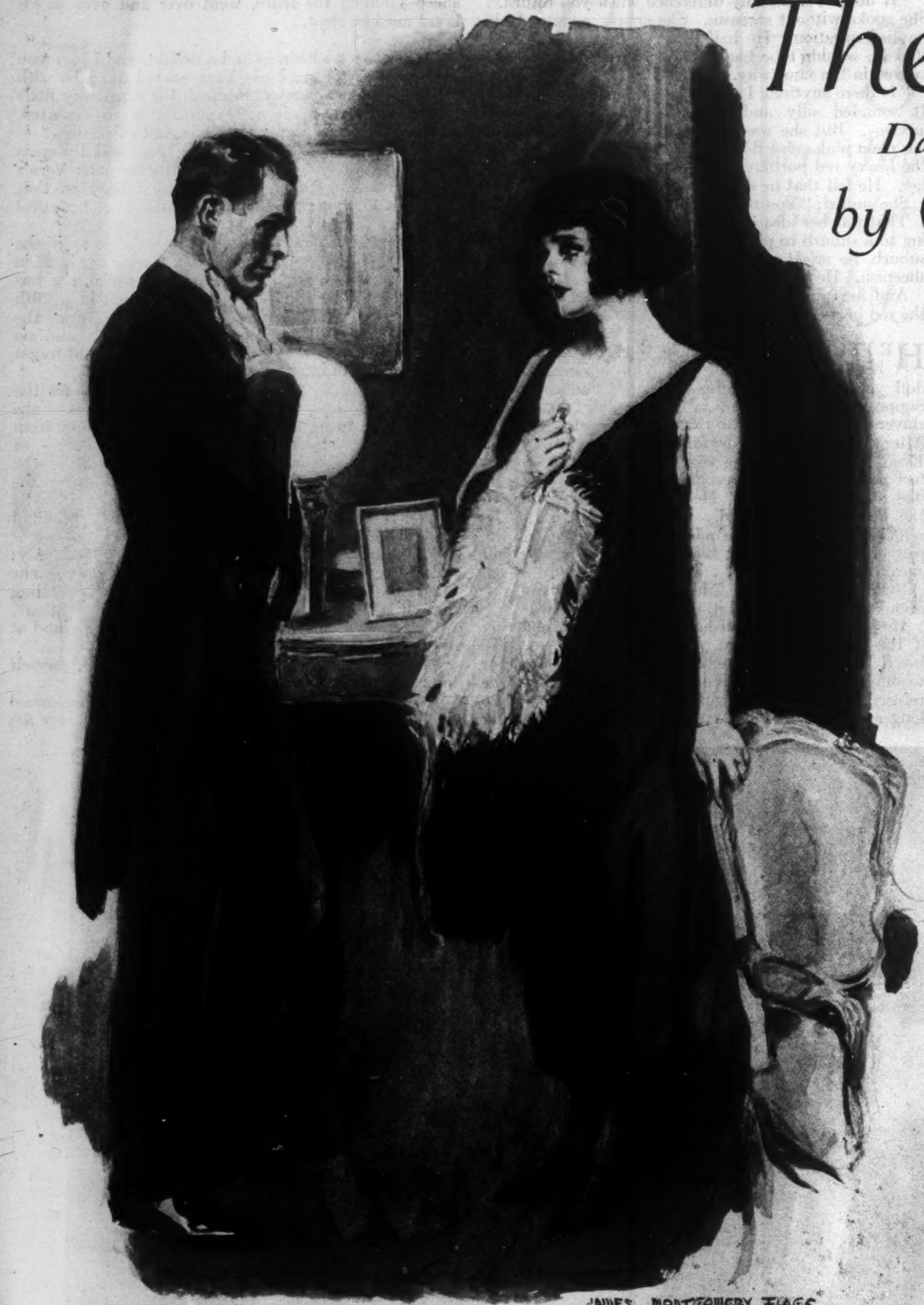


"Very wonderful, Geoffry — — and not a bit sensible. We're just like a suppressed novel: we're going to do everything everyone wants to do, and the public will close the covers on us and hide us away"

The Wasted

David Littledale Experiences

by Owen Johnson



"Late in the evening Letty came to me. I raised my hand to my throat significantly and the look in my eyes must have frightened her, for she moved away quickly. Perhaps, at the bottom of her feline soul, there is a desire to live"

SERGEANT DAVID LITTLEDALE was back in America on furlough from service in the French army. While on shipboard he had fallen in love with a beautiful French girl. From his first meeting with Mlle. Duvernoy (Bernoline), David had been conscious of great sorrow and mystery surrounding her. At the last she had said to him:

"*Mon ami*, I shall not disguise from you that, had I the right, your devotion would mean to me the greatest happiness in the world. . . . Ask me no questions — trust me. Go your way and let me go mine."

"What can I do when you ask me like that! I promise!" David had answered helplessly.

In despair he left her and turned toward home — toward his family, who seemed to him, after Bernoline's description of her French home, so little like what a family should be — so loosely held together. And wasn't this typical of his America — a country of individualists — each going his own way? Thus he met his father who was very ill, his mother, his sister Molly and his brother Ben — Ben whose wife, Letty, before her marriage, had figured in David's life in Paris. The dreaded meeting with her was over, but David found it increasingly difficult not to arouse Ben's jealousy. For Letty tried to revive the old infatuation, in spite of her fear of Ben. Desperately David turned to her — "I hope to God you married him because you love him! He is quite capable of killing you. I give you a solemn warning!"

David's first meeting with Anne Brinsmade, a boyhood sweetheart, after his homecoming was at a ball. So much gayety and pleasure after the tragedies he had just come from irritated him and he showed his disappointment in Anne. But afterward he repented this hasty judgment of her as he did of his family, and his America. He now had no doubt of his country's answer when the call came.

He found himself turning to Anne in his desire to forget Bernoline. He was not quite sure of his feeling for her, but he knew that he could not go to her with a memory between them.

David's diary continues:

WHAT would I not have given to have bared my conscience to Ben, told him of my whole miserable affair with Letty, before she had come into his life — but it was not my life alone that was at stake. There was the good name of the family. For a month, I was lost in a sickly weakness and hideous possibilities seemed to strike at me out of the darkness. Then I recovered myself. I began to act. I acted as I had never done before in my life. I caught him by the shoulders and shook him.

"Ben — don't be a damn fool!"

"Is that your answer?"

"How can I answer a crazy man? Do you think if there had been anything between us I should ever come back here?" In my emotion my hands cut into his shoulders, and, driven on by the force of circumstances, I said, fiercely, "No. I don't approve of your marriage. You are not happy. I knew you wouldn't be. Women like Letty never become wives. Not that she will do anything she oughtn't to do — she is too cold-blooded — she loves her little self more than she can ever love anybody else — but the breath of her life is flattery and adoration. God knows, I never wanted to tell you this, but you've forced it out of me."

"You're telling me nothing new."

"In heaven's name, why did you do it, Ben?"

He started back at some thought suggested by this outburst of mine.

"You know something about her, then — over there in Paris?"

I CAUGHT myself. Every word, I felt, was dangerous, and anything I might say a slip.

"Ben, do you realize we are discussing your wife?" I said, slowly. "Do you realize how impossible this conversation is?"

"Damn it! You're beating around the bush. You're my brother and I have a right to know."

"Letty is no different from the women of her set, here or over there — no better, no worse. You have chosen to take one of them for your wife. If you ask me has there ever been any public scandal attached to her name, I can say at once, no — absolutely not."

"You're telling me the truth?"

"I am."

"Thank God, for at least that!"

"As for the rest, I repeat, I don't believe Letty has any heart to give to you or to any one else. That may be cold comfort, but I believe it."

"If I only believed it."

"You can. She is a child playing with toys. She must have her toys, to play with and to break. Just at present, because she sees she can torture you, she is amusing herself, just as a child would with a woolly lamb, twisting its legs. Whether she flirts with me or with a dozen men, she's not thinking of us — it's you she — —"

"Don't — —"

"Ben, there's only one thing to do; grin and bear it, or — —"

"Well?"

"Separate and divorce," I said, and no sooner had I said it than hope flared up in me, the one hope of ending a ghastly situation.

"It's not so simple."

"Do you care — still?"

He stood at my side, without an answer.

"Ben, remember one thing."

"The family — oh yes — I hope to God I can remember it," he broke out. "Davy, sometimes I see so red that — that — — "

"Stop talking like a fool," I said, angrily. "You've chosen to do what you've done. You didn't marry to make a home or with the hope of having children, did you? You married Letty, as half the men we know marry — just in a blind instinct for possession. Now, whatever happens, however you work it out, you're not going to do anything to disgrace the family. Keep that in mind, Ben."

"I wish to God I could go back with you and get into it."

"Why not?"

Generation

The Wonder of Woman's Love

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"If I don't — I don't know what'll happen," he said, very low. "Davy, it's all very well for you to stand here and say what you say. You've got a cool head. Do you think a man in my position is normal — do you think that he knows what he is doing half the time? I tell you, Davy, I'm afraid — —"

My mind was made up in that instant.

"Ben, you know I'd do anything in the world for you, don't you? Will you trust me to make the decision for you?"

"Yes," he said, after a moment.

"You are coming back, with me." I hesitated, and then added: "For I'm afraid, too. . . ."

So, it is agreed that we go off to France together, though nothing is to be said of it for the present. That is three weeks ahead — much can happen before then. Will he hold to his determination? Will he find the strength to wrench himself free of the slavery of the senses — for that is all there is to it? I don't know. I can only wait, fearfully, the issue. I can only hope and pray.

Letty, as I knew, would have noticed our absence and be watching for our return, and though I didn't see her when we came into the hall, I was certain that somewhere in the crowd her sharp, unquiet eyes were on us. Late in the evening she came to me as I had expected.

"*Eh bien, Davy mio*, you are amusing yourself?"

"And you?"

"I am curious," she said, looking at me intently.

I raised my hand to my throat significantly and the look in my eyes must have frightened her, for she attempted no more persiflage but moved away, rather still and serious for the rest of the evening. . . . Perhaps, at the bottom of her feline soul, there is a touch of genuine fear and — a desire to live.

I thought the evening would never end. Anne reproached me for my gloominess and went off early, hurt, I know, at my seeming indifference. I do not love her, I am sure of that, and yet I cannot bear to see a certain wounded look in her eyes!

To-day, a strange conversation with Molly — strange, for all at once I seemed to know the human being with whom I had lived all these years. Until now, I had thought of her only as a charming child — something soft, gentle — a laugh that was good to hear; a smiling face, clear eyes, and a tanned complexion; to look upon with joy; a graceful animal; a bit of sunshine and a fragrance come out of the violet beds. Now, to my astonishment, I perceive a woman; a directness of vision, a delicate perception of standards and a firmness of purpose.

SHE CAME in late from a skating party over at the Brinsmades', where I had purposely not gone, and, at the first glance of her telltale countenance, I knew that something had happened. In the hall she caught my hand.

"Come up-stairs with me, Davy, just a minute."

"Up it is, young lady."

Much intrigued and a little curious, I followed her into the blue sitting-room and closed the door. The next moment she was in my arms, weeping out her heart on my shoulder.

"Oh, Davy — Davy — I had to come to some one."

"But, good heavens — what's wrong?" I was thinking of Letty and wondering.

"I am so miserably unhappy!"

"Then talk it out to me. It'll do you good."

"Oh, Davy, some one wants to marry me!"

I started to burst out laughing at this and suddenly checked myself. I held her from me, her shoulders in my hands, and said, with a swift jealousy:

"You child! What right have you to be thinking of such things!"

"What things, Davy?"

"Falling in love, and marriage."

"But I'm not in love — and that's just the awful part of it. It's of him I'm thinking. It's so terrible to think that a man has fallen in love with you, that he cares as much as all that — when you know you can't — you never will. I — I feel as though I had committed a crime!"

I took her in my arms again and I think I never loved her, my little sister, as I did at that moment. If this were American womanhood, I felt a sudden thrill of pride.

"Perhaps it is not so serious — —"

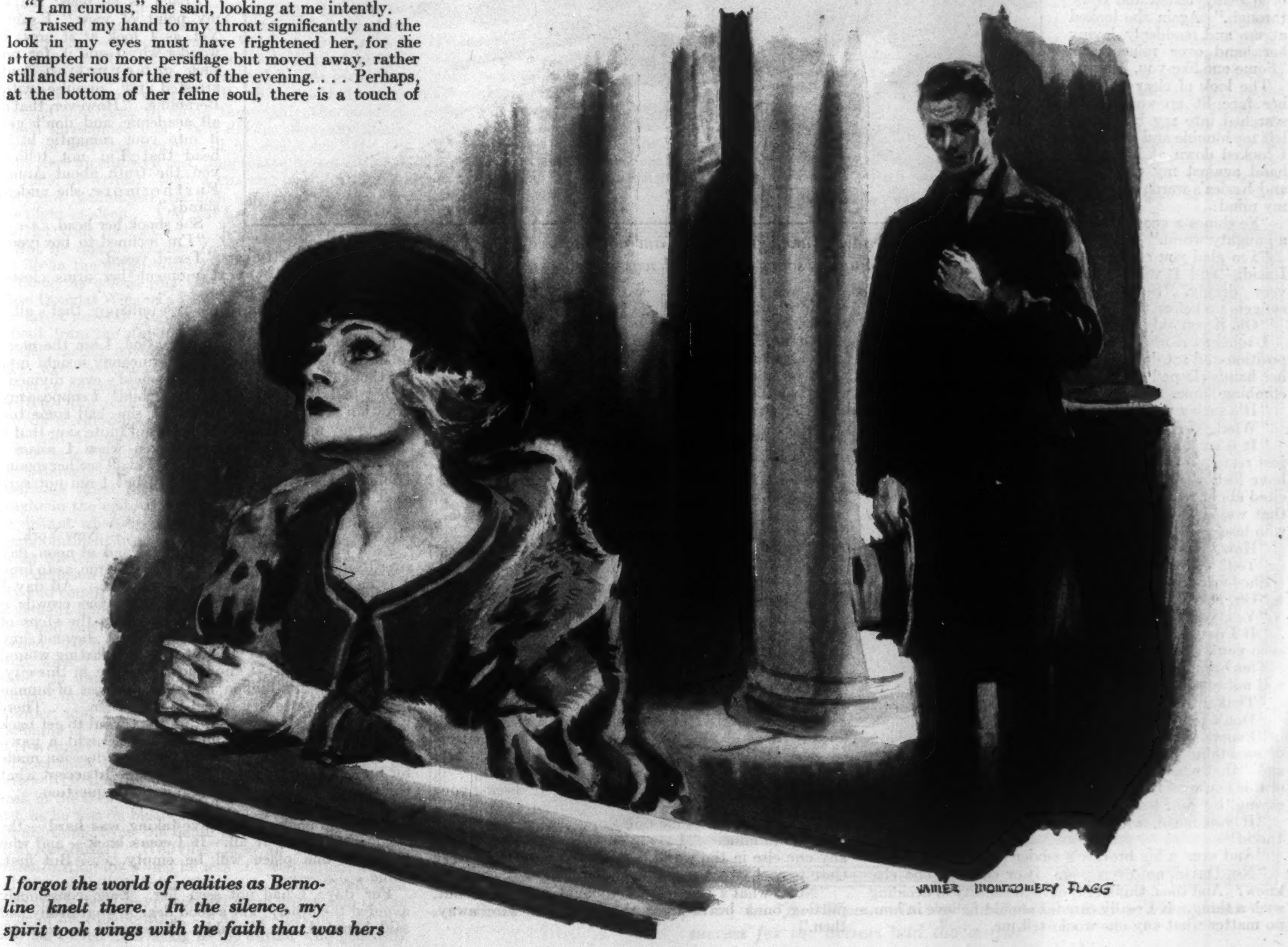
"It is, it is," she protested, hiding her face against my shoulder. "If you had seen his face — I was so sorry for him, Davy. It's terrible that he should come to care like that! Oh, don't laugh at me — there's no one else to go to but you — and do try to understand!"

"I couldn't laugh at you, bless your honest little heart, and I think I understand," I said, wondering a little if she knew her true feelings. "Is this the first time any man has proposed — —"

"Yes, and I saw it coming, and I dreaded it so, and when I couldn't prevent it I was so frightened. He was so terribly in earnest, and his face went so white. I — I couldn't say a thing — I just burst into tears and ran away. Oh, David, I feel so guilty. I can't bear that any one should be as unhappy as that — just over me!"

"This is what life means, little sister," I said, drawing her down beside me on the old chintz sofa. "These are the things no one can protect us from. And now, tell me, are you sure of your own feelings?"

She raised her eyes — her eyes clear as Bernoline's — to me and in that moment I felt the spiritual kinship of true womanhood that lies underneath all social divisions.



I forgot the world of realities as Bernoline knelt there. In the silence, my spirit took wings with the faith that was hers

"It will be a long time before I shall fall in love. I am only a girl now, Davy. I want to be a woman first, to have read and thought much. For I want to be fit to be at the head of my house — and for the lives that will come to me."

"Do you really feel that way, Molly dear?"

"Can any one feel differently about such things?"

I bent over her hand and caught it to my lips.

"That is the only right way — the natural way to think."

"Oh, David, I do want to talk to you so much! You see, I never can, with mother; you know how it is. There's only you, Davy. I don't love him. I'm sure I never will love him, but it seems so terrible that I should lose the other — his friendship — and yet I suppose that's not possible — —"

"Not quite fair to him."

"No, and Ted is the only one to think about, isn't he?"

"Ted?"

"Ted Seaver."

"Oh, yes, the tall one, with dark hair," I said, seeing confusedly one of the many who had passed through the house. "Why, he's only a boy. What right had he — —"

"That's just it — but, of course, he's not such a boy; he's twenty-three, and he couldn't help saying what he did. And I did respect him for the way he did it. Only — only such things are way off — —"

"I should hope so."

"It would have to be some one — some one very much of a man — whom I could look up to, some one much stronger than I am, who has been really tested and come through." Again she looked at me and, suddenly laying her hand over mine, said: "Some one like you, Davy."

The look of clear faith as her face lit up somehow searched into my heart and left me humble and regretful. I looked down at her white hand against my dark one, and Jessica's words came into my mind:

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

"I'm glad you came to me, Molly," I said, "and I value your confidence very deeply. Suppose you and I snuggle up before the fire and talk lots of things out!"

"Oh, if you only would!"

I touched a match to the tinder, wheeled her into position and sat down beside her. She leaned forward, her hands clasped over her knees, her look sunk in the climbing flame.

"It's such a pity!"

"What, Molly?"

"It is such a sad thing to think, David, that it can't just remain a friendship. I am thinking of the friend I have lost. There are many girls who are terribly excited about men — falling in love with them. I'm not that way. I only wish — because in the end it's you who lose — isn't it?"

"How long have you known him?"

"Ted? Almost a year."

She looked, and saw the lingering question in my eye.

"Oh, David, you don't understand at all."

"Yes, yes, I do, but sometimes — —"

"If I cared for him, do you think I'd tell any one — even you?"

This brought me up sharp. I laughed, quite amazed, and not at all sure that I liked it.

"That's rather a queer way of putting it."

"Don't tease me, David. You understand."

"I suppose that means, young lady," I said, thinking of something I had been impelled to write a few days ago, "that when the time comes you'll go whisking out of this house on the arm of some stranger, without even saying 'by your leave.'"

"If you mean, will I decide for myself, of course, David!"

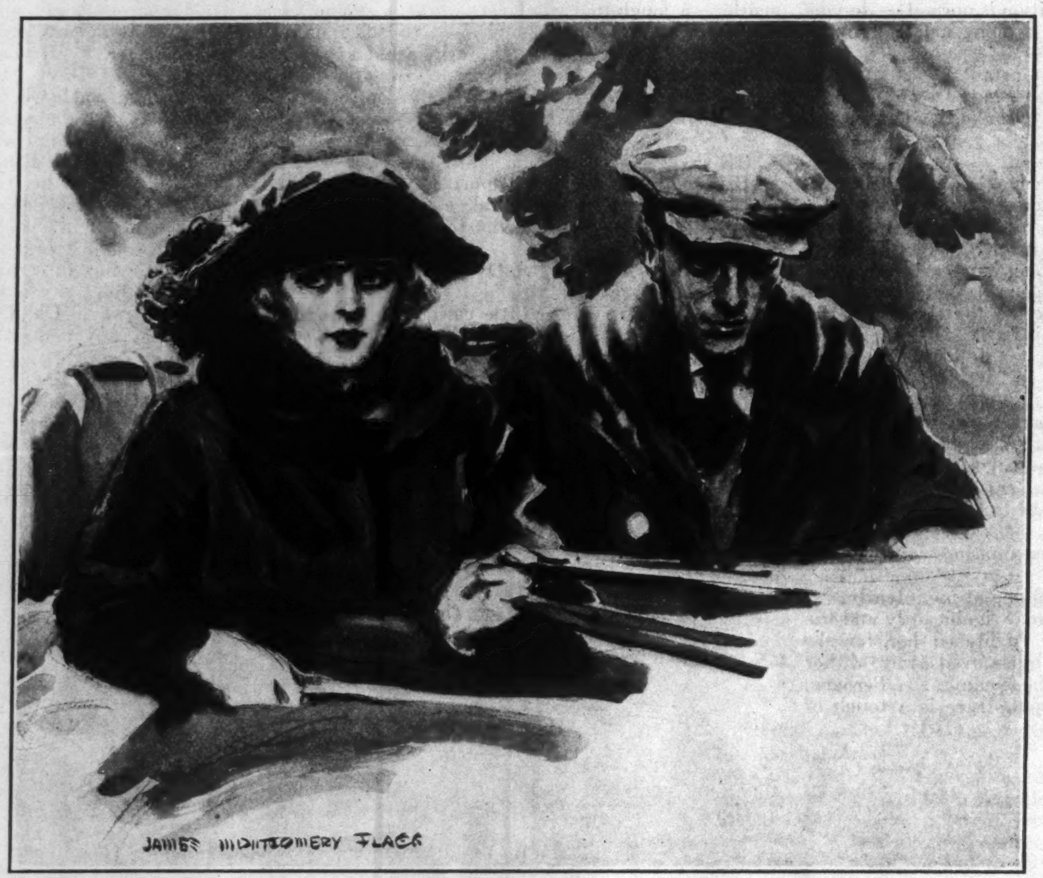
"And even a big brother's advice — —"

"No, David, not even you. How can any one else know? And then, think of the responsibility of deciding such a thing. If I really cared, I should believe in him, no matter what any one would tell me. . . ."

"Molly," I said, a bit surprised, though, to find myself playing the part of Wisdom, "I am not very much worried about you. I think you will make no mistakes. There's an honest, direct way you have of facing life that I think I can trust. Only, I want you to value yourself very high, and I'm afraid sometimes that just because you are so straightforward and unselfish you may not realize what you are worth."

"That's very dear of you," she said, pensively. "Of course, I won't pretend to you that I don't — well, that I don't sometimes look ahead and wonder. Of course, I do. And I have a very high ideal. . . ."

"It is so easy to make mistakes. It's when you want to love, my dear little sister, that it is so easy to believe you do love. Such awful mistakes can be made."



"David," said Anne, gravely, "I am not in love with you, but I can imagine some day — if I was — well — marrying you"

"Now you are thinking of Ben," she said, irrelevantly.

"No, no, I was thinking of myself," I said, hastily, for that was a subject I could not discuss with her. "Do you know if I hadn't been prevented, I would — well, I don't want to say I would have — I might have thrown away my whole life on a mad suicidal marriage?"

"I know," she said, nodding her head.

"You know? What do you mean?" I said, startled.

"Don't be angry, David. I guessed. It was Jenny Barnett, wasn't it?"

I laughed, to cover my confusion and my amazement — a not very successful laugh.

"Yes, it was Jenny — and that's why I say be very sure — just at first."

"But, David, I am not like you. You have always been so impulsive, so intense."

"I impulsive?" I cried, forgetting how the conversation had switched. And I was genuinely amazed, for frankly, it had never occurred to me to look at myself as such. Though I am not sure but what she is right, where she learned to see me so clearly is beyond me.

"Yes, you are! I never know what you're going to do; whereas I — I am really quite sensible and matter-of-fact. Why haven't *you* married, David? You ought to."

"I thought, young lady, we were here to discuss your affairs," I said, warily.

"Please, David, let me talk to you," she said, raising her eyes to mine. "I love you very much, more than any one else in the world. And we ought to be very close to each other — real confidants."

"Now, what's coming?" I thought to myself, but, putting on a brave front, I answered: "Fire away, then."

"I feel you are unhappy. I feel it so strongly."

"I am neither happy nor unhappy," I said, being on my guard. "All I am thinking about now is going back and doing my duty, because it is quite immaterial so long as the war lasts what I plan to do."

"I am thinking of Anne."

"Now, we have it! Young lady, there is such a thing as imagining you see too much."

"Don't you think, David," she said, not paying the slightest attention to me, "that it would be kinder, more honest, if you told her — —"

"Told her what?"

"That you love some one else."

I jumped at this, in great wrath.

"Extraordinary! Child, where did you imagine — —"

"Don't be angry, David. You needn't tell me if you don't want to — but I know. I've seen it in your face too often, these days. Only, I think it's hard on Anne."

I decided on another course.

"My dear Molly — Anne isn't in the slightest doubt as to my feelings toward her. Sometimes, I wish I did love her. I don't. And if I did, I shouldn't tell her so — just as I was going off to war."

"Why not?"

"Because a man has no right to take a woman's heart when it may mean an empty life for the rest of her existence."

"But why, David? If you men are willing to give your lives, why should we women not have our part of sorrow?"

"Each as he feels: that's my point of view," I said. Yet, as I look at it now, I wonder why I said it, for no such compunction had arrested my impulse with Bernoline. "However, that's all academic, and don't get it into your romantic little head that I'm not telling you the truth about Anne. Furthermore, she understands."

She shook her head.

"I'm inclined to box your pretty ears," I said, vexed.

The next moment her arms closed about me.

"David, I can't bear to see you unhappy, that's all."

As I look back on this conversation, I am the more amazed. Where did she get such uncanny insight into my thoughts? What had not her child's eyes divined? If they had ever been the eyes of a child! I suppose my irritation arose from the fact that she had come too close to my misgivings. No, I am not quite sure that I have been honest with Anne, even when I assured myself that I was. Before I leave I shall see her again. To-night, I know what I will say; but I am not sure what it will be at that time.

New York.

I am here with Ben at the hotel and at noon, day after to-morrow, we sail for France. To me, as to him, it is an escape from a hideous situation. All day I have tramped the streets, seeking in the crowds a glimpse of Bernoline. Twice I came to the steps of St. Rosa's Convent, tempted almost beyond my strength. If I had any doubt as to the lasting wound that is in my heart, I know now. To be in this city, where she walks hidden in the wilderness of human beings, where at every turn I look for her. . . . There is nothing here for me — nothing! I want to get back to the other life, to be from morning to night a pawn in the fingers of fate — to have every decision made for me — to surrender my initiative — to accept what can't be changed — to perform without question.

But to go back — the leave-taking was hard — the shadow was over it all. If I come back — and who knows? — one place will be empty. . . . But first, Anne . . .

For days I had not seen her. Each consciously avoided the other. Yet a good deal of what Molly had said haunted me: I could

[*Continued on page 40*]

Clyde Fitch on the terrace of "The Other House" where he loved to work

Clyde Fitch's Last Days

Concluding Chapter of the Life Story of America's Most Famous Playwright

by Montrose J. Moses

FITCH made use of his own moods and humors in some of the most effective scenes in his plays. In "Cousin Billy", for instance — an adaptation which never interested him very much — when the hero returns home after some time spent in the Swiss mountains, he kisses the curtains and the chairs rapturously — as only Francis Wilson, who starred in the piece, could do; and this reflected the abundant joy with which Clyde himself returned to his own place after his summers abroad. But his popularity never allowed him time to enjoy thoroughly the comforts which surrounded him. Nor did he allow any abatement of activity, however ill he might be. His sea trips were an enforced rest, punctuated by sea-sickness. In 1905, he writes: "Such a crossing of the Atlantic I have not 'gallumped' through for years, if ever. Not *one* night of sleep. You just held on with both hands and let your feet go."

But he quickly reacted from any upset, and forgot his ills in the enthusiasms he always found; such, for instance, as considering the possible dramatization of Kate Douglas Wiggins's "Rose o' the River", or praising the latest novel of Robert Herrick. He always judged a book from the standpoint of the stage, and he found himself casting novels as he did his own dramas before they were written. To Mrs. Riggs he finally said: "You've got an idyllic play as it stands ready to be written. But with us nowadays the idyl needs greater *Variety* of emotions, on a stronger background, to coax, urge, and win success in our hardened theatre."

The term "hardened theatre" was not used without some thought, for Clyde had felt its restrictions and its insatiable thirst for variety, and he had often been caught in the coils of its triviality. The time was not far distant when he was to receive his hardest blow of disappointment from it. In the fall of 1905, with "Her Great Match" in rehearsal, he found himself amidst the confusion of workmen who took possession of his city and country houses; but, to offset the strain of this, he bought himself his first automobile, "Carrie Cadillac", and this gave him the air, if not the exercise, he needed. He had already had a strenuous theatre year, what with "Cousin Billy" and "The Woman in the Case" in January, and he was facing "Her Great Match" in September for Miss Elliott, "Wolfville" in October, and a recasting of "Mistress Betty" under the name of "The Toast of the Town" for Viola Allen in November.

From Quiet Corner, on the last day of September, he writes: "O! the fresh pure quiet rest of *this* after one week in the theatre ! !" He was able to concentrate on rest, as he was on business, but he never seemed to forget anything, from the detail of a play to the pruning of a rose-bush. "Wolfville" was an attempt at a dramatization for which he was not well suited; but he did the work in conjunction with Willis Steell, and from the latter I have received some impression of the value of his collaboration. "As the story of a defunct play isn't even interesting to the author who generally prefers to forget it, let me attempt to describe Fitch's method of work, as I learned it from writing at his elbow. With a telephone receiver in his left hand and a pen in the right, he would hold long business conversations with some manager or Miss Marbury, and in every pause he would write a line or two of dialogue.

"It seemed possible for him to concentrate on two things at once, and some of the brightest lines of the play were written under such conditions. There were, in addition, all sorts of other interruptions — matters of domestic economy, visitors who were asked up to the library, etc. At this time — the spring of the year — the playwright was preparing to go to Europe, and as we were working one morning, Fitch had his valet up and gave him explicit directions about the things to be packed in his steamer trunk. As he itemized the articles and the man took them down slowly, Fitch would turn to his manuscript, cut out a speech, and interpolate a better one. This method of writing a play fascinated me but taught me nothing. I admired his ability but could not dream of ever attaining it. Mainly I grew by the pithy asides he was always uttering, which explained the sequences as well as the way his mind worked. He never lost sight of the audience. 'This is something they will not hear,' he would say, 'so let us substitute something they must hear.'"

In other words, Clyde played the game of the theatre with a desire to give the public an evening's entertainment. "The City" was probably the only plot he ever conceived which might be said to border on the terrible, in the sense that "terrible" was defined by the ancients. He was interviewed in 1906 by a reporter on the Detroit *Free Press*, to whom he said:

"No man has a moral right to put anything on the stage that will *intensify* the sorrows of life. Let men come from the theatre feeling like this: 'Well, life is all right. This is a pretty good world, after all. I may not have Rockefeller's riches, but *I am myself*, and there is much to live for, much to enjoy, much left yet to make me happy.'"

IT WAS well for the American theatre to have such a man working in it, one with such great faith in everything, even in his actors, whose faults he knew better than any man, but whose excellences he never failed to extol. From on board ship, he wrote, in March of the same year, to Grant Mitchell, about a part in the dramatization of Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth." He was scarcely out at sea, and was probably penning the note to send back by the pilot. "In my hurry and excitement last night I forgot to speak of yr performance. It is splendid and a real characterization — and finished and polished, small as it is, and

Blanche Walsh (at the piano) in "The Woman in the Case", which was a triumphant success for the actress and the author

Ferdinand Gottschalk and Zelda Sears in a scene from the New York production of "The Truth"

inefficient, because of its shortness and lack of real vitality (the *part* and not the acting). It shows a *distinct gain* in your work, in *poise* and finish. I was *very pleased with you!*"

"Toddles," "The House of Mirth", and "The Girl Who Has Everything" was the record for 1906; besides which, he was busily engaged on "The Truth." In fact, by August 18, 1906, he had read the play to Clara Bloodgood, and had received from her the following:

"Dear Clyde Fitch:
I can't begin to tell you how great I think the play is. *My* part — all the parts — and even *if* every part in the piece scored over mine, I'd rather play mine than any part, anywhere, anyhow. I love it! Dodson and I had a very pleasant trip down. He seemed distinctly pleased & his admiration of the play was tremendous. He likes his part, at least so I gathered, and he ought to. It's a *great* one. In fact, if we all do our best, we've had the chance of our lives.

Sincerely and affectionately,
CLARA B.

Becky is Jinny multiplied by several — & I thought Jinny was the best ever. I hope it is not unlucky to be so enthusiastic, but I have never felt as I do — so sure of a play — *God make me good.*"

To Mrs. John Corbin, he wrote on the 30th of the month:

"I am now working night & day on 'The House of Mirth.' It is quite the most difficult play to 'put on', but Grant Mitchell tells me they are the most interesting rehearsals he's ever been in. . . Miss Fay Davis is — I believe — going to give one of those *wonderfully* beautiful performances that comes along once in a while! & I am bursting blood-vessels over the *ensemble.*"

The reasons for the dramatization of "The House of Mirth" were given in a letter to George P. Goodale, dramatic critic of the Detroit *Free Press:*

"I want to tell you how sincerely interested I've been in both your notices about 'The House of Mirth.' I feel sure you have realized the enormous disadvantages Mrs. Wharton and I have labored under, in trying to make a stage version of her book. It would, of course, have been easy to distort it! to steal the names of the characters & make a big situation in their book environment. But this I absolutely refused to do, when the subject was broached to me. I at first refused to 'dramatize' the book, but the demand for a play from it was so persistent and Mrs. Wharton herself wanted it done, so I agreed, with the understanding that it should be *staging the book* so far as was possible . . . to make it real as possible and as like its source as the two and a half stage-hours' traffic would allow."

"The Girl Who Has Everything" was a stage vehicle for Eleanor Robson, illustrative once more of Clyde's love of children, and showing how he persistently returned to the theme of home. But even though it was only a moderate success, Clyde's ever watchful eye was on it even after he sailed for his annual trip abroad. A pilot letter to Miss Robson ran as follows, and is revealing of the small details on which he lavished his most thoughtful attention:

Violet Vanbrugh in the London production of "The Woman in the Case" — one of Fitch's most popular plays on the continent

"Would you tell Aunt Fanny, when she comes over and sits by you at the table (in Act I) and tells you about the coachman, & her being 'loved as never before, etc., etc.,' to sit and face you as she tells it, instead of facing the audience, as I originally directed her; that was done because Miss S. was a little indistinct; but I think Miss C. — will be a little more convincing, perhaps, if she faces you and tells it to you without any fronting of the audience. . . . P.S. — Love to Miss Dwyer. Please tell her I have a Miss W. — at my table, and she says, 'I sensed it', instead of 'I thought.' I want her to say to you, in Act II, when you admire the room, 'I sensed you would like it.' I hope the play is still doing its duty by you in Boston and Chicago. It *would* if it were *I!*"

Now we approach the opening of "The Truth", which had its *première* in Cleveland on October 15, 1906, but which did not reach New York until January 7, 1907. On June 14, 1906, a post-card from Venice heralded the announcement: "Have just finished Act 2 of the Bloodgood play. I feel psychologically & technically it is my best yet and I like it. . . ." It was on Sunday, August 19th, on his return to Quiet Corner, that he read the script to Miss Bloodgood and Dodson, as already noted. Then, on the same night, in theatres which faced each other, the life of Broadway flowing between, Fitch faced a double opening, rushing from one stage to the other, and being caught in a pandemonium demand at the Astor, where Blanche Walsh was the star, for a speech.

His heart, however, was in "The Truth", and never was a hope more deadeningly crushed than when, on the morrow, the press damned him with faint praise. However, when London gave it a chance, on April 6, 1907, it broke the record of American successes before English audiences, and Marie Tempest found herself acclaimed as she had never been before. As James Metcalfe, the then dramatic editor of *Life*, said, the English, German and Italian successes of this drama were a peculiar commentary on Broadway snap-judgment. I confine the censure for its failure to New York, for, when the play was taken on the road, it was a success from the start.

The experience, however, had a discouraging effect on Clyde Fitch; it had a despondent effect on Miss Bloodgood. Many times would her maid find her in her dressing-room, talking to herself in an excitable manner; and it would seem that "The Truth" was doomed to an atmosphere of tragedy, for Miss Bloodgood committed suicide.

The night after the opening in New York, Fitch wrote from his 40th Street house: "Of course I am pretty depressed over the abuse I got in the press. I had three more reasons to wish for success for this play, & so I am three times more disappointed. Miss Bloodgood is plucky. She knows she did not give a real performance last night. And Mr. Frohman is kind & friendly. A few days will tell the true tale. But I have very little hope. I go out to Q. C. to-morrow."

Of a different nature is the letter written to Mrs. John Corbin, from Paris, on April 13, 1907, describing the London opening of "The Truth."

"It is 'a HUGE success'!! and by every paper called 'A Triumph' for Marie Tempest, whose acting has made a positive sensation. It is generally called my best play, the only trouble being they don't like Mrs. Crespigny (the part is badly played, I consider) & her comedy scenes. But every paper said 'Success' & the theatre is packed to the doors — every night, & the advance booking is splendid & big! It was a beautiful *première*, not a boo, not a hiss, for the first time this season. The audience rose and cheered at the end & called for me just as author, & then as Clyde Fitch, & finally the pit & gallery began to yell for 'Clyde'! I had decided I wouldn't go out, so Boucicault went before the curtain & said 'Mr. Fitch is not in the house.' 'That's another!' someone called from the pit, & another, 'Bravo all the same,' and they shouted and cheered again before they left. Tonight's performance is very wonderful. The 3rd act GREAT, so deeply moving! *Just between you & me* she does 3 times with the part that our Clara does, *except* in the last act. There I prefer Clara . . . Tempest is brilliant, perfection. The French people are enthusiastic over the play & Tristam Bernard is at work already on the version for Paris. That's why I came here at once, but I expect to start off tomorrow in the motor."

Once more he found himself in the antique shops, every night he was in the stalls of the theatres, day in and day out he was meeting authors and keeping his hands on the "trend of things." His ever devoted friend, M. Eugene Gautier, was generally with him in Paris. On Sundays Clyde would often go to the Greek church near the Parc Monceaux.

In Paris, toward the end of June, Clyde was all enthusiasm for buying hangings and furniture for the new Westchester home which soon began to be spoken of as "The Other House." His European reception had raised his spirits so far above what they were when he had arrived in London, that nothing could daunt him; he was buying gifts with a lavish hand. He was, as he confessed, living a 90-horse-power life, except in Italy, where he dozed for his health's sake.

In his new Panhard car, which was christened "Pauline," he was contemplating an Italian tour, after a most flattering reception in Berlin, where "The Truth" had been enthusiastically received. [*Continued on page 42*]

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Down to An Island Eden

— *Continued from page 27*

told me that only a few weeks before my arrival two women had begged him on their knees for permission to be burned with the body of the dear departed, whom they wished to share in death as in life.

The Balinese, being devout Hindus, burn their dead, but the cremations are held only twice yearly, being observed as holidays, like the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving. If a man dies a few days before a cremation is due, his remains are kept in the house until they can be burned with befitting ceremony — though I imagine that, in view of the climate of Bali, the members of his family perforce move elsewhere for the time being — but if he is so inconsiderate as to delay dying until after one of these semi-annual burnings, it becomes necessary to bury him. Then, when cremation day comes round again, he is dug up, taken to a temple and burned.

Unlike the South Sea islanders, who are rapidly dying out as the result of diseases introduced by Europeans, the population of Bali — which is one of the most densely peopled regions in the world, with 325 inhabitants to the square mile — is rapidly increasing, having more than doubled in the last fifteen years. This is due in some measure, no doubt, to the climate which, though hot, is healthy save in certain low-lying coastal districts, but much more, I imagine, to the fact that there are scarcely a hundred Europeans on the island, and that, as there are no harbors worthy the name, European vessels rarely touch there. It is well for the Balinese that their enchanted island has no harbors, for harbors mean ships, and ships mean white men, and white men all too often leave undesirable mementoes of their visits behind them.

Mr. Powell

will take you on a wonderful journey across green jungles

Through the Golden Chersonese to Elephant Land

In September McClure's 15 cents

The men of Bali are a fine, strong, dignified, rather haughty race, fit mates in physique for their women. They are considerably taller than any other Malays whom I saw and possess less Mongoloid and Negroid characteristics, these being subdued by some strong primeval alien strain which is undoubtedly Caucasian. Though now peaceable enough, every Balinese man carries in his sash a *kris* — the long, curly-bladed knife which is the national weapon of the Malays. Most of the *krises* that I have examined were more ornamental than serviceable, some of them having scabbards of solid gold and handles set with precious stones. Moreover, they are worn against the middle of the back, where they must be difficult to reach in an emergency. I imagine that the *kris*, universal though it is, serves as a symbol of bygone militancy rather than as a fighting weapon, just as the buttons at the back of our tail-coats serve to remind us that their original purpose was to support a sword-belt. But, though the Balinese have made no serious trouble for their Dutch rulers for upward of a decade, they long resisted European domination, as evidenced by the four bloody uprisings in the last three-quarters of a century — the last in 1908 — which were suppressed only with great difficulty. When the shells from the gunboats began to burst over the coast towns, the rajahs, recognizing that their cause was lost, nerved themselves with opium and committed the traditional *puputan*, or, with their wives, threw themselves on the Dutch bayonets. But, though the Balinese have bowed perforce to the authority of the stout young woman who dwells in the Palace of Het Loo, outside The Hague, they have none of that cringing servility, that look of pathetic appeal, such as you see in the eyes of dogs which have been mistreated, characteristic of some of their neighbors.

Though the three-quarters of a million natives in Bali have behind them the traditions of countless wars, the Dutch, who seem to possess an extraordinary talent for governing brown-skinned peoples, maintain their authority with a few companies of native soldiery officered by a handful of Europeans. Every soldier of the colonial forces, whether European or native, is permitted to keep a woman, for whom the government provides food and quarters. If she is the soldier's wife, well and good, but the authorities do not frown if the couple have not stood up before a clergyman. When I was in Makassar the commander of the garrison showed me the quarters of the troops in old Fort Rotterdam, which was built when the only inhabitants of Manhattan Island were Indians. The native soldiery, who form the greater part of the garrison, are quartered with their women in long, stone barracks — sixteen couples to a room. The room has no partitions, to each couple being allotted a space about eight feet square, which is chalk-marked on the floor. The only article of furniture in each "apartment" is a bed, which is really a broad, low table covered with a grass-mat. Here they sleep and eat and make their toilets, the women preparing the meals for their men and for themselves in ovens out-of-doors. As the Malays do not believe in race suicide, the barrack room usually has the appearance of a day nursery, with naked brown youngsters crawling everywhere, but at night they are put out of the way in hammocks made from fibre, which are slung over the parents' heads. The Dutch commandant pointed out that privacy could always be secured by drawing flimsy curtains, hung on wires, thereby separating the various "apartments", but, as the mercury in these latitudes generally hovers around 100, I imagine that privacy is usually sacrificed to comfort. As far as I could see, there was about as much chance for privacy as there is in a subway station.

The success of the Dutch in ruling Malays, who are notoriously turbulent and warlike, is largely due to the fact that, so long as the customs of the natives are not inimical to good government or to their own well-being, they studiously refrain from interfering with them. Nor is there the same social chasm separating Europeans and natives in the Insulinde that is found in the British Oriental possessions. Were a British official in India to marry a native woman he would be promptly recalled; if a Dutch official marries a native woman she is accorded the same social recognition as her husband. Though in the old days probably ninety per cent. of the Dutch officials and planters in the Insulinde lived with native women, these unions are constantly decreasing; to-day probably not more than ten per cent. of the Europeans are thus solving their domestic problems. Though in their dealings with the natives, the iron hand of the Dutch is always apparent beneath the velvet glove, it struck me that they are more in sympathy with their Oriental subjects, that they understand them better, than the British. It is a remarkable thing, when you stop to think of it, that a little nation like Holland, with a colonial army of inconsiderable size and no fleet worthy of the name, should be able to maintain its authority over fifty millions of natives, ten thousand miles away, without fighting and without friction.

We passed the night at the small rest-house which the government maintains for the use of its officials at Den Pasar. I have said that we *passed* the night, mark you; I refuse to toy with the truth to the extent of saying that we slept. Why they call it a rest-house I cannot imagine. Never that I recall, save only in a zoo, have I found myself on such intimate terms with so many forms of animal life as in that *passanggrahan*. Cockroaches nearly as large as mice (before you lift your eyebrows at this statement talk with any one who has traveled in Malaysia), spiders, centipedes, ants and beetles made my bedroom an entomologist's paradise. Some large winged animal, presumably a fruit-bat or a flying-fox, entered by the window and circled the room like an airplane; and, judging from the sounds which proceeded from beneath the bed, I gathered that the room also harbored a snake or a large rat, though which I was not certain as I saw no reason for investigating. A family of lizards disported themselves on the ceiling and when I menaced them with a stick they departed so hastily that one of them abandoned his tail, which dropped on the wash-stand. A squadron of mosquitoes — a sort of *escadrille de chasse*, as it were — kept me awake until daybreak. Fishes only were absent, but I am convinced that their neglect of me was due to ignorance of my presence; had they known of it I feel certain that the climbing fish, which is one of the marvels of these waters, would have visited me.

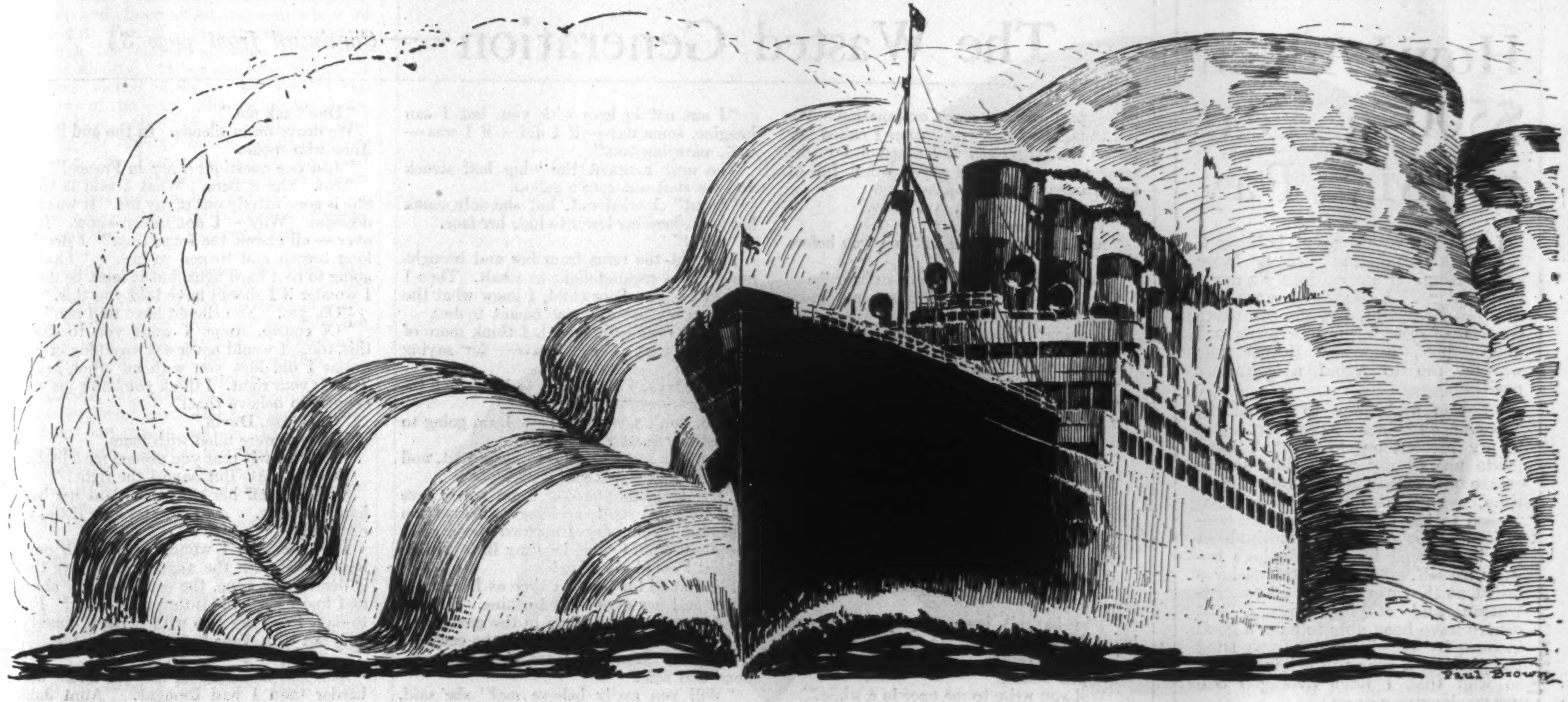
Upon our arrival at Kloeng Kloeng I found that the Contrôleur, who had been notified by the Resident at Singaradja of our coming, had made arrangements for an elaborate series of native dances to be given that afternoon on the Residency lawn. It is a simple matter to arrange a dance in Bali, for every village, no matter how small, supports a ballet, and usually a troupe of actors as well, just as an American community supports a baseball team. The money for the gorgeous costumes worn by the dancers is raised by local subscription and the ballet frequently visits neighboring towns to give exhibitions or to engage in competitions, contingents of the dancers' townspeople usually going along to root for them. The Balinese dances require many years of arduous and constant training. A girl is scarcely out of the sling by which the Balinese children are carried on the mother's back before, under the tutelage of her mother, who has herself perhaps been a dancing-girl in her time, she begins the severe course of gymnastics and muscle training which are the foundation of all Eastern dances. From infancy until, not yet in her teens, she becomes a member of a village ballet or enters the *kampong* of a local rajah, she is as assiduously trained and groomed as a race horse entered for the Derby. From morning until night, day after day, year after year, the muscles of her shoulders, her back, her hips, her legs, her abdomen are suppled and developed until they will respond to her wishes as readily as her slender, henna-stained fingers.

The lawn on which the dances were held sloped down, like a great green rug, from the squat white Residency to an ancient Hindu temple, whose walls of red-brown sandstone were transformed by the setting sun into rosy coral. The Bali temples are but open courtyards enclosed within high walls, their entrances flanked by towering, grotesquely carved gate-posts. Within the courtyard, which has arrangements for the cremation of the dead as well as the refreshment of the living, are numerous roofed platforms and small, elevated shrines, reached by steep flights of narrow steps, every square inch being covered with intricate and fantastic carvings. These carvings are for the most part beautifully colored, so that, when illuminated by the sun, they look like those porcelain bas-reliefs which one buys in Florence, or, if the colors are undimmed, like enormous pieces of Persian enamel. In some of the temples which I visited the colorings had been ruthlessly obliterated by coats of whitewash, but in those communities where Hinduism is still a living force, the inhabitants frequently impoverish themselves in order to provide the gold-leaf with which the interiors of the shrines are covered, just as the congregations of American churches praise God with carven pulpits and stained glass windows.

The stage setting for the dances consisted of a small, portable pagoda, heavily gilded and set with mirrors — nothing more, unless you include the back-drop provided by the Indian Ocean. On either side of the pagoda, which was set in the center of the lawn, squatted a motionless native holding a long-handled parasol of gold, known as a *payong*. So far as I could discover, the purpose of these parasol-holders was purely ornamental, like the palms that flank a concert stage, for they never stirred throughout the three hours that the dancing lasted. The dancers themselves were extremely young — barely in their teens, I should say — but I could only guess their ages as their faces were so heavily enameled that they might as well have been wearing masks. Their countenances certainly would have cracked had they smiled. Their costumes, faithful reproductions of those depicted in the carvings on the walls of the temples, were of a gorgeousness which made the efforts of Messrs. Ziegfeld and Bakst seem colorless and tame: tightly-wound *kains* of cloth-of-gold over which were draped silks in all the colors of the chromatic scale, the necks and arms and ankles of the dancers, which were stained bright yellow, being hung with jewels or near-jewels. On their heads were towering, indescribable affairs of feathers, flowers and tinsel, faintly reminiscent of those worn by the lamented Gaby. The music was furnished by a *gamelan*, or orchestra, of half a hundred musicians playing on drums, gongs and reeds, with a few xylophones thrown in for good measure. I am no judge of music, but it seemed to me that when the *gamelan* was working at full speed it compared very favorably with the jazz orchestras in our best hotels.

All the dances illustrated episodes from the Ramayana or other Hindu mythologies localized, the story being recited in a monotonous sing-song tone, in the old Kawi or sacred language, by a professional accompanist. As the result of constant drilling since babyhood the Balinese dancers attain a perfection of technique unknown on the Western stage, but the visitor who expects to see the verve and abandon of the Indian dances as portrayed by Ruth St. Denis is certain to be disappointed. To tell the truth, the dances of Bali, like those I saw in Java and Cambodia, are rather tedious performances, beautiful, it is true but almost totally lacking in that fire and spirit which we associate with the East. It is probable, however, that I am not sufficiently educated in the art of Terpsichore to fully appreciate them. It was as though I asked a pianist to play ragtime and was given Bach. But the natives are passionately fond of them, it being by no means uncommon, I was told, for a dance to begin in the late afternoon and to continue without interruption until daybreak. The Contrôleur at Kloeng Kloeng told me that he planned to utilize his next long leave in taking a native ballet to Europe and, perhaps, to the United States. So, should you see the Bali Dancers advertised to appear on Broadway, I strongly advise you not to miss them.

Instead of going to Palm Beach next winter, or to Havana, or to the Riviera, why don't you go out to Bali and see its lovely women, its curious customs and its superb scenery for yourself? You can get there in about eight weeks if you make good connections at Singapore and Surabaya. With no railways, no street-cars, no hotels, no newspapers, no theatres, no movies, it is a very restful place. You can lounge the lazy days away in the cool depths of flower-smothered verandas, with a brown house-boy pulling at the punkah-rope and another bringing you cool drinks in tall, thin glasses — for the Volstead Act does not run west of the 160th parallel — or you can stroll in the moonlight on the long, white beaches with lithe brown beauties who wear passion-flowers in their dusky hair. Or, should you weary of so *dolce far niente* an existence, you can sail across to Java with the opium-runners in their fragile *vintas*, or climb a two-mile-high volcano, or, in the jungles at the western end of the island, stalk the tiger. And you can wear pajamas all day long without apologizing. Everything considered, Bali offers more inducements than any place I know to the absconding bank cashier or the tired business man.



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1—Wenatchee, August 27th.

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5—Empire State, July 23rd.
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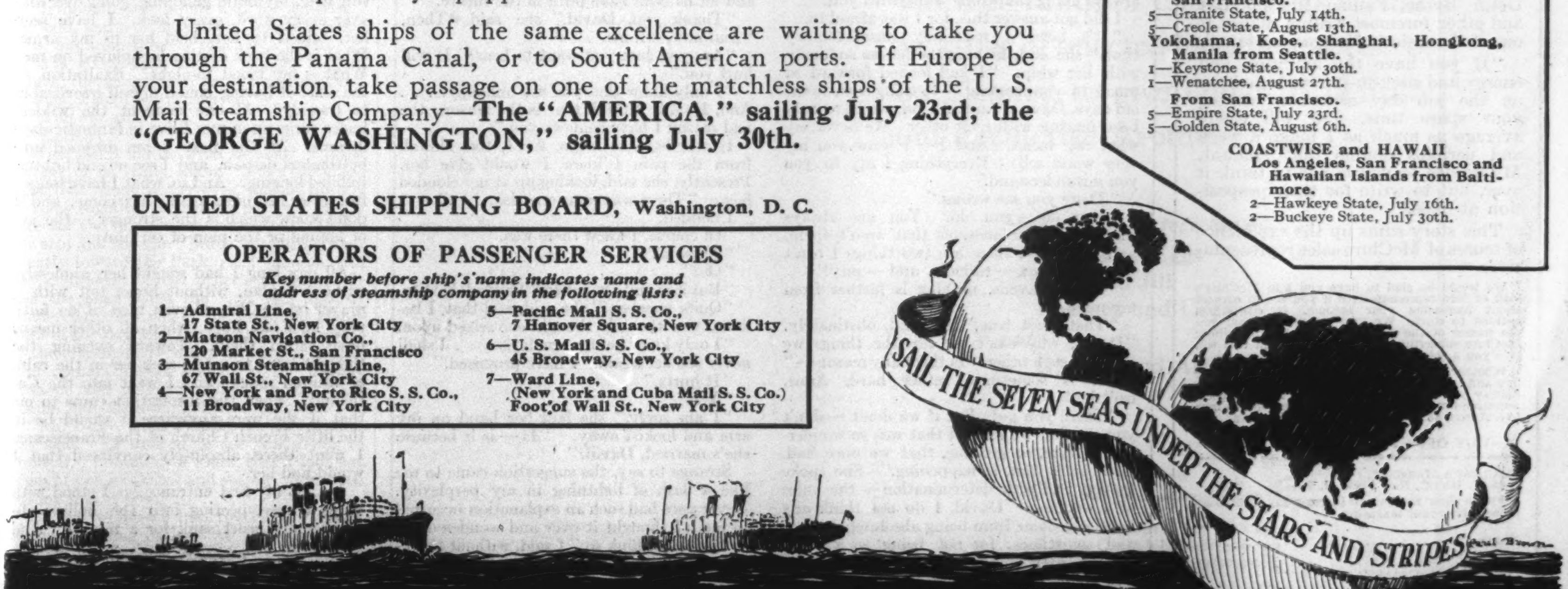
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The Wasted Generation

—Continued from page 34

not depart without some explanation. We left Sunday. Friday afternoon I called her up on the telephone, and asked if I might come over — a strange conversation, full of long pauses and hesitations.

"I am going Sunday, you know."

"Yes — I know."

"And I really would like to see you before then."

"But, David, I'm leaving in an hour."

Curiously enough, this upset me more than I would have thought.

"Leaving? Where?" I asked, stupidly.

There was a long silence.

"Anne!"

"Yes!"

"And to-morrow?"

"But I am leaving in an hour for a week-end."

"Oh, then I sha'n't see you. I'm sorry."

"You should have let me know before."

"Yes, yes, of course. My fault. Well, I suppose it can't be helped."

No answer.

"When do you leave?"

"In an hour."

"Then, I'm afraid it's good-bye over the telephone."

"You haven't been very friendly, you know."

"I know."

Another silence.

"Will you write to me once in a while?"

"Do you want me to, David?"

"Please."

"Very well — once in a while."

Now this was not the turn I had wished to give to my parting, but some sudden feeling of the blankness of her eyes caused me to relent. "So, it's good-bye, Anne, and — and I'm sorry it's to be like this."

"It is not my fault."

"No."

"Good-bye, and good luck — Davy."

The last was almost inaudible. I put up the receiver and went to my room, not at all quiet in my mind and frankly missing something out of my day. In the middle of the afternoon, all at once I determined to go out for a tramp, to calm my irritation. I had hardly passed the postern when who should come whirling up the road in her cutter but Anne, with her cheeks aflame.

"Jump in."

I clambered to the seat by her side and away we went, skipping over the crinkling snow. At Muncie's Woods she drew in suddenly and we slowed to a walk.

"There was no house-party," she said, staring ahead.

"Of course not."

"How did you know?"

"I knew."

"What a spiteful, irrational, idiotic person you must think me."

"No — very human."

She shook her head, and I thought her lip trembled a little.

"It's always so, and I can't help it. I'm always doing the wrong thing with you."

I did not answer this, for I was afraid to.

"It's been a miserably unsatisfactory time," she said, flicking the horses suddenly with her whip. "I had looked forward so much to your coming — to going back to the old days, Davy. And instead, we have only been fencing with each other. We never say what we mean. And I — I show you my very worst self! Everything I say to you you misunderstand."

"There you are wrong."

"You do — you do. You are always ascribing to me motives that aren't there, and so, David, there are two things I can't bear from you — ridicule, and — pity!"

"Good heavens, nothing is farther from my mind."

"That's not true," she said, obstinately. "David, why can't we say the things we think to each other? Is there any reason —"

"It is sometimes rather hard, Anne, isn't it?"

"There you go! But if we don't — don't you see that we lose all that was so wonderful, so rare, so genuine, that we once had. And this is what is happening." She spoke gravely and with determination — the voice of a woman. "David, I do not think any harm can come from being absolutely honest, and sometimes, for not being so a whole destiny may be changed. David, whatever you think I am — I am not in love with you — —"

"But I never — —"

"I am not in love with you, but I can imagine, some day — if I did — if I was — well, marrying you."

The next moment the whip had struck and we shot out into a gallop.

"Stop!" I cried out, but she only shook her head, bending lower to hide her face.

"Stop!"

I caught the reins from her and brought our perilous rocking flight to a halt. Then I turned to her. Poor child, I knew what the suspense of that moment meant to her.

"Anne, dear little friend, I think more of you now than I ever have — for saying that!"

"Oh, Davy, I shall want to kill myself to-night for — —"

"No, don't say that. Now I am going to be just as honest with you."

I saw her hand steal up to her throat, and hurried on to end the suspense.

"I feel just as you do. I am not in love with you, and yet I can imagine just as you said that if some day I married you a great happiness would come into my life. Would to God I could say more!"

She turned for the first time as I began to speak and her eyes went to mine. I had a strange premonition there in the green light of the forest, in the stillness of the carpeted woods, that Anne and I would end as husband and wife.

"Will you really believe me?" she said, "when I say that — I should never, never have said even this if — if it were not that you are going back — and everything else seems so little beside that. Will you understand that without being in love I can look into the future and see what may come, David, it's — it's so hard to say — —"

"I don't think so. Say just what you feel — and then I will be just as honest."

"You have always been different in my life, David. Other men have just been shells. You I've known, and you've known me. I know my weakness, Davy, and I know what I'll become if I marry a certain type of man. It's what you bring out in me — it sounds terribly — I'm ashamed to say it. No, don't look at me; but, David, I can say this — when you come back, some day, when it's all over — I sha'n't have changed."

"Sha'n't have what?"

"Changed," she said, in a whisper.

I felt my eyes blurred. What wouldn't I have given to have taken her into my arms for her sake — and for mine.

"Anne," I said, "let me tell you this — never regret what you have done. We have come closer together this afternoon than ever before and you have done it."

"Do you mean it, Davy?" she said, her eyes shining so it was hard to resist them.

"I do. From now on I shall always know the strength that is in you. You have left a memory that I shall hold in great reverence. Between us now there will be always absolute honesty — and that is something to build on. Hold what we have, dear friend, and let us both have faith in the future."

"Thank you, David," she said. Then, "And now, tell me. . . ."

"Are you sure you want to hear? It will hurt you."

"I only know that you are unhappy. . . . And, David, I think that is the reason, the real reason I have come to you."

It was hard to begin, for I, too, shrank from the pain I knew I would give her. Presently, she said, looking up at my clouded face: "There was some one else. . . ."

I nodded.

"Of course, I knew there was."

"There *is*."

"Oh!"

"But it is quite hopeless," I added, hastily.

"Quite hopeless?" she said, and that, I believe, was the only thought she seized upon.

"I only knew her for ten days. . . . I shall never see her again. I have promised."

"It hurts."

"Yes."

"I am sorry," she laid her hand on my arm and looked away. "Is — is it because she's married, David?"

Strange to say, the suggestion came to me like a flash of lightning in my perplexity. Never once had such an explanation occurred to me. I thought it over and wondered.

"I do not think so," I said, without thinking how strange this must sound. "I hardly know anything about her. We are entirely apart in everything — race, tradition, faith."

"And if it were not hopeless, Davy?"

"Don't ask me."

We drove on in silence. In the end it was Anne who spoke.

"Just one question: is she in France?"

"No. She is here. What I said is true. She is gone utterly out of my life. It was her decision. Why — I don't even know. It is over — all except the forgetting." I drew a long breath and turned to her. "That is going to be a hard fight, but it must be done. I wonder if I should have told you this."

"Oh, yes. You should have told me."

"Of course, Anne, I want you to know this, too. I would never ask anything of you unless I did love you with my whole heart. That is your right. I think you know me well enough to believe that!"

"Of course, David."

Her eyes were filled with tears.

"I wish I felt that you needed me a little."

"Good God! But have I the right!"

She drew off her glove and laid her bare hand in mine. And so, speaking little, we returned.

Is it possible, I wonder, that with one's heart filled with the anguish of a love that is denied any hope, the soul can look ahead and know what the future may bring? For, to-day, I can say this with perfect honesty: I do not wish Anne to go out of my life.

The last moments in the old home were harder than I had thought. Aunt Janie was the bravest of them all, not excepting the mater. Molly has come on to see us off, though I begged her not to. The hardest was saying good-bye to the Governor. During the weeks since my return he had seemed to pick up famously, until we had almost begun to hope. But, when I leaned down suddenly and kissed him, his fingers clung to my hand until I had gently to release them. I had left this till the last minute, and hurried out into the hall, where Molly put her arms around me and took me to the sleigh. For one thing I am profoundly thankful: he remembered Alan, and I carry to him the old daguerreotype of the Governor as a young man.

At the station every one in the village. The Littledale band playing patriotic airs, great waving of handkerchiefs and cheering. You would have thought I was candidate for Governor. But I was too affected to do anything but wave back.

What Ben had said to Letty I do not know. I'm afraid that it has cost him more than he thought to tear himself away from her. To-night everything seems confused and out of joint — Anne, Bernoline, the Governor, Ben, Letty — and myself most of all. Again the close of a chapter — and what beyond?

If only I could see her once more.

New York.

I have seen her, by some miracle of coincidence. It is midnight, and I have been sitting here, my brain galloping, going over and over every word, every look. I have seen her, talked to her, held her in my arms! What is the trick destiny has played on me? What is my mood to-night? Exaltation or the sense of having bound myself irrevocably to tragedy? At one moment the wildest hopes surge up in me: I live in fantastic day-dreams. At the next I am dropped into bottomless despair, and I see no end but unfulfilled longing. And so, what I have longed for, to see her once again, has come, and I don't know which is the stronger — the joy of hoping or the pain of certainty.

All day long I had sought her, aimlessly, without a plan, without hope, but with a prayer on my lips, as even men of no faith pray in a last hope, when all other means have failed them. Toward evening the thought came to me to seek her in the calm of vaulted spaces, and I went into the Cathedral. Then the inspiration came to me that if she were anywhere it would be in the little French Church of the Franciscans. I went there, absolutely convinced that I would find her.

Yet, at my first entrance, as I stood with blinded eyes, peering into the hollow obscurity, my heart sank for a minute. And then I saw her.

How I knew that the kneeling figure by the little altar of the Virgin was Bernoline — I do not know, but I knew. My heart seemed suddenly to stop. I leaned against a pillar and waited. The great vaulted supports rose up and closed about me somewhere in the night. Far off I heard a slipping step. Through the church a dozen tiny lights burned silently. At her altar the Mother of Sorrows looked down on her out of the shadows of the ages. She was on her knees, the mellow points of the votive candles lighting her uplifted face in a spot of serene radiance. So I saw her again, as I had imagined her a hundred times, when I knew she returned to me in her prayers.

There are pictures which remain in memory's galleries. This will never fade.

Something of my presence she must have felt, for all at once she turned and met my look. Instantly I came to her side and knelt. I saw her lips open and over her face the wonder of a living miracle. I know now that my name was on her lips at that very moment and that in her simple faith she saw the answer. Her great dark eyes met mine. I saw her breast rise. Her pale slender hand went to her throat, and in that first unwavering look I knew at last that I was loved.

"Bernoline — it is God's will."

"It is you. I prayed that I might see you once more."

She laid her hand on mine, bidding me wait, and went off into the stony vastness. I heard the step I knew from all others returning. A pervading sense of happiness such as I had never known filled my whole being at the knowledge that she was drawing near, that she whom I loved was coming back to me. When I raised my eyes she was at my side, tenderness and pride in her face, and in her hand a thin white taper. She knelt.

"Mother, I thank thee," she said.

She rose and, lighting the taper, placed it so that it dominated all the rest.

"Your light, *mon ami*, above the crowd, always; strong, proud and true."

Then, kneeling, she made the sign of the cross, a smile of thankfulness touched her lips, and I knew that she prayed for me.

I forgot all the complex world of realities. There, in the silence and the shadows, purity at my side, mystery above me, my spirit took wings with the faith that was hers. I do not think that I uttered a prayer, yet it was a prayer, for at that moment I believed as a child believes. When she touched my arm I rose and followed her. At the end of the aisle, a mutual impulse made us turn. The candle, my candle, shone out above the rest.

"You will remember?"

"Always."

WHEN we emerged into the strange jarring world, dusk was stealing over the hard outlines. For a moment we walked silently — unable to speak to each other.

"To-morrow I sail for France."

"To-morrow?" she cried, with a little catch in her voice.

"You will walk a little way with me? A last time?"

"How could I help it, *mon ami?*"

She looked at me and smiled her sad little smile, and I saw in her eyes the weariness of the struggling against the call of her heart. A great hope came to me.

"I thought you would wait for America," she said, and now her eyes no longer avoided mine but seemed never to leave my face.

"I'm going back to the Legion, and, of course, the moment we go in, and that can't be long, I shall be transferred."

"You are well?"

"Entirely."

What did it matter what we said? I think neither of us really knew. I saw only the light that shone in her eyes, and in the joy of being together neither the past nor the future nor the things about us existed. I took her arm and together, heads bowed, we went silently toward the Park, each content with the knowledge of the other's presence. It was the hour when the city, like another Cinderella, steps out of the drab and homespun of the day into the beady fairy raiment of the crepuscule — when the clamor of strident sounds lingers faintly in the drowsy distance and polyglot ugliness masks itself behind half-shadows and fleeting forms.

"Ah, Davy, I did want to see you again," she said. "I wanted to see you strong — yourself. I wanted to know that I had not brought you weakness and sorrow. *Mon ami*, tell me that it is so."

We had wandered into the Park, through obscure winding paths. At the bridge we stopped, leaning over, shoulder to shoulder — each of us under the spell of the silence which visited us, and afraid of the test that words would bring.

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This is an actual photograph of Leo Ditrichstein's hand holding an OMAR.

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"I cannot tell you anything that is not true, even for your sake," I said, at last.

"No, David."

"But, first, you. How has it gone with you? It has been hard, Bernoline?"

"No — no — — "

"That is the truth?"

"Yes, *mon ami*. It has not been hard. I have found great kindness. I am companion in the family of a true gentlewoman."

"Bernoline, I cannot bear to think of you. . . ."

"Hush — it is so little when you think of what has come to other women. . . ."

"Bernoline, you do not know how I have fought to keep my promise. I've gone by St. Rosa's Convent a dozen times, and twice I wrote you letters — only to tear them up."

"But you won out, *mon ami*. I knew you would."

"Yes, but there is no happiness in it."

"Must I always hurt you, Davy?" she said, sadly. "I who only long to protect you? Dear friend, all that I have done, believe me, though you cannot understand it — has been done for you."

"Yes, Bernoline."

I felt that the moment had come when the happiness of my whole life was there in my hands to fight for. We were no longer man and woman, but two atoms gravitating toward each other, cleaving together despite all the forces of society that laboriously and fruitlessly lay their inhibitions against the great sweeping instincts of race.

"Night and day, David, I have had you in my prayers. I have prayed that our meeting would leave no wound in you. Ah, *mon ami*, if I do this strange thing, to be here alone with you, it is because I must know that I am not to carry that remorse through all my life." She stopped, as though dreading what she might be led to say, and then she added, slowly: "I shall never be sure — never — until I know that you are in your own home, married and happy."

Then I broke out.

"Bernoline, you are quite honest with yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that is not the true reason. Bernoline, if you are here, to-night, alone at my side, it is because you love me. Oh, why hide from ourselves what is?"

"No — no! Don't say that!"

"Bernoline — Bernoline — why deny it?" I cried, bending over her. "You don't deceive me: you don't deceive yourself! What stands between us — what can stand? What do we care? What else counts but this thing we feel, here, now, at this very moment? You know, as I know. Happiness, Bernoline? Do you think in the whole world there is any happiness for me away from you! Bernoline, I tell you you have never been an hour away from me. I have had you before my eyes: I have lived over a thousand times each moment spent with you. Bernoline, look at me — tell me. . . ."

Do I know what I said, there in the deep pool of the night! I don't know that she heard me any more than I can remember the torrent of pleading that surged to my lips, but I know that she, too, felt the longing of my arms to draw her to me — the wild triumphant force beating down all our little struggling, confounding us in one impulse, one desire. . . for, all at once, she swayed from me and began to tremble, crying, "Don't touch me, David. I can't stand it — don't!"

"But why, in heaven's name — why?" Her voice stirred all my compassion, but the thought that I was fighting for my happiness, her happiness, was stronger. I came closer. "Bernoline, what is it? Pride? Is that all? Do you think I care who you are — what was your family — or anything else? You are you. To-morrow I go back. Marry me to-night — be my wife. Let me take that with me in my heart!"

"If I could — if I only could!"

"You can — you will!" I said, with a sudden sense of triumphant victory, pitiless — as in love we are driven to show no mercy. "Bernoline, whatever it is, I have the right to share it. Yes, the right. Nothing else matters but you in my life. Do you understand? You are my life!"

She turned to me, her hands clasped, and again the terror in her eyes.

"I can't. I can't."

"But why — why?"

Suddenly, like a flash, I remembered that question of Anne's.

"Bernoline, is there — any one else — who has a right?"

She stood, staring at me. Twice her lips moved, parted, trembled, and refused to utter the answer.

"Bernoline, are you — married!" I said, in a whisper. "Is that the reason?"

Still she did not answer.

"Bernoline, for God's sake, say it is not that."

"Yes — yes — it is — that!"

I should not have known her voice.

"Good God! Why didn't you tell me before?"

I was stunned — yet it seemed as though I had always known. The world went black before me. "He is alive?" I said, at last.

"Yes."

"You must go back to him — some day?"

"Never."

"Bernoline, why didn't you tell me?"

She waited a moment.

"It is not my secret alone. It is terrible that I cannot tell you any more than that. Yes, yes, I have done wrong: I have been weak. But don't you reproach me, David, that would break my heart!"

"Oh, no, I don't reproach you!" I blurted out. "I don't know your reasons. I know if you've done what you've done, there is a reason, and — it will always be right. Never, dear, could I have any other feeling toward you but one of reverence."

"You can still think so, David?"

"Always. Nothing that you or I can do will ever change that — and nothing that has gone before."

She looked up at me so swiftly, with her sad, sweet smile that before I knew it she was in my arms, her head buried against my shoulder. I knew only this, that we were united — that this soft, gentle body in my arms was the woman who, whatever intervened, loved me now and irrevocably.

"*Ah, mon bien ami, ayez de la force pour moi — je n'en peux plus — non, non — je n'en peux plus!*"

But even as she cried to me to be strong for her, she clung to me.

"Bernoline, look into my eyes, dear!"

She raised her head, her eyes met mine, all struggling at an end. Another moment, and our impending lips would close in the supreme kiss. . . . Yet, by some inexplicable miracle — it was I who was the stronger. For what I saw in her dear eyes was so full of trust that I could not tarnish the ideal. My arms relaxed and slowly I put her from me.

She caught her breath, and her hands went to my shoulders.

"Yes, you are as I knew you were," she said, proudly. "Never shall I forget, David, *mon ami — mon ami cheri.*"

"Thank God!" I said.

"And now, believe me — if I only had the right to say what you want to hear, how gladly my heart would go to you. But, David, I can say this in all my life, I have never for one instant loved any other man — and I never will. That is a promise."

"Bernoline, I have done everything as you wished. This I ask; during these months of loneliness and trial — write to me, and let me write to you!"

"Is that wise, I wonder?" she said.

"Yes, you cannot leave me utterly. I am not strong enough for that! Anything else — but not that!"

"Nor I." Her eyes filled with tears and then, at last, through the tears, the smile came bravely forth. "Until the end of the war, then. And now. . . ." She stopped, looked at me, and shook her head, slowly.

"So soon?"

"It is best not to try ourselves beyond our strength," she said. "But — we will not go too fast."

I do not remember much that she said. For I was silent — all at once, weak and rebellious. She spoke to me, recalling our first meeting, speaking of the home she had found. My head was turning. All the complications — the fatality that lay between us — all was nothing to the knowledge of the love that had looked at me out of the great dark eyes. I *would* not believe that this was the end. Somewhere, somehow — the future would be ours, if we had to wait — for twenty years.

We came to the end and, as I stood, all choked up, she took my hand and laid it against her heart — a moment.

"*Mon ami*, you will be there — always."

The light in her eyes is still before me as I write and the dear face transformed with all the pure happiness of a child.

"And now . . . ." she began, reluctantly.

"No — no! Not that word!"

"As you wish," she said, gravely. "Courage and God keep you, my dear."

She went up the steps slowly, looking back, and her eyes lingered long, before she could find courage to end a look that might be the last. Then the door closed and shut her from me.

And from these moments, sanctified in my memory, by the perverse turns of my fate, that seem to entangle all the skeins of my life, the good and the evil, I came back to meet — Letty.

[*The next instalment of "The Wasted Generation" will appear in September McClure's.*]

Clyde Fitch's Last Days

— *Continued from page 36*

By July, 1907, he was at Sandgate, in Kent, writing:

> "I am down here by the sea — the garden goes straight down to the water — for over Sunday with Percy Anderson. Beautiful weather at last! It is good to see and breathe. I am quite used up, for in the ten days since I came from France I have written, in collaboration with Cosmo Lennox, a new play for Frohman ('Her Sister'), I think for Ethel Barrymore. I had the chance & I needed to take advantage of it, so here I am with no digestion and no nerves; but I read the play to C. F. at 4 A. M. before he sailed, & he is enthusiastic. I will tell you all about it at Q. C. What a year I will have; it looks like this:
>
> The Truth — Marie Tempest. Probably till Christmas (London).
> The Truth — Italy.
> The Truth — Germany.
> The Truth — English Provinces (Decima Moore).
> The Truth — Clara Bloodgood in America.
> Ethel Barrymore.
> Blanche Walsh.
> Otis Skinner — an adaptation of a Balzac play I did for Frohman once (The Honor of the Family) produced in Paris this year and very successful.
> Toddles.
> The Bluff.
> The Manicure Girl (one act play in Vaudeville).
> Woman in the Case. No. 2 company, etc., etc."

In this letter, so full of prospects, he was still talking of the new house, and more anxious than ever to set sail for America. He was planning farewell visits to Quiet Corner, for now all of his friends had to shift their loyalty to The Other House.

The actual record of 1908, representing new first nights, was "Toddles" in March (it was given by Cyril Maude in England), on the 16th; "Girls" a week after, and an adaptation, "The Blue Mouse", from the German, in November.

"Girls" financially meant a great deal to Clyde; besides which, Skinner had met an unexpected triumph in "The Honor of the Family"; so, at Florence, Clyde had another fever of buying for The Other House, and in letters he was anticipating his new Westchester County home, near the Croton Lakes. But, just as he was dreaming of these quiet times, Maxine Elliott wrote him of her new theatre, and the desire she had to have a play by him. "I shall have to go to work hard," he declared, "& somehow I don't feel in the mood! I've been so seedy all spring, I haven't any *nerve*, nor much vitality. But I must get at it!" In Berlin, during April, 1908, he contemplates the proposal that "The Truth" be acted in about 300 theatres that dotted the land. "I go to Florence by myself to work," he says. "The press is very good in Italy for 'Truth', 'La Verita', but they complain of my Puritanism, my pathos, my 'exquisite wit', 'originality', and deep 'psychology.' But I think they were a little disappointed there were not Indians in it!!"

It was one of the characteristics of Clyde that, however enthusiastic he was by the wayside, he never once lost sight of the ultimate goal. When he bought the old farmhouse in Westchester County, just outside of Katonah, New York, he located immediately a certain position not far off, where he would eventually build and settle down to a quiet life. Even before he had moved into "The Other House", he was speaking of "Quiet Hills" — a sort of dream palace, where there would be a ballroom, and a grand staircase, and a picture gallery. In the midst of it, he was putting the finishing touches to "The Stupid Man", afterward called "The Bachelor" — which made the name of Charles Cherry.

The summer of 1908, he was at The Other House, inviting friends to keep him and the flower garden company. The three hundred acres he finally purchased at Katonah attracted him because of the drives and the hills. Clyde changed the apple trees of Quiet Corner for the terrace, where, under a red and white umbrella, shielded from view by a close-clipped hedge, he would do his morning's work; his portable leather case near, and a gong to summon the servant, when wanted. Outside the dining-room, in the rose garden, there was a pool filled with water lilies. In sunlight or in moonlight, the surroundings of The Other House had a fairy quality to them which pleased the boy quality — which was the poetry quality — of Clyde.

Once located in the new home, he wrote incessantly on "The Blue Mouse", which he laughed over, but did not relish doing, and "The City" began to evolve its terrific plot. The latter play meant everything to him at this time.

It was while he was working on "The Bachelor", which his notes show was variously called "The Bluff", "The Stupid Man" and "The Man Who Wouldn't Get Married", that David Belasco wrote him nothing would please him better than to have a play from his pen for the new Stuyvesant Theatre. But he was writing against the weight of the flesh, though the spirit was always willing. "The Bachelor" gave him much pleasure, but by the time it was tried out on the road he was too ill to see it. To Mr. Galloway he wrote, on February 14, 1909, "I have been wretchedly ill all winter — a case of grippe became chronic and went to my heart, and developed abscesses in my head, from which I am still suffering."

In and out of bed for rehearsals, he showed only slight signs of gained vitality, and the doctors held forth small hopes for his usual trip abroad. But even before "The Bachelor's" opening in New York, he was busy with the rehearsals of "A Happy Marriage." He brought to this play some of the finesse of psychology which was so distinctive in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and "The Truth." Sir Charles Wyndham bought it for London.

In the apple-blossom and lilac-time of The Other House, Clyde, in the Spring of 1909, resignedly set himself to the task of facing an American summer. He threw himself into the preparations of "The City"; and he was beginning to enjoy the distinction he had made for himself in so many quarters.

John Corbin had just been appointed to the staff of the New Theatre, of which Winthrop Ames was the head, and the two conceived the idea of having Fitch write something for the season's repertory. So on May 3 — which was his birthday — Corbin and Ames came to hear him read a play; it was afternoon, and he was scheduled for his usual birthday dinner in the evening with friends. But when seven o'clock arrived he was still reading, and he scribbled a note which he sent to his party friends; and it was not until nearly eight o'clock that he arrived, somewhat discouraged, for he felt that the play had not been liked.

Evidently he had overcome the scruples of his doctors, for he now began talking of going abroad toward the end of June, despite the fact that his old trouble, appendicitis, had returned to annoy him.

On June 1, he writes:

> "I've just come in from a walk down the road with Buck, Fiametta, and Betsy (a small fox terrier acquired today), also Charlay, & we walked across the meadow in the moonlight. . . . The swans sailed very softly, mirrored like Narcissus in the pool, & up in the rose garden it was thick with fireflies! It was exquisitely beautiful! . . . The roses

are thick with buds, getting ready for him (Mr. P —), and the petunias have mistaken the date & are already out!"

In view of the fact that he was going abroad late, and would return early because of rehearsals of "The City", the garden had been planted with flowers that would bloom late in the season.

Just before sailing, Clyde received word from London of the phenomenal success of his "The Woman in the Case." And this was one of the incentives for his going. And so we find him once more in his old haunts, trying to forget his illness, and being caught in a deluge of business, as letters and cards to folks at home show; besides which he was sending detailed instructions as to "The City" and the cast. On August 27, he wrote to his mother that "The Woman in the Case" had been sold for Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Australia and South Africa. He also sold "The Girl with the Green Eyes" to the manager of Ellis Jeffreys. He did this work and planned other work in spite of the drag upon his vitality. A trip through the Tyrol and then sailing for home on September 3 — these were the plans. In fact, they were all but consummated—he had turned, in his car, on the homeward path, when he was stricken suddenly and had to stop at Châlons-sur-Marne for the operation which should have been performed many years before.

There came to us in America, after it was all over, the news that the nuns who attended him were themselves fortified by the fortitude he showed in the final struggle. We were told they said of him that it was fortunate not all their patients endeared themselves as he did, for then suffering would be unbearable to those who watched by the bedside. He died on September 4, and the news brought genuine grief to the entire theatre-going world.

It is difficult to write impersonally of so personal a friend as Clyde Fitch. If this survey of his life has shown one thing, it is that here was a man with a rare atmosphere, whose loyalty was unimpeachable, whose service to art drew from him the best that was in him, who practically laid his life upon the altar of the theatre. Dying in the prime of his career, when he was beginning to sense a profounder point of view in his work, I look upon the incidents in his life as I would upon the picturesque life of a character out of fiction — he gave color to everything he interested himself in, he gave variety to all he touched. His tastes were wide and sympathetic. He was quick to estimate, he was free of prejudices, he was generous to the point of self-sacrifice. And to the day of his death he was earnestly striving to give freely of his best. A dozen years have passed since his death, and yet there is nothing chill in the memory of him. His letters have the quick, warm rush of personality about them. One speaks of him with expectancy as though he were in the next room. And theatrical men and women still say the place is not filled which he left at his death. A review of his life, I trust, will make him more friends. For even as friendship was the very essence of his life, I am beginning to believe it is also a large part of his immortality.

The Breaking Point

[*Continued from page 12*]

He went into his office, closed the door, and then, on the old leather couch with its sagging springs, he stretched himself out to finish his nap.

Almost immediately, however, the doorbell rang, and a moment later Minnie opened the door.

"Gentleman to see you, Doctor David."

He got up clumsily and settled his collar. Then he opened the door into his waiting-room.

"Come in," he said resignedly.

A small, dapper man, in precisely the type of clothes David most abominated, wearing light-colored spats, rose from his chair and looked at him with evident surprise.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake. A Doctor Livingstone left his seat number for calls at the box office of the Annex Theater last night — the 'Happy Valley' Company — but he was a younger man. I — —"

David stiffened, but he surveyed his visitor impassively from under his shaggy white eyebrows.

"I haven't been in a theater for a dozen years, sir."

Gregory was convinced that he had made a mistake. Like Louis Bassett, the very unlikeliness of Jud Clark being connected with the domestic atmosphere and quiet respectability of the old house made him feel intrusive and absurd. He was about to apologize and turn away, when he thought of something.

"There are two names on your sign. The other one, was he by any chance at the theater last night?"

"I think I shall have to have a reason for these inquiries," David said slowly.

He was trying to place Gregory, to fit him into the situation; straining back over ten years of security, racking his memory, without result.

"Just what have you come to find out?" he asked, as Gregory turned and looked around the room.

"The other Doctor Livingstone is your brother?"

"My nephew."

Gregory shot a sharp glance at him, but all he saw was an elderly man, with heavy white hair and fierce shaggy eyebrows, a portly and dignified elderly gentleman, rather resentfully courteous.

"Sorry to trouble you," he said. "I suppose I've made a mistake. I — is your nephew at home?"

"No."

"May I see a picture of him, if you have one?"

David's wild impulse was to smash Gregory to the earth, to annihilate him. His collar felt tight; and he pulled it away from his throat.

"Not unless I know why you want to see it."

"He is tall, rather spare? And he took a young lady to the theater last night?" Gregory persisted.

"He answers that description. What of it?"

"And he is your nephew?"

"My brother's son," David said steadily.

Somehow it began to dawn on him that there was nothing inimical in this strange visitor, that he was anxious, and ill at ease. There was, indeed, something almost beseeching in Gregory's eyes, as though he stood ready to give confidence for confidence. And, more than that, a sort of not unfriendly stubbornness, as though he had come to do something he meant to do.

"Sit down," David said, relaxing somewhat. "Certainly my nephew is making no secret of the fact that he went to the theater last night. If you'll tell me who you are — —"

But Gregory did not sit down. He stood where he was, and continued to eye David intently.

"I don't know just what it conveys to you, Doctor, but I am Beverly Carlysle's brother."

David lowered himself into his chair. His knees were suddenly weak under him. But he was able to control his voice.

"I see," he said. And waited.

"Something happened last night at the theater. It may be important. I'd have to see your nephew, in order to find out if it is. I can't afford to make a mistake."

David's ruddy color had faded. He opened a drawer of his desk and produced a copy of the photograph of Dick in his uniform. "Maybe this will help you."

Gregory studied it carefully, carrying it to the window to do so. When he confronted David again he was certain of himself and his errand for the first time, and his manner had changed.

"Yes," he said, significantly. "It does."

He placed the photograph on the desk, and sitting down, drew his chair close to David's. "I'll not use any names, Doctor. I think you know what I'm talking about. I was sure enough last night. I'm certain now."

David nodded. "Go on."

"We'll start like this. God knows I don't want to make any trouble. But I'll put a hypothetical case. Suppose that a man when drunk commits a crime and then disappears; suppose he leaves behind him a bad record and an enormous fortune; suppose then he reforms and becomes a useful citizen, and everything is buried."

Doctor David listened stonily. Gregory lowered his voice.

"Suppose there's a woman mixed up in that situation. Not guiltily, but there's a lot of talk. And suppose she lives it down, for ten

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years, and then goes back to her profession, in a play that parents take their children to see, and makes good. It isn't hard to suppose that neither of those two people wants the thing revived, is it?"

David cleared his throat.

"You mean, then, that there is danger of such a revival?"

"I think there is," Gregory said bitterly. "I recognized this man last night, and called a fellow who knew him in the old days, Saunders, our stage manager. And a newspaper man named Bassett wormed it out of Saunders. You know what that means."

David heard him clearly, but as though from a great distance.

"You can see how it appears to Bassett. If he's found it, it's the big story of a lifetime. I thought he'd better be warned."

When David said nothing, but sat holding tight to the arms of his old chair, Gregory reached for his hat and got up.

"The thing for him to do," he said, "is to leave town for a while. This Bassett is a hound-dog on a scent. They all are. He is Bassett of the *Times-Republican*. And he took Jud — he took your nephew's automobile license number."

Still David sat silent, and Gregory moved to the door.

"Get him away to-night, if you can."

"Thank you," David said. His voice was thick. "I appreciate your coming."

He got up dizzily, as Gregory said "Good evening" and went out. The room seemed very dark, and unsteady, and not quite familiar. So this was what had happened, after all the safe years! A man could work and build and pray, but if his house was built on the sand — —

As the outer door closed with a slam David fell to the floor with a crash.

BASSETT lounged outside the neat privet hedge which it was Harrison Miller's custom to clip with his own bachelor hands, and waited. And as he waited he tried to imagine what was going on inside, behind the neatly curtained windows of the old brick house.

He was tempted to ring the bell again, pretend to have forgotten something, and perhaps happen in on what might be drama of a rather high order; providing the man was Clark after all, it was fairly sure to be drama. He discarded the idea, however, and began his interested survey of the premises. Whoever conceived this sort of haven for Clark, if it were Clark, had shown considerable shrewdness. The town fairly smelt of respectability; the tree-shaded streets, the children in socks and small crisp-laundered garments, the houses set back, each in its square of shaved lawn, all peaceful, middle class and unexciting. The last town in the world for Judson Clark, the last profession, the last house, this shabby old brick before him.

He smiled, rather grimly, as he reflected that, if Gregory had been right in his identification, he was, beyond those windows just then, very possibly warning Clark against himself. Gregory would know his type, that he never let go. He drew himself up a little.

The house door opened, and Gregory came out, turning toward the station. Bassett caught up with him and put a hand on his arm.

"Well?" he said cheerfully. "It was, wasn't it?"

Gregory stopped dead and stared at him. Then:

"Old dog Tray!" he said sneeringly. "If your brain was as good as your nose, Bassett, you'd be a whale of a newspaper man."

"Don't bother about my brain. It's working fine to-day, anyhow. Well, what had he to say for himself?"

Gregory's mind was busy, and he had had a moment to pull himself together.

"We both get off together," he said, more amiably. "That fellow isn't Jud Clark and never was. He's a doctor, and the nephew of the old doctor there. They're in practise together."

"Did you see them both?"

"Yes."

Bassett eyed him. Either Gregory was a good actor, or the whole trail ended there after all. He himself had felt, after his interview with Dick, that the scent was false. And there was this to be said: Gregory had been in the house scarcely ten minutes. Long enough to acknowledge a mistake, but hardly long enough for any dramatic identification. He was keenly disappointed, but he had had long experience of disappointment, and after a moment he only said:

"Well, that's that. He certainly looked like Clark to me."

"I'll say he did."

"Rather surprised him, didn't you?"

"Oh, he was all right," Gregory said. "I didn't tell him anything, of course."

Bassett looked at his watch.

"I was after you, all right," he said, cheerfully. "But if I was barking up the wrong tree, I'm done. I don't have to be hit on the head to make me stop. Come and have a soda-water on me," he finished amiably. "There's no train until seven."

But Gregory refused.

"No, thanks. I'll wander on down to the station and get a paper."

The reporter smiled. Gregory was holding a grudge against him, for a bad night and a bad day.

"All right," he said affably. "I'll see you at the train. I'll walk about a bit."

He turned and started back up the street again, walking idly. His chagrin was very real. He hated to be fooled, and fooled he had been. Gregory was not the only one who had lost a night's sleep. Then, unexpectedly, he was hailed from the curbstone, and he saw with amazement that it was Dick Livingstone.

"Take you anywhere?" Dick asked. "How's the headache?"

"Better, thanks." Bassett stared at him. "No, I'm just walking around until train time. Are you starting out or going home, at this hour?"

"Going home. Well, glad the head's better."

He drove on, leaving the reporter gazing after him. So Gregory had been lying. He hadn't seen this chap at all. Then why — He walked on, turning this new phase of the situation over in his mind. Why this elaborate fiction, if Gregory had merely gone in, waited for ten minutes, and come out again?

It wasn't reasonable. It wasn't logical. Something had happened inside the house to convince Gregory that he was right. He had seen somebody, or something. He hadn't needed to lie. He could have said frankly that he had seen no one. But no, he had built up a fabric carefully calculated to throw Bassett off the scent.

He saw Dick stop in front of the house, get out and enter. And coming to a decision, he followed him and rang the door-bell. For a long time no one answered. Then the maid opened the door, her eyes red with crying, and looked at him with hostility.

"Doctor Richard Livingstone?"

"You can't see him."

"It's important."

"Well, you can't see him. Doctor David has just had a stroke. He's in the office now, on the floor."

She closed the door on him, and he turned and went away. It was all clear to him; Gregory had seen, not Clark, but the older man; had told him and gone away. And under the shock the older man had collapsed. That was sad. It was very sad. But it was also extremely convincing.

He sat up late that night again, running over the entries in his note-book. The old story, as he pieced it out, ran like this:

It had been eleven years ago, when, according to the old files, Clark had financed Beverly Carlysle's first starring venture. He had, apparently, started out in the beginning only to give her the publicity she needed. In devising it, however, he had shown a sort of boyish recklessness and ingenuity that had caught the interest of the press, and set newspaper men to chuckling wherever they met.

He had got together a dozen or so of young men like himself, wealthy, idle and reckless with youth, and, headed by him, they had made the exploitation of the young star an occupation. The newspapers referred to the star and her constellation as Beverly Carlysle and her Broadway Beauties. It had been unvicious, young, and highly entertaining, and it had cost Judson Clark his membership in his father's conservative old clubs.

FOR A TIME it livened the theatrical world with escapades that were harmless enough, if sensational. Then, after a time, newspaper row began to whisper that young Clark was in love with the girl. The Broadway Beauties broke up, after a wild farewell dinner. The audiences ceased to expect a row of a dozen youths, all dressed alike with gardenias in their buttonholes and perhaps red neckties with their evening suits, to rise in their boxes on the star's appearance and solemnly bow. And the star herself lost a little of the anxious look she frequently wore.

The story went, after a while, that Judson Clark had been refused, and was taking his refusal badly. Reporters saw him, carelessly dressed outside the stage door, waiting, and the story went that the girl had thrown him over, money and all, for her leading man. One thing was clear, Clark, not a drinker before, took to drinking hard, and after a time, after some unpleasant scenes probably, she refused to see him any more.

When the play closed in June, 1911, she married Howard Lucas, her leading man; his third wife. Lucas had been not a bad chap, a good-looking, rather negligible man, given to all-day Sunday poker, carefully valeted, not very keen mentally, but amiable. They had bought a house on East Fifty-sixth Street, and were looking for a new play with Lucas as co-star, when he unaccountably went to pieces nervously, stopped sleeping, developed a slight twitching of his handsome, rather vacuous face.

Judson Clark had taken his yacht and gone to Europe, and was reported from here and there not too favorably. But when he came back, in early September, he had apparently recovered from his infatuation, was his old, carefully dressed self again, and when interviewed, declared his intention of spending the winter on his Wyoming ranch.

Of course he must have heard of Lucas's breakdown, and equally of course he must have seen them both. What happened at that interview, by what casual attitude he allayed Lucas's probable jealousy and the girl's own nervousness, Bassett had no way of discovering. It was clear that he convinced them both of his good faith, for the next note in the reporter's book was simply a date, September 12th, 1911.

That was the day they had all started west together, traveling in Clark's private car, with Lucas, twitching slightly, smiling and waving farewell from a window.

The big smash did not come until the middle of October.

Bassett sat back and considered. He had a fairly clear idea of the conditions at the ranch. Daily riding, some little reading, and a great deal too much of each other. A sick man, too, unhappy in his exile, chafing against his restrictions, lonely and irritable. The girl, early seeing her mistake, and Clark's jealousy of her husband. The door into their apartment closing the thousand and one unconscious intimacies between man and wife, the breakfast for two going up the stairs, and below that hot-eyed boy, agonized and passionately jealous, yet meeting them and looking after them, their host and a gentleman.

Lucas took to drinking, after a time, to allay his sheer boredom. And Jud Clark drank with him. At the end of three weeks they were both drinking heavily, and were politely quarrelsome. Bassett could fill that also. He could see the girl protesting, watching, increasingly anxious, as she saw that Clark's jealousy was matched by her husband's.

A QUEER picture, he reflected, the three of them shut away on the great ranch, and every day some new tension, some new strain.

Then, one night at dinner, they quarreled, and Beverly left the table. She was going to pack her things and go back to New York. She had felt, probably, that something was bound to snap. And while she was up-stairs Clark had shot and killed Howard Lucas, and himself disappeared.

He had run, testimony at the inquest revealed, to the corral, and saddled a horse. Although it was only October, it was snowing hard, but in spite of that he had turned his horse toward the mountains. By midnight a posse from Norada had started out, and another up the Dry River Canyon, but the storm turned into a blizzard, and they were obliged to turn back. A few inches more snow, and they could not have got their horses out. A week or so later, with a crust of ice over it, a few of them began again, with no expectation, however, of finding Clark alive. They came across his horse on the second day, but they did not find him, and there were some among them who felt that, after all, old Elihu Clark's boy had chosen the better way. It was better to lie somewhere in that white grave than to be tried and convicted.

Bassett closed his note-book and lighted a cigar.

There was a big story to be had for the seeking, a whale of a story. He could go to the office, give them a hint, draw expense money and start for Norada the next night. He knew well enough that he would have to begin there, and that it would not be easy. Witnesses of the affair at the ranch would be missing now, or when found the first accuracy of their statements would either be dulled by time or have been added to with the passing years. The ranch itself might have passed into other hands. To reconstruct the events of ten years ago might be impossible, or nearly so. But that was not his problem. He would have to connect Norada with Haverly, Clark with Livingstone. One thing only was simple. If he found Livingstone's story was correct, that he had lived on a ranch near Norada, before the crime, and as Livingstone, then he would acknowledge that two men could look precisely alike and come from the same place, and yet not be the same. If not — —

But, after he had turned out his light and got into bed, he began to feel a certain distaste for his self-appointed task. If Livingstone was Clark, if after years of effort he had pulled himself up by his own boot straps, had made himself a man out of the reckless boy he had been, a decent and useful citizen, why pull him down? After all, the world hadn't lost much in Lucas; a sleek, not over-intelligent big animal, that had been Howard Lucas.

HE DECIDED to sleep over it, and by morning he found himself not only disinclined to the business, but firmly resolved to let it drop. Things were well enough as they were. The woman in the case was making good. Jud was making good. And nothing would restore Howard Lucas to that small theatrical world of his which had waved him good-bye at the station so long ago.

He shaved and dressed, his resolution still holding. He had indeed almost a conscious glow of virtue, for he was making one of those inglorious and unsung sacrifices which ought to bring a man credit in the next world, because they certainly get him nowhere in this. He was quite affable to the colored waiter who served his breakfasts in the bachelor apartment house, and increased his weekly tip to a dollar and a half. Then he sat down and opened the *Times-Republican*, skimming over it, after his habit, for his own space, and frowning over a bunch of exclamation and interrogation points unwittingly set behind the name of the mayor.

On the second page, however, he stopped, coffee cup in air.

"Is Judson Clark Alive? Wife of former ranch manager makes confession."

A woman named Margaret Donaldson, it appeared, fatally injured by an automobile near the town of Norada, Wyoming, had made a confession on her death-bed. In it she stated that, afraid to die without shriving her soul, she had sent for the sheriff of Dallas County and had made the following confession:

That following the tragedy at the Clark ranch her husband, John Donaldson, since dead, had immediately, following the inquest, where he testified, started out into the mountains in the hope of finding Clark alive, as he knew of a deserted ranger's cabin where Clark sometimes camped when hunting. It was his intention to search for Clark at this cabin and effect his escape. He carried with him food and brandy.

That, owing to the blizzard, he was very nearly frozen, that he was obliged to abandon his horse, shooting it before he did so, and that, close to death himself, he finally reached the cabin and there found Judson Clark, the fugitive, who was very ill.

She further testified that her husband cared for Clark for four days, Clark being delirious at the time, and that on the fifth day on foot he started back for the Clark ranch, having left Clark locked in the cabin. On the following night he took three horses, two saddled, and one packed with food and supplies, and accompanied by herself, they went back to the cabin in the mountains, where she remained to care for Clark, while her husband returned to the ranch to prevent suspicion.

That, looking out of her window, she had perceived a man outside in the snow coming toward the cabin, and that she had thought it one of the searching party. That her first instinct had been to lock him out, but that she had finally admitted him, and that thereafter he had remained and had helped her to care for the sick man.

Unfortunately for the rest of the narrative, it appeared that the injured woman had here lapsed into a coma, and had subsequently died, carrying her further knowledge with her.

But, the article went on, the story opened a field of infinite surmise. In all probability Judson Clark was still alive, living under some assumed identity, free of punishment, outwardly respectable. Three years before he had been adjudged legally dead, and the estate divided, under bond of the legatees.

Close to a hundred million dollars had gone to charities, and Judson Clark, wherever he was, would be dependent on his own efforts for existence. He could have summoned all the legal talent in the country to his defense, but instead he had chosen to disappear.

[The third instalment of Mary Roberts Rinehart's serial, "The Breaking Point", will appear in September McClure's.]

The Campbells Are Coming

[*Continued from page 15*]

'The Campbells are coming, tra la, tra la,
The Campbells are coming, tra la!'

There's a bit of Scotch in us, and I feel my blood tingle to those blithe martial strains! What's the rule for drying dishes, sis? Do you make 'em shine like a collar from a Chinese laundry, or is the dull domestic finish in better form?"

"If you break that plate I'll poison your breakfast coffee! If I didn't know you for a sober boy I'd think you'd been keeping tryst with a bootlegger! You don't seem to understand that you sat there at the table spending money like Midas on a spree. You couldn't borrow a cent if you tried!"

"Borrow!" he mocked. "I'm going to pull this thing off according to specifications, and I'm not going to borrow a cent. I expect to be refusing offers of money gently but firmly within a week. Observe my smoke, dearest one! Watch my fleet sail right up to the big dam in Sycamore River laden like the ships of Tarshish that brought gifts of silver and gold and ivory, apes and peacocks for Solomon's delight!"

"You're not calling the Campbells apes and peacocks!"

"Not on your life! All those rich treasures will be yours and mine, O Helen of Kernville! The Campbells are rich enough. We're not going to embarrass them by piling any more wealth on 'em. But the magic of the name of Walter Scott Campbell, if properly invoked, manipulated and flaunted, will put us all on the high road to fame and fortune."

"You'll break mama's heart if you begin bragging about her acquaintance with this woman she hasn't seen for a quarter of a century! She's already warned you against vulgar boasting."

"Keep mother busy planning for the care and entertainment of our guests. I'll hold father steady. I've got time enough to plan the campaign before Sunday. I'll lay down a barrage and throw myself upon the enemy. To the cheerful strains of 'The Campbells are Coming!' we'll cross the valley of death and plant our flag on the battlements without a scratch or the loss of a man."

By the time the kitchen was in order he had her laughing and quite won to his idea that it was perfectly legitimate to avail themselves fully of the great opportunity offered by the Campbells' visit.

"Nothing undignified at all! The Campbells will never be conscious of my proceedings, as they don't read the Kernville papers and will linger only a day. By the way, it happens that Bill Townley, a fraternity brother of mine, has just been made city editor of the *Journal*, and Billy and I used to pull some good stunts when we were together on the 'varsity. When I hiss the password in his ear and tell him I'll need a little space daily for a few weeks he'll go right down the line for me. And the boys on the *Evening Sun* are friends of mine, too. They have less space, but they make up for it with bigger head-lines."

"You're a dear boy, John, if you are crazy! I believe you can do most anything you tackle, and I'll stand by you whether you land us in jail or in the poorhouse."

"Bully for you, sis!" And then lowering his voice, "This chance may never come again! I'm going to wring every possible drop out of it even as you wring out that dish-rag. By the way, if it isn't impertinent, when did you see Ned last?"

"Not since the day you saw me walking with him — for the last time. But he telephoned this afternoon. He wanted to come up this evening."

"Well, he's of age and the curfew law can't touch him. What was his answer?"

"I told him I wouldn't be at home. I'm not going to have him calling here when his mother barely speaks to me! Ned didn't say so, but I suspect she gave him a good scolding for taking me instead of Sally to the Seebrings' dance."

"How do you get that? If he didn't tell you — —!"

"Of course not! But Sally had to go with her mother and there were more girls than men; so Sally only had about half the dances and the rest of the time sat on the side-lines with her mother and Mrs. Kirby. I caught a look now and then that was quite suggestive of murder in the first degree."

"Helen," said John, lifting his eyes dreamily to the ceiling, "I'll wager a diamond tiara against one of your delicious buckwheat cakes that you and I will get an invitation to the Kirby party."

"Taken! The cards went out yesterday. I met some of the girls downtown this morning, and they were buzzing about it."

"Let 'em buzz! Ours will probably come special delivery with a note of explanation that in copying the list or something of the kind we were regrettably omitted. And let me see," he went on, "I rather think Ned will ask you to go to the party with him. It occurs to me that old man Shepherd owns some land he's trying to sell to the Transcontinental, and the railway people are shy of it because it's below the flood line on our perverse river. Yes; I think we may jar the Shepherds a little, too."

"Why, John!" she laughed, "you almost persuade me that you've already got free swing at the Campbell boodle!"

"I look at it this way, Helen. We can all spend our own money; it's getting the benefit of other people's money that requires genius. I must now step down to the public library and the *Journal* office to get dope on the Campbells. Also, I'll have to sneak mother's photograph of Mrs. Campbell out of the house. A few illustrations will give tone to our publicity stuff."

"Be bold, John, but not too bold!"

"The Campbells are coming, tra la!" he sang mockingly, and seizing her hand, hummed the air and danced back and forth across the kitchen. "By Jing, that tune's wonderful for the toddle!" he cried. "We'll make all Kernville step to it."

"THE POINT we want to hammer in is that we—the Ward family—are the only people in Sycamore County who are in touch with the Campbell power, social and financial," John elucidated to his friend Townley. "Modest, retiring to the point of utter self-effacement as we, the Wards, are, no other family in the community has ever been honored by a visit from so big a bunch of assets. And when it comes to social prominence their coming will link Kernville right on to Newport, where old Walter Scott Campbell owns one of the lordliest villas. Here's a picture of it I found in 'Summer Homes of Great Americans.' We'll feed in the pictorial stuff from time to time, using this photograph of Mrs. Campbell mother keeps on the upright at home, and that cut of Walter Scott I dug out of your office graveyard."

"You've got to hand it to that lad," said Townley ruminatively. "Anything you can do to put me in the way of a soft snap as private secretary for his majesty would be appreciated. I've had considerable experience in keeping my friends out of jail and I might be of use to him."

John rose early on Sunday morning to inspect his handiwork in the section of the *Journal* devoted to the goings and comings, the entertainments past and prospective, and the club activities of Kernville. Townley had eliminated the usual group of portraits of the brides of the week that Mrs. Walter Scott Campbell's handsome countenance might be spread across three columns in the center of the page. The photograph of Mrs. Campbell had been admirably reproduced, and any one would know instantly that she was the sort of woman who looked well in evening gowns and that her pearl necklace was of unquestionable authenticity.

The usual double column "lead" was devoted wholly to the announcement of the visit of the Walter Scott Campbells of New York and Newport to the Robert Fleming Wards of Kernville, with all biographical data necessary to establish the Campbells in the minds of intelligent readers as persons of indubitable eminence entitled to the most distinguished consideration in every part of the world. Mrs. Campbell, John had learned from "Distinguished American Women", was a Mayflower descendant, a Colonial Dame and a Daughter of the Revolution, besides being a trustee of eighteen separate and distinct philanthropies, and all these matters were impressively set forth. Mr. Campbell's clubs in town and country required ten lines for their recital. Any jubilation over the coming of so much magnificence was neatly concealed under the generalization that the horizon of Kernville was rapidly widening and that there was bound to be

New Beauty

Will come if you whiten the teeth

This pleasant test has shown to millions the way to prettier teeth. Also to cleaner, safer teeth.

To countless homes it has brought new tooth protection. This is to urge that you find out how much it means to you.

Combats the film

One object is to combat the film — this viscous film you feel. Most tooth troubles are now traced to that.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old brushing methods did not effectively combat it. So very few people have escaped some troubles caused by film.

Film-coats discolor, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Despite the tooth-brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Attacks it daily

Now dental science has found ways to daily combat that film. Many careful tests have proved them efficient. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Each use attacks the film in effective ways. Then it keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

The delightful effects

There are other effects now considered essential in view of starchy diets.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which otherwise may cling and form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of the acids which cause tooth decay.

All these results come from every application. And the benefits show quickly. You will see and feel effects which the old ways do not bring. You will realize what they mean to you and yours.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A few days tell

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Then read the reasons in the book we send. Act now.

627

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept 873, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

....
....

Only one tube to a family.

more and more communication between New York and Kernville. Mrs. Ward, the article concluded, had not yet decided in just what manner she would entertain for the Campbells, but the representative people of the city would undoubtedly have an opportunity to meet her guests.

"The first gun is fired!" John whispered thrusting the paper through Helen's bedroom door. "Read and ponder well!"

Mrs. Ward read the announcement aloud at the table as soberly as though it were a new constitution for her favorite club.

"That Miss Givens who does the society news for the *Journal* has more sense than I gave her credit for," she said. "There isn't a word in that piece that isn't true. But that portrait of Ruth is a trifle too large; you ought to have warned them about that! When Tetrazzini sang here they didn't print her picture half as big as that."

"Well, mother, the *Journal* simply begged for a photograph. People of note don't mind publicity. They simply eat it up!"

"Well, the article is really very nice," said Mrs. Ward, "but I hope they won't say anything more until the Campbells arrive."

John, aware that several columns more bearing upon the Campbell visit were already in type in the *Journal* office, was grateful to Helen for changing the subject.

ON TUESDAY the *Journal's* first page contained a new article on the crying need of enlarged railway facilities, adroitly written to embody the hopes of the transportation committee of the Chamber of Commerce that when Mr. Walter Scott Campbell of the board of directors of the Transcontinental paid his expected visit to the city he would take steps to change the reactionary policy of the road's operating department. The same article stated with apparent authority that Robert Fleming Ward, the well-known attorney, whose guest Mr. Campbell would be, had pledged himself to assist the Chamber of Commerce to the utmost in urging Kernville's needs upon Mr. Campbell.

"See here, John, you've got to be careful about this Campbell business!" Mr. Ward's tone was severe. "I know without your telling me you inspired that piece in this morning's paper. Campbell never saw me in his life and that article gives the impression that he and I are old cronies. It's going to cause us a lot of embarrassment."

"Sorry if it bothers you, father; but there's nothing untrue in that article! You'll be the only man in town who can get Campbell's ear. If he refuses to interest himself in that sort of thing, that's his affair."

The stenographer knocked to announce Mr. Pickett.

"Say to him," replied John, indifferently, "that we are in conference, but he can see us in just a moment."

"Pickett!" exclaimed Ward, Senior. "What on earth brings him here?"

"The Campbells are coming," replied John with a grin. "Pickett's president of the Water Power Company, and he wants to line us up to get Campbell interested in making a new bond deal."

"Humph! If that's what he wants I like his nerve. We don't even speak when we meet."

"You'll be speaking now! Let's go out and give him the glad hand of brotherly greeting."

A little diffident at first, Wesley T. Pickett warmed under the spell of the Wards' magnanimity.

"I've regretted very much our little differences — —" he began.

"There's no feeling on our side at all, Mr. Pickett," John declared and his father, a little dazed, murmured his acquiescence, and eyed with interest a formidable bundle of documents in Pickett's hands.

"Fact is," remarked Pickett, with a sheepish grin, "you were dead right on that matter of the pollution of the river. Swiggart probably did the best he could with our defense, but you were right when you told me I'd save money and avoid arousing hostile feeling in the community by pleading guilty."

"It's always disagreeable to be obliged to tell a man he hasn't a good case," Ward announced.

"Well, I want you to know I respect you for your honesty. Swiggart encouraged me to think he might get us off on some technical defect in the statute, and it cost me a two thousand dollar fee to find he was wrong."

"The point he raised was an interesting one," Ward remarked mildly, "and he might have made it stick."

"But he didn't!" Pickett retorted a little savagely. "Now I got a matter I want the God's truth about, absolutely. It's a row I've got into with a few of my stockholders in the glass company. The fools got the idea of freezing me out! It's all in these papers, and I want you to give it all the time it needs, but I want an opinion — no more than you can get on a letter sheet. Swiggart uses too many words and I've got to have a yes or no."

The thought of being frozen out caused Mr. Pickett to swell with indignation. He turned from father to son in an unvoiced but eloquent appeal to be saved from so impious an assault upon his dignity.

"Certainly, Mr. Pickett," said the senior Ward, accepting the papers. "We'll be glad to take up the matter. It's possible I may have to ask some questions — —"

"That will be all right, Ward! I don't mind telling you I'm a good deal worried about this thing. I'm at the Elks' Club 'most every noon, and if you'll just telephone when you're ready to see me we can have lunch together. Now, I guess a retainer's the usual thing. What do you say to a thousand or two?"

John with difficulty refrained from screaming that two would be much more to the taste of the firm, but his father's gentle and slightly tremulous murmur that one thousand would be satisfactory stilled him. The check lay on the desk while Pickett abused the enemies who were trying to wrest from him the control of the glass company.

"I'm familiar with the general question you indicate," said Ward, Senior; "I went into it a while back in a similar case for a client: we shall give it our best attention."

"I got confidence in you!" blurted Pickett. "That's why I brought the job here." He thrust a big cigar into his mouth.

"Notice by the paper," remarked Pickett, "that Campbell of the Transcontinental's comin' out. If you could arrange it, I'd like a chance to talk to him about the Water Power bonds the Sutphen Trust's handled for us. I went to New York a couple of weeks ago to see about refunding and I couldn't get near anybody but the fourth vice-president. Wouldn't want to bother you, but if I could just get a chance at Campbell and show him the plant — —"

"I'm sure that can be arranged very easily," John answered quickly. "It will be a pleasure to arrange a meeting for you."

"I'd particularly appreciate it," said Pickett, shaking hands with both of them; and John accompanied him to the head of the stairway, where they shook hands again.

"YOU DON'T think," asked Ward, Senior, looking up from Pickett's papers, which he had already spread out on his desk —"you don't really think the Campbells had anything to do with this — —"

"Not a thing, dad!" John replied gaily. "I'll just call up Helen and tell her to go ahead with the things necessary to put our house in order for royalty!"

John had deposited Pickett's check and was crossing the lobby of the Kernville National when he met Jason V. Kirby.

"Hello, John!" exclaimed the brick manufacturer affably. "Haven't seen you round much of late. Funny I ran into you; just going up to see you. You know Taylor's my lawyer, but he's in Chicago trying a long case, and I got an abstract of title I'm in a hurry to have examined. Glad if you or your father would pass on it. Farm I'm buying out in Decatur township."

"Certainly, Mr. Kirby; we can give it immediate attention," John replied as though it were a common occurrence for him to pick up business in this fashion.

To Kirby's suggestion that if he didn't mind he might walk over to the brick company's office and get the abstract John answered that he didn't mind in the least. The abstract was bulky and John roughly estimated that a report on it would be worth at least a hundred dollars. Kirby explained that the land was needed for the extension of the brick business and that he had taken a ten-day option to keep a rival company from picking it up.

"Look here, John," remarked Kirby carelessly, as John started off, "I see that the Campbells are coming out to visit your folks. Don't let 'em overlook Kirby brick. We're reachin' right out for New York business."

"Certainly, Mr. Kirby. Father has it in mind to take Mr. Campbell for an inspection of all our industries, and I'll give you the tip so you can be all set to show off your plant."

"Occurs to me Campbell might make a short speech to our workmen; just a nice friendly jolly, you understand."

"That will be perfectly simple, Mr. Kirby. Trust me to arrange it."

When John and his father reached home, Helen fell upon her brother's neck.

"I've lost that wager! We're invited!"

"Ah! The poison is at work, is it? Did it come special post, or did their dusky Senegambian bear the cards hither upon a golden plate?"

"Neither! Mrs. Kirby and Jeannette called and left them personally. I was making bread when they arrived, but I had the presence of mind to shed my apron on my way to the door to let them in. Mother was darning socks, but she came down and they stayed so long the bread burned."

"A few loaves of bread are nothing — nothing!"

"But, John, dear, I think maybe —" began Mrs. Ward uncertainly and paused, noting that her husband was emptying a satchel of important looking papers. He appeared more cheerful than she had seen him in years.

"Better let John have his way," said Ward, Senior. "The Campbells are driving business into the office and we're not going to turn it away."

"It's your ability that's bringing the business; you've always been a bigger man than Taylor or Swiggart!" declared Mrs. Ward.

"We'll pretend that's it anyhow," Ward assented. "There's a mighty interesting question in that case of Pickett's. You may be sure I'm going to give it my best care."

"I'm so proud of you, Robert!"

"Be proud of John," he laughed; "the boy's bound to make or ruin us in these next few weeks."

It was astonishing the number of ways in which the prospective visit of the Campbells became a matter of deep concern to Kernville. Billy Townley had entered with zest into John's campaign, and Martin Cowdery, the owner of the *Journal*, wired instructions from Washington to cut things loose on the Campbell visit. Under the same potent inspiration the *Journal's* venerable editorial writer took a vacation from his regular business of explaining and defending the proprietor's failure to land a fish hatchery for the old Sycamore district and celebrated the approach of the Campbells under such captions as "The Dawn of a New Era" and "Stand up, Kernville!" He called loudly upon the mayor to clean the streets that their shameful condition might not offend the eyes and the nostrils of the man of millions.

The *Sun*, not to be outdone, boldly declared that Campbell was coming to Kernville as the representative of interests that were seeking an eligible site for a monster steel casting plant, an imaginative flight that precipitated a sudden call for a meeting of the Bigger Kernville Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, and the expenditure of fifteen dollars with war tax to wire a set of resolutions to Walter Scott Campbell. A five-line dispatch in the press report announcing that Walter Scott Campbell had given half a million toward the endowment of a hospital in Honolulu was handled as a local item, quite as though Kernville alone vibrated to his generous philanthropies.

"Helen, we've got 'em going!" John chortled at the beginning of the second week. "Three automobile agents have offered me their biggest cars to carry the Campbells hither and yon. I'm encouraging competition for the honor. The Chamber of Commerce wants to give a banquet for our old friend Walter. Old man Shepherd climbed our stairs to-day, risking apoplexy at every step, to ask as a special favor that the Chamber be granted this high privilege."

"NED'S ASKED me to go to the Kirby party with him," confessed Helen. "The embargo seems to be off."

"Ha!" cried John dramatically. "Mrs. Hovey called me up to request my presence at dinner Wednesday night. Alice has a friend visiting her. Alice with the hair so soft and so brown, as stated in the ballad, is the dearest girl in the world next to you, sis; but her mama! Ah, mama has seen a great light in the heavens!"

The population of Kernville was now divided into two classes, those who would in all likelihood be permitted to meet the Campbells, and those who could hardly hope for this coveted privilege. The *Journal* followed a picture of the Campbells' Newport villa with a counterfeit presentment of the *White Gull*, which had almost the effect of anchoring the Campbells' seagoing yacht in the muddy Sycamore at the foot of Harrison Street.

"The yacht's the biggest thing we've pulled yet," John announced to Helen, a few days after the craft's outlines had been made familiar to the *Journal's* constituency. "Since we sprung it our office has drawn four good cases, not including the collection business of the Tilford Casket Company, which ought to be good for a thousand bucks a year if the death rate in the rich valley of the Sycamore doesn't go down on us."

"It's wonderful, John!" said Helen, in an awed tone. "Mrs. Montgomery spent an hour with mother this afternoon talking of the good old times, and how all us old families must stand together, and she insisted on throwing a tea for Mrs. Campbell — just for our old friends — you know how she talks! And then Mrs. Everett Crawford invaded our home and interfered terribly with the paper hangers while she begged to be allowed to give a dinner for the Campbells in the new home they've built with boodle they've made canning our native fruits."

"SPLENDID! There may be some business there before we get through with it! Young Freddie Crawford is the gayest of our joy riders, and it would be worth a big retainer to keep him out of the penal farm."

A second stenographer had been established in the office of Ward & Ward to care for the increased business when Cowdery left the halls of Congress for a look at his fences, held conferences with John in an upper room of the Kipperly House, sacred to political conspiracy, and caused the *Journal* forthwith to launch a boom for John Ward for prosecuting attorney subject to the decision of the April primaries.

"Look here, little brother," said Helen, coming in from a dance to which Ned Shepherd had taken her, and finding John at work on one of Ward & Ward's new cases, "we've got to put on brakes."

"What's troubling you, sis? Isn't everybody treating you all right?"

"A queen couldn't receive more consideration! But what's worrying me is how we're going to satisfy these silly people. If all the plutocrats in New York should come to visit us we couldn't spread them around in a way to please all our fellow townsmen. We're certainly in the limelight! People were buzzing me to-night about the prosecutorship — say, you'll win in a walk. But tell me what you think Cowdery's going to expect from you in return? Does he want to shake the Campbell cherry-tree?"

John eyed her with philosophical resignation.

"Now that you've been enfranchised by the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of this more or less free republic, you must learn to view matters with a mind of understanding. Cowdery hankers for a promotion to the senate. If the accursed money interests of the nation are persuaded that he is not a menace to the angels of Wall Street they can sow some seed over the rich soil of this noble commonwealth that will be sure to bear fruit. There's a lot of Eastern capital invested in the state and a word carelessly spoken by the right persons, parties or groups in tall buildings in New York, and a substantial corruption fund sent out from the same quarter will do much to help Cowdery through the primary. In me, sweet child, Cowdery sees a young man of great promise who can hitch the powerful Campbell to his wagon."

"And if you can't do the hitching — —?"

"Been giving thought to that, sis. Those resolutions the enterprising Bigger Kernville Committee sent Campbell annoy me a great deal. We can only hope that Walter has a sense of humor. The *Journal's* got a new untouched photograph of him and the boy looks cheerful. He has a triple chin and there are lines around his eyes and mouth that argue for a mirthful nature. The rest, dearest, is on the knees of the gods!"

It was in the third week of Mr. John Marshal Ward's vigorous campaign of education that Walter Scott Campbell, in his office in New York, tossed the last of the letters he had been answering to his stenographer and rang for his secretary.

A pale young man entered and waited respectfully for the magnate to look up.

"Parker, where the deuce did you get this stuff?" Campbell asked.

"They came in our usual press clipping service. Your order covers the better papers in the larger towns where you have interests. It's not often I find anything worth showing you."

"Well, don't let me miss anything like this!" replied Campbell with a chuckle.

He unfolded a page that had been sent complete, being indeed the society page of the Kernville *Morning Journal* of the previous Sunday. Campbell chuckled again, much to the relief of the pale secretary, who feared he might have brought to his employer's attention some news of evil omen. Campbell continued to read, chuckling as he rapidly turned over the cuttings.

"You look a little run down, Parker," he remarked affably. "A change of air would do you good. Give Miss Calderwood my calendar of appointments and any data I may need in the next few days, and take the first train for Kernville. Study this stuff carefully and find out what it's all about. There are some resolutions from the Kernville Chamber of Commerce about a site for a steel casting plant. Curious about that! Must have been a leak somewhere. We discussed possible locations in that secret conference at Pittsburg but Kernville wasn't mentioned. But that town, with its water power, might possibly be just right. Give it a looking over, but be very guarded in all your inquiries. And learn all you can about these Wards, father and son."

"Yes, Mr. Campbell," and Parker glanced at his watch.

"Mrs. Ward is an old friend of Mrs. Campbell — you understand. There's an old attachment and an obligation. Mrs. Ward was exceedingly kind to Mrs. Campbell back in their school days when my wife was ill. She has never forgotten it."

"My inquiries as to the Wards are to be made in a sympathetic spirit, I understand, sir!"

"We are scheduled to stop at Kernville on our way to California — is that right?"

"Yes, Mr. Campbell. Your car is ordered attached to the Transcontinental Limited leaving at five twenty-one on Tuesday, February seventeen."

"Take several days to this investigation. Learn what you can of these people, the town itself and so on. All this whoop and hurrah out there is unusual. Most amusing thing that's turned up since they wanted me to go out to some town and preside at a barbecue. What place was that?"

"Scottsburg, Indiana, during the campaign of 1916," replied the invaluable Parker.

"A great people, those of the Middle West," remarked Mr. Campbell reflectively. "As the phrase goes, you've got to hand it to them. That's all, Parker."

Mr. Elwell Parker had frequently played the rôle of confidential investigator for Walter Scott Campbell, and established the following evening at the Kipperly House, he began his labors with his usual intelligence, thoroughness and discretion. Within twenty-four hours there was little pertaining to the Wards, the social and business conditions of Kernville that he did not know. Twenty-four hours more sufficed for his complete enlightenment as to the thriving city's advantages as a manufacturing point, the value and possibilities of its water power, and the financial and moral status of its leading citizens. He thereupon wrote a report, condensed it, and then imparted it by telephone to the magnate.

The famous Campbell chuckle rewarded the secretary several times. The idea that the son of his wife's quondam schoolmate was shaking the foundations of Kernville to bring the inhabitants to a realization of the high condescension of the Walter Scott Campbells in visiting their city, with resulting benefits to the firm of Ward & Ward, tickled Walter Scott enormously.

"Very good, Parker! Come back at your convenience. Subscribe for the local papers in your name."

The Campbells' visit was still ten days distant when John, rising in court to ask for an injunction against certain lawless persons who were removing gravel from the pits of a company that had lately carried its business to Ward & Ward, was interrupted by the bailiff who handed him a telegram.

"If the court please — —"

The judge nodded, not a little impressed as the young attorney tore open the envelope and scanned the message, which read:

"Have recommended your firm to certain corporations in which I am interested to counsel them in legal and business matters affecting your city. Please feel no compulsion to accept their commissions if not wholly agreeable to you.

W. S. Campbell."

John thrust the message carelessly into his trousers' pocket, straightened his shoulders and proceeded to a terse explanation of the injury inflicted upon his client and the grounds upon which he sought the immediate relief of a restraining order.

The order was granted and in the midst of a parley over the amount of bond to be given by the petitioner the bailiff delivered into John's hands three more telegrams, one from the Sutphen Loan & Trust Company, another from The Ironsides Steel Casting Company, another from the manager of the Transcontinental Lines west of Buffalo.

The message of the Sutphen Loan & Trust Company stated that it was sending an engineer to examine the plant of the Sycamore Water Power Company and would appreciate such confidential assistance as Ward & Ward might give him as to the personnel of the corporation. One of the vice-presidents of the steel casting company wished to make an appointment with Ward & Ward at the earliest date possible, letter of explanation to follow; matter strictly confidential. The Transcontinental official would reach Kernville shortly to take up the matter of certain improvements, and wished a conservative estimate of the local needs uninfluenced by the Chamber of Commerce or owners of property that might be needed in extensions. Matter confidential; letter to follow; please wire answer.

Ward, senior, with law books overflowing upon the floor from his desk, heard John's report of his success in protecting the gravel pits, read the telegrams, and asked hoarsely:

"Are we crazy, John, or has the whole world gone mad?"

"Nothing of the kind! We've been discovered; that's all! Campbell's a man of discernment, and he's spotted us as the solidest and most trustworthy citizens and lawyers of the Sycamore valley. Though all these messages are addressed to me, it's the brains of the firm he's recommending and that's you. I'm only the field man and business getter."

"You've certainly got the business, son! Not counting anything we may get out of those people Campbell's sending us, we've got at least twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of business on the books right now!"

"Don't look so scared, dad! We're handling it all right. Within a week I've turned down four divorce cases and a breach of promise suit with love letters I'd rejoice to read to a farmer jury! Pick and choose; that's our motto! Where are the papers in Shipton *versus* Hovey. I'm getting a settlement there that will save Hovey about ten thousand bucks, and I want to tell him about it when I go up to see Alice to-night. I'll now wire our thanks to Campbell and date up these people he's sending to see us. Those wise guys that run the Chamber of Commerce are going to be frantic when they find the hope of a bigger Kernville lies right here in our office."

"I NEVER expected a simple tea would cause so much trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward at the dinner table five days before the day set for the Campbell visit. "I've simply got to send out the cards to-morrow!"

"Let me see that list again," said John. "It's first-rate as it stands. You've put in all our new clients and that's the main thing. But if Mrs. Shepherd is to pour chocolate, you'll have to affix Mrs. Hovey to the teapot to prevent hard feeling. I've got everything all set with Townley to make a big spread of Helen's engagement to Ned and mine to Alice next Sunday."

"Please don't be too noisy about it," pleaded Helen.

"Circulation of both sheets has gone up, sis. Everybody in the Sycamore valley's on tiptoe for news of the Wards and Campbells. To-morrow the *Journal* will print exclusive information from our office that the mighty Ironsides corporation is to build a plant here. The happy word that the railroad yards are to be doubled and the shops enlarged will come from headquarters, but father will be interviewed to make sure we get the credit."

"I think I understand everything," said Helen, gazing musingly at the engagement ring of which she had been the happy possessor for just twenty-four hours, "except how Mr. Campbell began sending those people to you and father. You might almost think it was a joke of some kind."

"The joke certainly isn't on us! I've decided to turn down the nomination for prosecutor. As things are going I'd be a fool to sacrifice my private practise for a public job. The general counsel of the Transcontinental's feeling us out as to whether we'll take the local attorneyship of that rascally corporation. Canby Taylor's had it for twenty years, and it would be some triumph to add it to our string of scalps."

The invitation list, rigidly revised and cut to one hundred, was finally acceptable to all the members of the family, and Helen and John had begun to address the envelopes when this task was interrupted by the delivery of a telegram.

"It's for you, mother!" said Helen, taking the envelope from the housemaid who had been installed in the household against the coming of the Campbells.

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Mrs. Ward settled herself to read with the resigned air of one inured to the idea that telegrams are solely a medium for communicating bad news.

"What is it, mother? Somebody dead?" asked John without looking up from the envelope he was addressing.

"Worse!" murmured Mrs. Ward, staring vacantly.

"Nothing can be worse!" ejaculated Helen, catching the bit of paper as it fell fluttering to the floor. "The Campbells are not coming!" she gasped.

"Not coming!" faltered Robert Fleming Campbell.

"Read it, for heaven's sake!" commanded John.

Helen, with difficulty bringing her eyes to meet the dark tidings, began to read:

"So sorry we are obliged to change our plans and cannot pay you the visit to which we had looked forward with so much pleasure."

"It's horrible! It's positively tragic," sobbed Mrs. Ward.

"Hurry on, Helen!" ordered John. "There's a lot more of it."

In a broken voice Helen continued:

"Walter feels that he ought to attend a conference of Southern bankers unexpectedly called for February eighteen at Baltimore, and we are obliged to defer the California trip indefinitely. However, we are going down in the yacht and Walter has happily solved the whole problem by insisting that you all come to New York and make the cruise with us."

"Glory! glory, hallelujah!" John shouted.

"The yacht is big enough to be comfortable for even a poor sailor like me, so we can have a cozy time together. We want your husband, son and daughter to come, of course, and you will be our guests throughout the journey. The manager of the Transcontinental will put his private car at your disposal. Do wire at once that you will come. With much love. Ruth Campbell."

"Can you beat it! *Can* you beat it!" cried John.

"After all this talk — and the publicity and everything —" his mother began.

"And all these people who've brought us business in the hope of meeting Campbell and getting favors from him!" his father added hopelessly.

"My dear parents!" cried John pleadingly, flinging up his arm with a dramatic gesture — "my *dear* parents, nothing could be more fortunate! If the Campbells had come we'd have been hard put to it to please all these people who want the joy of shaking millions by the hand. The old boy very shrewdly switched all these business matters to father and me to handle so we've already got about everything Kernville needs, and we've done it in a way that makes us the best advertised law firm in the state!"

"But the humiliation —" his mother began in a hoarse whisper.

"Humiliation nothing!" he caught her up. "Don't you realize that an announcement that the Campbells are sending a private car to haul us down to their yacht will make the biggest hit of all! And you're going, mother — and you, Helen; and father's got to go, too! You all deserve it, and I'll stay here and bask in the radiance of your grandeur while the *White Gull* rides the waves."

"You think, then, the change won't ruin *everything?*" his mother asked with a gulp, appealing to Helen.

"John's perfectly right! The Campbell name has already worked magic in our lives and through us done wonders for Kernville. It will be glorious to sail in a yacht! They didn't need to ask us, and nothing could be friendlier or more cordial than that telegram."

"That's true," Mr. Ward assented. "But I can't possibly leave right now. There's that Lindley coal case coming up for trial, and John's not familiar with it."

"Ah, my dear father, but when you ask for a postponement on the perfectly legitimate ground that Walter Scott Campbell wants you to go yachting with him, that case will be set forward and you will acquire much merit in the eyes of the court! Really this change of plans is the biggest thing of all. Take this pad, mother, and write your acceptance, carefully expressing my deep regret that owing to pressure of professional duties I am unable to leave."

The announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Campbell had been obliged to postpone their visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming Ward until spring, but that Mr. and Mrs. Ward and Miss Helen were to cruise with them in the *White Gull* did not fail of the impression which John had predicted such a revelation would make upon his fellow citizens. A yacht that would sail the winter seas was a challenge to the imagination of home-keeping folk whose most daring adventure upon the deep was an occasional cruise in an excursion steamer.

Kernville was proud of the Wards, and so many citizens expressed their affection with flowers that the car in which the trio set out looked like a bridal bower.

Ned Shepherd and Alice Hovey were at the station with John to see them off and several hundred other citizens looked on with mingled emotions of admiration and envy.

The *Journal's* photographer caught an excellent picture of Mrs. Ward and Helen, their arms full of roses, standing on the rear platform as the train pulled out.

"That boy of yours," remarked Walter Scott Campbell, as he sat with Robert Fleming Ward in the smoking-room of the *White Gull* as the yacht felt her way cautiously up Chesapeake Bay, "That boy must be a good deal of a lad. Even at long range you can feel his energy."

"He's a good boy," Ward agreed diffidently, "and full of ginger. I get out of breath trying to keep up with him."

Campbell chuckled. "Knows a chance when he sees it." Another chuckle. "I like youngsters of that type. He's profited, of course, by your own long experience in the law?"

"He's as good a lawyer as I am now — more resourceful, and a better hand in dealing with people."

"That boy knows more than the law," declared Campbell. "He knows human nature!"

As their eyes met Ward's face broke into a smile as he realized that Campbell understood everything, and was not at all displeased at the outrageous fashion in which John had used his name.

"You know of Gaspard & Collins, in New York?" asked the magnate. "They do a good deal of my legal work. They're looking for a young man, westerner preferred, to go into the firm, and it occurs to me that your John would just suit them. I can understand how you would feel about losing him, but it's a good opportunity to get in touch with important affairs. Talk it over with your wife and if you think well of the idea you can wire him. It's a fair night; let's go on deck and watch the lights."

The Enchanted Mountain

— *Continued from page 20*

Mitchell had the feeling that the initial attempt he had made to come to an understanding with his wife had taken place years before; and he suddenly perceived that if he did not take himself heroically in hand and settle the matter now once for all, the inertia of his life as he had lived it during the most important years would catch him back and things would drift on as they had. The picture was inexpressibly repugnant; unspeakably distasteful also was the certainty that he would wound his wife in what he meant to say because he knew that no matter what he did say, if he were in the least truthful to his own awakened craving for usefulness, she would take it upon herself to be hurt. It was rather a mess all round, and it required courage on his part to draw her aside after luncheon and hand her the sheet of paper he had had in his pocket to show her the day before.

It was a telegram addressed to Professor Cyrus Hill Marshall, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

"I wish to express my deepest regret at Professor Gronner's death as reported, and to pledge myself herewith to any sum that may be required to maintain the laboratory in Borneo under an endowment bearing his name. Furthermore, should there be any difficulty in securing a successor to carry on his work in the spirit in which he conceived it, I herewith desire to make application for such appointment for myself. Although I have been out of active research for many years I make bold, in my sincere desire to enter the work again and devote what is left of my life to it, to refer you back, dear Dr. Marshall, to my record at Johns Hopkins, and the opinion you were once kind enough to share with Dr. Gronner as to my fitness properly to enter into the spirit of your efforts and to carry them out.

Crannon Mitchell."

She was evidently reading it for the second time.

"I — perhaps I am taking an unfair advantage of them," he said, rather lamely. "They could probably get somebody better for the post; they may even have had some one picked out, but the financial expectation they have of me will make them give it to me. In the end they shall not be sorry."

She looked up.

"So you really do want to go."

For a moment he had the impression that she was struggling to control an emotion not easy to subject. He had the uncomfortable dread that there would be tears. She reassured him the next instant. She handed him back the paper with an air of dismissal.

"Crannon, this is so absurd it is almost comical. It is as fantastic as though you had become enamored of toe dancing."

He was relieved that she meant to fight it out along her previous tactics of refusing to take him seriously. He felt he could better cope with this method than with any high emotional remonstrance coming from a woman whose whole schooling in life had been the repression of emotions.

"As far as I can make out this remarkable behavior, my dear, it originated in a sudden and incomprehensible aversion to the Shillinglee tiles and cupboard. I must admit, Crannon, there were heights of sensitiveness which I never dreamed you were able to attain; but you seem capable of any altitude. In just what way have the poor dear things offended you, or in what way have I in my desire for them injured your fastidiousness?"

"Don't you really understand what I am trying to convey to you, Amanda — or is it simply a pose?"

She considered this judicially for a moment. "I don't quite know," she answered carefully. "You see, I rather imagine I do understand, and that I am trying to leave you a loophole through which to return with utmost good taste and unimpaired dignity."

"Amanda, that's rot! Not that you aren't truthful in your description of your stand; but that any such attitude is going to be able to meet my present state of mind. You can understand me perfectly; but you flatly refuse."

"Refuse? my dear husband! How can you expect me to take you seriously on the mere ground of wanting to return to research work after fifteen or more years, if there is not a deeper cause involved?"

She was veering back to personalities which he shrank from examining too closely.

"This is just what I want you to believe."

"Very well, then I must believe that the importance of it extends no farther than an objection to some Persian tiles and a cupboard." For the first time she spoke almost slightingly of these things which had so extravagantly endeared themselves to her. "You have taken a most extraordinary attitude toward a simple question of house furnishing. You never objected to my plans before."

"No, I never objected to any of your plans, did I, Amanda?" He gripped the arms of his chair. "Amanda, if I asked you whether you loved me, you would probably answer yes — wouldn't you?"

"Crannon, really — are you trying to be humorous?"

"Yes," he repeated slowly: "You would probably answer yes. But tell me, how a woman with intelligence, a woman who must certainly have some thrill of reaction to accomplishment in any field where it must be won by personal effort, will abide by a man who has spent his life in abiding by her wishes, when they took from him every chance of achieving what he might have achieved, and left him in the end worse than nobody, a traitor to the responsibilities his own abilities imposed on him?"

"Crannon!" she exclaimed in a horrified, hurt voice, rising. "You have no right to talk this way to me. I have tried to make you happy — —"

"Each of us tried to make the other happy, Amanda, and each of us chose the wrong way."

"You seem actually to accuse me of having stood in your way. Of having held you down — of having spoiled your life in some manner or other."

"NO, NO, Amanda — not you. I have not the slightest intention of blaming you. Only myself. I should have had sufficient strength and will power to work out my own destiny of service, no matter what or who stood in my way. And what stood in my way at the beginning? Nothing. Who ever had the advantages I had? Money, position, immediate recognition — everything."

He, too, rose, spread his fingers stiffly, closed and thrust them into his jacket pockets. She regarded him with a narrowed, almost cynical gaze.

"This self-abasement is extremely unpleasant to me, Crannon," she said coolly. "Especially when, despite the assumption of chivalry with which you lay the blame for not having fulfilled your destiny, as you say, entirely on yourself, a sharp edge of reproach comes through at me. I really don't understand you after all."

He turned and met her gaze levelly.

"Yes, you do, Amanda. You are too clever a woman not to understand. I have yet to meet a human relationship of one sort or another which you couldn't analyze with your sixth sense of intuition. Your interest in people and the crisscross of their motives and exhibitions and inhibitions is your particular genius, and while I do not always agree with your conclusions about them, still my simple problem of failure to meet the test of achievement — of manhood, really — is far too simple for me to flatter myself that you do not understand it exactly."

"What are you accusing me of now?"

"Nothing, my dear, absolutely nothing. I think at heart I am a better feminist than you are. A man himself is responsible to mankind and himself for putting his talents to the best use. I have no illusions about faithful and self-sacrificing helpmate traditions. To save my life I could not become indignant on the supposition that you had spoiled my career, or that you were obligated to have laid aside all other interests when I married you to devote your life to the supreme task of guarding my precious destiny. In fact, the only thing I might blame you for is that with your intelligence and presence you could have found nothing better to do for yourself in this workaday world than play. That you had no career for yourself. As for my destiny, let us not grow tragic about it. Perhaps, after all, it was intended to be just what it became — nothing."

She looked at him searchingly.

"So you *are* tired of me," she said finally.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Is there no way in which I can put it to prove to you that it is something almost outside of our personal relationship?"

"Not after fifteen years of that personal relationship, Crannon," she answered succinctly.

"That it is a question not of love, but of self-respect, and that without that self-respect not even our love would hold? If you think for a minute that I have ceased loving you, come with me as I beg you to. Work with me, be with me, grow with me, and I shall love you as you never dreamed I could. I will make you proud of me, Amanda. In my first year in the laboratory, just a cub, I obtained the deepest stain of bacteria then obtained, and my experiments with the use of a mordant produced results which had invaluable practical effect. And just before I left, I had gone even farther than Rowland and Macfadyen and Koch in my attempts to obtain toxin in an absolutely pure condition. This is Chinese to you, but those things meant something to me. I haven't the flame of youth now, but I have determination, and experience of the world and other things, which may even stand me in good stead in bacteriological research, and with you out there in Gronner's field station, I can still go far, for he has set up his shop in the most fascinating center of materials for all sorts of studies."

"In other words, Isaiah Gronner built his jungle laboratory where he found the most complete concentration of virulent diseases and venoms — that is what you are asking me to go to?"

He smiled cryptically. "The action of toxin, my dear, is to-day still practically not understood at all."

Again she looked at him searchingly, as though she were conducting her examination of his motives in the most remote region of bacteriological activity in his own system.

"Are you sure, Crannon — are you very sure, indeed, that you are not playing a dual rôle now?" she asked, with a little smile.

"Just what do you mean?"

"I mean, haven't you filled your consciousness or subconsciousness with a gallery of admiring spectators and dragged out a lot of lofty motives and exciting renunciations just to listen to some prolonged applause within you? Aren't you quite flushed with self-admiration just now? Why can't you do all of this here? Do you have to go to the tropics to be great?"

He winced inwardly. She had a clever knack of cauterizing his weaknesses, which generally provoked him to defense and argument. But he controlled himself now.

"Tell me," she repeated, with her elusive smile; "must you go to the Equator to be great?"

"Yes," he answered with a biting irony of his own. "Precisely that." He turned to the window again. "And with all my heart I wish you to go with me."

She went without a word to the door. She turned there.

"It is all preposterous. As for my going with you, my dear husband — you know well enough that the plans of a season are not made in a day or a week, nor can they be thrown over in a week or a month. Moreover, at the moment that we have opened a new house, my dear Crannon, things are expected of us. If there was ever a time we couldn't break away it is now, don't you understand that — but, of course, you do.

"What explanations I am to give for your sudden absorption in the bateriological activity of Borneo, I daresay you have never given a thought to." She half turned away from him, pausing but once more. "So you are going on the first of June? I hope we shall see something of you in the meantime. And Crannon, do be a dear for my sake and purchase some big bore rifles. A hunting trip is so much more — how shall I say it — not respectable exactly — feasible, then, than research. That sounds *so* eccentric. *Bon voyage.*"

She threw him a bright, ironical smile over her shoulder and vanished.

She did not come down again that afternoon. With mingled feelings, in which one something like schoolboy embarrassment predominated whenever he remembered her last words and her remark about the prolonged applause within him which had borne him off his feet in middle-aged excitement, he bore the telegram to Marshall to the telegraph office himself in preference to telephoning it or giving it to a servant. In his campaign to recapture his self-respect he felt not a little theatrical and conspicuous.

She did not come down for dinner, sending word to be excused because of a severe headache. He was on the point of going up to her several times, but refrained, always recalling with a hardening of his spirit her last satirical comments. And though he knew she had spoken out of hurt pride, and though she knew he was honestly bent on the quest of refining what he termed his self-respect, the attitudes which marked their relationship to each other until he departed on the 19th of May for San Francisco were always that light, stinging, cauterizing mockery on her part; this hardening indifference, which rapidly became resentment, on his.

She saw him off in New York, because she would have considered sulking beneath her. He was uneasy, because again and again he felt rather than caught her short, inspective glances which had in them something unusually gentle. She took both his hands, and looked steadily into his eyes.

"Life is odd, dear, after all. I wonder what it means?" she said.

"I believe it means to renounce, Amanda, rather than to acquire," he answered.

"It sounds so Wesleyan, as you say it," she smiled. "But —" She suddenly put her arms round him and held him tightly. "God bless you, my very dear! — and — write me when you are coming back, and I'll have the Persian tiles and the old cupboard removed!"

She had kissed him and was out of his arms and walking rapidly across the wide station floor before he could find a reply. It was the first time anything of his return had been mentioned between them, and the spirit of irony had sustained her in it also.

She turned at the incline leading to the waiting-room and waved her handkerchief at him. He saw it hazily and closed his eyes a second to clear them of something so that he could see better. When he opened them she was gone. Somehow he knew why. He was glad, quite glad at that moment that she had obeyed the spirit of mockery through the last weeks, even to keeping true to it to the last by refusing to let him see the dainty piece of cambric she had waved at him touched to her eyes.

Mitchell fell into the routine of bacteriological research more readily than he had expected, and during the first six months in Borneo thought comparatively seldom of home and what he had put behind him. Aside from the novelty of his new surroundings, the main reason for this was that the life work of Isaiah Gronner had not really ceased with the old scientist's death, but marched mightily on in overwhelming masses of notes, data, statistics, observations, reports of experiments, incompleted papers, fragments of chapters and beginnings of books, collections of untabulated microscope slides, designs for new apparatus, and original formulas for bacteria dyes.

His mental alertness and capacity for work had been prodigious, connected with which there must have been in him a naïve confidence of living forever, because but a fraction of his findings had been put into proper shape for academic dissemination, and the remainder reposed in desk, cabinets, cases and drawers in the airy study and the efficient laboratory he had erected, awaiting Mitchell like an illimitable and not fully ripened harvest. To sort the material and prepare for the publication of the most advanced and urgent portions of it, however, were the best possible discipline Mitchell could have had to refit himself for research.

As he went further into the result of his predecessor's labors, Isaiah Gronner's unflinching adherence to the cause of knowledge kindled in him reverence which burned like inspiration. Yet it might have been that his progress would have resulted in anything but inspiration had it not been for Hector Billac, Gronner's assistant.

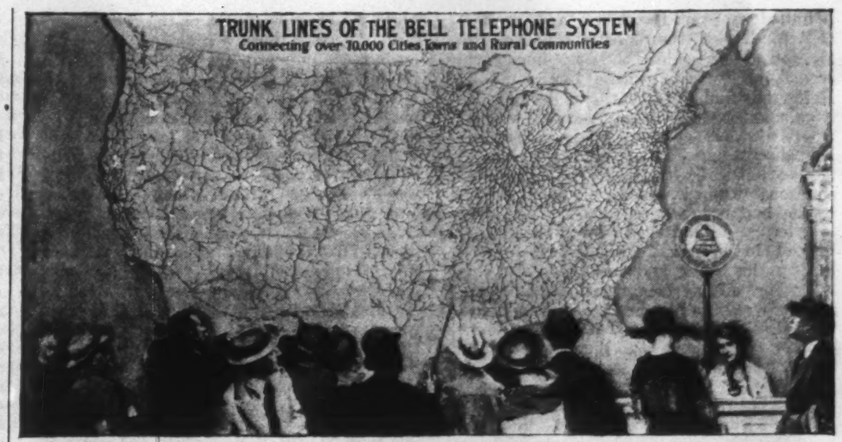
He was a short, globular French-American, with large brown eyes and an untamable moustache which contrasted oddly with his smooth unhurriedness. Mitchell had felt that he might resent a newcomer taking the place which he could have readily believed should be his by right of succession. But Billac cared as little for the titles of honor or prizes of place and position as Gronner.

He met Mitchell at Kobong and was an agreeable fellow traveler up the river to Sarebas, where they followed a tributary stream northeast to the laboratory which stood on an elevation above the vapors of creeks and swamps, overlooking a hollowed plain curving up to a hill range on one side and surrounded by banana plantations and forests on the other. Once back he gave some faltering domestic orders to an old Chinaman, and then Billac drifted, as though magnetized, into the laboratory and in a moment had popped into complete absorption in a phase of some problem. Apparently Gronner had conducted the laboratory in Borneo as he had conducted it in Baltimore, without any conducting at all. Both men had had their own problems, both had followed their own methods without interference; possibly dicussing interesting findings or difficulties at mealtimes, if it so happened that their mealtimes coincided.

So for six months, under the spell of the tropics and the zest of getting back bygone enthusiasms, he was far from lonely. He wrote to his wife once or twice a month.

Late one afternoon he sat on the veranda, thinking over a conjecture of Gronner's on the plague bacillus, advanced as an addendum to Kitasto's studies. For almost the first time he found himself in disagreement with his predecessor's conclusions. Suddenly there entered into him loneliness, nostalgia — as sharply as a spear thrust. He rose, as though to shake it off; but he was pierced through by restlessness.

He sauntered aimlessly round the bungalow, and then made his way down to the edge of the stream, endeavoring to reattach his attention to the problem, but it eluded him as though something tangible were pulling it out of his reach. In a few minutes with a swift plunge the black Bornean night would descend on this his new world, to be broken only by the light from the bungalow behind him, and a slightly braver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illumination from the house and *godowns* of Achin Tinggi, the Sumatra trader above. He walked slowly along the ochre-hued path, facing the torment within him candidly, seeking to find an explanation for it. He came upon it. He had not received a letter from his wife for over five weeks. And then he realized what she was to him.

It was the beginning of six months of emotional torment, as the six months preceding had been serenity itself. The only love letters he had ever written to his wife he wrote in this period. Blindly, savagely he held to his work and purposes. But his work for all his concentration on it was meager in results; his purposes seemed hollow and illusionary; both shatteringly unimportant. Yet he held to them, with all the force of his pride and some great instinct.

ONE DAY he received a letter from his wife which focused the thing that was troubling him in a manner he would have once considered ridiculous. She mentioned merely that Robert Treadleigh's wife had died. He was living with his sister in New York. She had met him several times.

He remembered with disconcerting vividness that Treadleigh had been with the Parmoors in Mentone in that far-off time when he had met and fallen in love with Amanda. He knew that Treadleigh had asked her several times to marry him. That if he himself had not come just then she perhaps would have married him. However, he said nothing of Treadleigh in his next letter, in which he wrote:

"I have exhausted the novelty of this part of Borneo, and am thrown flatly back on my work. It is rather a grind lately. Wasted time wants a lot of catching up. Then frankly, dear, I miss you more than I had dreamed possible. It is rather a lamentable thing in us that fine states of mind and emotion like real love, for example, should grow commonplace and be casually taken for granted with mere proximity, isn't it? But it is so. Now I want you. Sometimes, Amanda, I feel that I would be willing to give up everything in the world — but my work — just to chat with you for a few minutes."

As a matter of fact, he would have given up his work at such times, too; but the weakest of men have an epistolary pride in establishing themselves in correspondence a little braver than they are. For six months his letters were but variations on the single theme of his newly awakened love for his wife, and each day fear of Treadleigh, more as a symbol of any eligible man to whom a woman left alone might turn for companionship, took further hold of him.

There were times when all the will-power he could summon was not enough to enable him to keep to his work. Yet in his letters, just as he continued to resist any tendency to allude to Treadleigh, he continued to reiterate that only his work would he not give up for her. His pride prevented him from asking her to do what he now saw was impossible: join him. In one letter he wrote:

"You do not know, missing you as I do, what it sometimes means to realize that my life must be lived and worked out here for at least the next five years, and probably longer. Then I shall possibly have accumulated enough experience and be sufficiently conversant with Isaiah Gronner's work, as well as having had time to whip parts of it into presentable shape, to justify the university for sending me here, and have honorable grounds for returning for a spell to America. I know that if I came before, it would only be because I wanted to see you. And I am frank to admit that if I came before there was any genuine necessity connected with the work for coming, I might not be strong enough to tear myself away again; because to leave you once, I find, is quite intolerable enough."

This was the nearest he came to complete confession, and it came near the end of his first year in Borneo.

One day Mitchell came upon a curious object among Gronner's papers. It was a small account book.

Only a few pages were filled in handwriting which, though Gronner's, was neater than he usually employed. There was a date-line: "May 24, 1905." This was about a year after he had come to Borneo.

"Sawa Jambi told me some curious tales yesterday in Malay. I can understand them quite readily now. One of the stories particularly stays in my mind. It is of an enchanted mountain on the top of which there is a lake surrounded by growths of beautiful flowers and magical fruits, which wither when they are taken away. To bathe in the water of the lake cleanses of human weariness, and to taste of the fruits is to win to peace and know the solace of rest after labor. But the mountain is high and hard to reach. Only the hunters, Sawa Jambi tells me, who have toiled from place to place, climbed lesser hills, won their way through entangled ravines and cut paths into the jungle, have ever attained it.

"Master, when my flesh and mind grow weary; when the end of all labor seems indeed to be vanity, let me keep in my mind the picture of Sawa Jambi's Enchanted Mountain, with its clear lake and cool fruits. For surely, in the deep symbolism of men's most childish tales, this mountain and its lake and fruits exist, for they are the end and goal of unremitting labor; they are the peace and the high consciousness of duty done to mankind, and the rewards of that service, which is contained in just performing it, for their virtues cannot be taken away else they vanish and wither.

"What children we are. What is time and place and loneliness and pleasure, after all? Where one can work to the best advantage for one's own power of work; where one can do the greatest good one is capable of, no matter how little in the aggregate that may be; where toil is also service — there only is the utmost companionship possible, for there only will one live on honest terms with the only constant companions men have: their own souls and their consciences."

Mitchell read this over and over, with an incomprehensible awe. It came almost as a sign. It did something to his spirit which could be only weakly and physically described in an unconscious straightening of his shoulders, and a long, hard look out of the study window to the faint, aspiring tips of the hills beyond. And with it came a human wonderment.

HE THOUGHT he had known Isaiah Gronner well: as a man absorbed in the scientific pursuit of useful, difficult knowledge, unmeddled with by common emotions and worldly tugs at the flesh. A lovable, erudite machine not to be vexed by problems of readjustment to any surroundings he might be put in. Not to be bothered by loneliness, severance from love, distance from home, need of friends. He had never dreamed of him moved to put pen to paper to set down anything not connected with bacteriology, and now for the first time he saw the man behind the scientist — the palpitating, moral, human man — affected, too, by the forlornness of the Bornean interior; grappling with his own craving for old friends. Tormented mightily, he must have been, or he would never have written down this admonition to his inner steadfastness, finding courage in an eastern folk-tale told by a wandering Malay.

Mitchell's new-found love for his wife did not suffer, but his moral strength gained miraculously from those few paragraphs in the little account book. Human nature is essentially a lonely thing. Merely to discover that a man whom one reveres has suffered the same things one suffers oneself, and has conquered them, is to win a mystic comradeship and strength and spiritual cheer. A strange tenderness came over him. Two days later he wrote Amanda, transcribing what he had found in Gronner's book without comment upon it, and said in addition:

"My dear, you are nearer to me now than you were at home. That I love you, you must know. It seems so pathetically ludicrous to me now that you ever doubted it; but perhaps that was my fault. But my love for you is established now upon such unmistakable foundations of affection and understanding and sympathy, that I can make a suggestion which you will not mistake, understanding, too, that it is shaped by a devotion finer than once I might have believed myself capable of knowing.

"Life for you in America is of necessity utterly different from life for me here. You are young still, because you have that knack of indifference to time which is directly in the tradition of the Parmoor women. I can see now that my leaving you must appear as in the nature of a desertion. It is not easy to say this, but you will understand — if you wish to take advantage of this; if for any reason, dear, you desire your freedom, I will bow to that desire. I could not cease loving you even if you were no longer my wife. I can only say that I love you so deeply now that I realize I have no right to hold you if your affections have turned from me. God bless you, my dear."

After he had sent the letter off by a Malay boy to Kobong, he nearly followed him to take it back. He was terrified at what he had suggested. Only his new strength of character held him firm. As it was he needed all Gronner's steadying example for a new affliction which shortly presented itself.

Billac had made a discovery in connection with the parasites of malaria and Kala-Azar, and followed it by one still more significant in regard to the parasitic worm of elephantiasis. Marshall, in Baltimore, had concluded a series of experiments the results of which, combined with Billac's, seemed to bring them almost to the threshold of a discovery which had been the aim of bacteriologists for a generation. Namely, the possibility of demonstrating an etiological relationship between a specific micro-organism and its special disease. Billac was called to America. It might be a year before he returned; perhaps two — perhaps never.

Mitchell had not realized how closely he had become attached to the little, rotund scientist. Billac was not quite ready to go, and though at first he put his departure at four months, he did not leave until another four months in addition had passed.

"Billac is going back to America," he wrote to his wife, when the news first came. "It will be desolate here without him. I described him to you, but all the eulogies I may have indulged in are nothing to what I feel about him now that he is leaving me. It was worth coming to Borneo just to meet him. He is a dear friend, of the kind that only companionship in work can give.

"Marshall wrote that he would send somebody else out if I wished it — but there is no getting another Billac. I have written for an assistant, however, even so. Some one who combines a knowledge of the difference between protoplasm and cytoplasm with expert stenography, because Gronner's findings loom daily larger, and it is absurd to tackle them without somebody to dictate to at least.

"You rather got to know my ways from the slight acquaintance we enjoyed, didn't you, Mrs. Mitchell? I wonder if you would get in touch with Marshall and cast an eye over whomever he contemplates shipping out to me. It might save irritation."

The next letter he received from her was in reply to the one he had sent stating that if she so desired she might make their separation permanent.

"Dearest Crannon:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your entrancing communication of August 2, 1919, and in reply wish to advise that if Sir Galahad had a spouse he might have written so to her from Holy Land on finding himself unaccountably delayed in locating the Grail. It was really sweet and considerate of you, and I beg to assure you, husband of mine, that although I have met Robert Treadleigh, George Inchley, Martin Selincourt and Harvey van Weyden on several occasions, your absent charms still outshine their nearer radiance, and I am considering nothing further in the way of matrimonial or other alliances for the time being. If you, on the other hand — well, your sporting offer makes it incumbent upon me to exhibit my appreciation by a reciprocal one. And further I cannot go."

Gossip followed and nothing more was said of their future relationship. But her letter relieved him immeasurably. It even lightened the departure of Billac for him.

HE WENT down to Kobong with his friend and saw him off on the scrubby packet which would take him across to Singapore there to be picked up by some nobler conveyance for Hong Kong and the States.

When he came back to the bungalow he went into the study and took out the book in which Isaiah Gronner had written the one unbacteriological comment he had ever come on. He had need of it that day, and he read it several times. Then he put it away as carefully as a priest might put away a temple book, went into the laboratory, sorted out some culture tubes and set to work.

The days gathered themselves into weeks, and these again accumulated into months, but further word concerning his assistant failed to come. At last a letter came from Marshall announcing that Mrs. Mitchell had communicated with him and that he now had an assistant, Richard Adam, in mind, who had made a sound record in the Department of Preventive Medicine and Hygiene of the Harvard Medical School, and was eager to go to the tropics. He understood that the appointment was a purely subordinate one, and was delaying merely to get his shorthand and typewriting into shape. He had submitted Adam to her for a thorough social inspection — the outcropping of bland sarcasm here made Mitchell both wince and smile — he had proved satisfactory and would be sent along as soon as his stenography had become workmanlike.

Mitchell's own work progressed with a gratifying effectiveness which had been utterly lacking in his second half-year in Borneo. His letters to his wife, imbued with a steady current of deep feeling, were yet calmer and more self-contained. His love now aided him in his work, where before it had distracted him, and it seemed to him that he lived the symbolism of the folk-tale that had so deeply impressed Isaiah Gronner. Service to men, no matter how obscurely performed, if only performed sincerely, that was indeed the Enchanted Mountain up whose rugged sides the way could be won only by toil, but whose ascended height was its own reward and surcease from weariness.

HE WON to peace and happiness and, strange to say, repose from weariness in his unflagging preoccupation with problems that shaped themselves with something like practical unity before him. He realized that he would never give up his work again.

One morning, just as April turned the corner, the boy he had sent down to Kobong to meet the packet, arrived with his usual burden of journals, newspapers, bacteria, live mosquitoes and venom. Gronner had organized a kind of Oriental Exchange of Death. Until his decease he had been in correspondence with scientists who had come east to study particular diseases; with doctors who, settled there, came daily into contact with every variety of eastern malady; and with lay health officials. Some of the most curious packages that had ever troubled postal authorities arrived with almost each steamer that touched Kobong. They gave him a sense of companionship with men who were also toiling like hunters over rough places in human endeavor.

On this morning a bundle of letters included one from Marshall and another from his wife. Marshall wrote that Adam was leaving by way of England, and would arrive by the P. & O. *Khyber* in Singapore, April 22nd. Amanda's letter was gossipy.

"New York has been — stuffy, if you can imagine what I mean by using that as an adjective to apply to a winter. Everyone vied with everyone else to see who could attain the most irreproachable peaks of stupidity. Unbelievable achievements in this direction were recorded. Sometimes I seem to detect a sinister wisdom in your withdrawal from the flippant world, dearest hermit. Mrs. Rand-Almquist gave an imposing Inauguration Dinner, as the newspapers may have told you by now, to which at least six ambassadorial possibilities for each desirable capital were invited. I understand that conversation was thrilling though guarded. I missed it, being in Boston.

"I shall open High Lawn with relief for Easter. Newport will be strenuous this summer from advance notices by the seers and prophetesses who have control of the customary forecasting. Alice is going to England to play in the Ladies' Open Championship at Turnberry, Ayrshire, May 30.

"Now. I saw your coming assistant, Richard Adam — who may have arrived by the time you receive this — a number of times. I took some pains to inform myself whether his scientific training would meet your requirements, and equally whether his company would save you the irritation you dreaded. It really would be ghastly to be confined in Borneo with but one other white man, and he socially ineligible! His training necessarily is something which you will have to shape further for your own purposes; but unless you have greatly changed since the days of 'our slight acquaintance' as you once so happily put it, I think he will be quite acceptable. Now say not that I take no interest in thy work, dear man!"

He felt silly about the social stipulations he had made concerning his assistant, but that his wife of all persons should on that score have made him feel so, was one of the most astonishing reversals of normal expectancy he had ever encountered. Nevertheless it would have been ghastly to have an opinionated young cub after Billac.

He worked steadily until the last of the month, arranging to reach Kobong on the 28th. To the last minute he was so busy that he did not find time to write to his wife. In the hot, curtained Chinese hotel, a few steps from the dirty jetty of Kobong, he was writing to her, when a China boy told him that the steamer was in sight.

It was a clear, crystalline day. The sun sparkled dazzlingly over Datu Bay and roused an odd gladness in him. The fat-bellied packet pushed near, until he could distinguish faces, and the captain, recognizing him, leaned out of the wheelhouse window and waved his linen cap.

Mitchell surveyed the persons standing against the railing. There was a missionary sort of woman, several trading sort of men — and then he saw Adam. He was a tall man of twenty-eight or nine, with tortoise-shell glasses and a pale academic air. Mitchell was up the gangplank as soon as it was lowered. The captain met him at the head of it. They shook hands cordially.

"You have a passenger for me, Captain?"

"Yes, Dr. Mitchell, to be sure, yes, yes!"

"Mail, too, I hope," Mitchell laughed.

"Everything good, plenty of it," boomed the captain.

Mitchell saw Adam looking hard at him.

"I think I see my man — that's Adam there, isn't it?"

"Adam? — where?" asked the captain.

"The studious chap with the glasses."

"Ah, but no!" roared the seaman appreciatively. "Studious! That's Malone, the moving picture man. Mr. Adam is — well, you know!" The captain winked. "The trip was as mild as — but this ship's no grand P and O or Blue Funnel, eh? — and some people would get squeamish in a rain barrel."

"I think I would myself," retorted Mitchell.

"He's down in his cabin. Here, boy! Take Dr. Mitchell to cabin five."

Mitchell followed the boy with decided chagrin. Despite the promises of his wife and Marshall they had sent him an assistant who got seasick on a sea as companionable as the land.

"So, *Tuan!*" The boy indicated the door numbered five, and Mitchell knocked and stepped in, looking at the bed in which he expected to see Adam. The room was empty.

Some one seized him from behind; two hands were laid over his eyes. At the same instant a faint, subtle perfume, which played on his memory like music, came to his nostrils. He tore himself free and wheeled round. Before him stood his wife. He could not find a word. He closed his eyes against a stinging and burning, and opened his arms.

"Amanda!"

They clung to each other like children. Then he held her off and examined her through a blur, while tears of profound joy rolled down their cheeks, and neither was ashamed of them. It was long before he thought of his assistant again.

"I've forgotten all about Adam! I haven't seen him yet."

"Why, Crannon —!" she exclaimed, smiling as she had never smiled at him before, through tears. "You prodigious child — do you mean to say you still don't know? *I* am Mr. Richard Adam!"

"*You!*"

"It was a name that occurred early in the directory and combined disguise with Boston. Dear child, don't gape so!" She put her hands on his shoulders. "Crannon, when you went, did you ever really imagine how I felt? Did you ever think that perhaps as you missed me, I missed you? That I might have thought, indeed, that you had gone forever only when we had found out what — what marriage meant. And I found out then, too, that you had done wisely, and that I dare not, even if I could, draw you back from your work again. There was only one thing to do then, wasn't there?"

"But I — I — —"

"Don't stammer, beloved! You never used to. It would have been grotesque for me even to have thought of coming here as it was. If I ever came to you I had to know the language you spoke, didn't I? I went to Dr. Morris Movius at the Harvard Medical School and arranged to take courses. Fourteen months, six days a week, Crannon, I worked in the laboratory of the Department of Preventive Medicine and Hygiene, and studied under Dr. Hurlburt privately. Neither *streptococci* nor *staphylococci* have terrors for me now. 'Thus, according to Guarnien, there is associated with vaccina and smallpox a Protozoan parasite, *Cytoryctes variolae.* This parasite is described as present in the cytoplasm of the stratified epithelium of the skin and — —'

"That's a piece out of the Encyclopedia Britannica — isn't it effective? I do know a little more than that. I worked, Crannon — like a chorus of Trojan women. I wanted — how, you will never know — to come before Christmas, but when you said you needed a stenographer I — well, I gritted my teeth, and only opened them just wide enough to say: 'Mrs. Crannon Mitchell, we're in this to the limit; let's do it right!' So I stayed and studied the occult sciences of Messrs. Pitman and Underwood."

She suddenly put her hands to her face. Her head bowed, and her shoulders shook a little. His arms were around them at once.

"Crannon, forgive this prattling. I've never talked as idiotically as this in my life, but don't you see, dear, I'm doing it because if I don't laugh I shall cry and I don't want to have you see me cry again.

"I am bringing you love that I withheld from you before and never knew it: I am bringing you willingness to help, and understanding of what service means. Just say — don't just look it — say that you're glad!"

"Say it! Glad? Darling, there are miracles sometimes which are too great even to be dreamed, so how can I put them into words? Oh, but I am glad, dear, glad beyond telling."

AT THE table in the Chinese hotel she suddenly looked at him queerly.

"I must tell you one other thing at once, Crannon; I can't let it wait another minute." There was a naïve note of triumph in her voice. "Shillinglee Towers has come to High Lawn. Alice, my dear, is to be married in September to Captain Baxter, and Shillinglee Towers will never be sold. I couldn't resist stepping in to say good-morrow to those priceless solicitors in England, along with a few words of cheerio on English law, in which I should grandly renounce my claims on the basis of actual costs. Alice was going in for golf anyhow, so I took her to Agatha Wentworth's down in Kent. Well, we both met Captain Baxter. He's a dear, and they fell in love. Thereupon I told him — he could have Alice if I could have the Persian tiles and the Cort cupboard."

She leaned forward and shook her head mockingly. He was irrelevantly struck by the astounding new beauty of her, and the soft, new tenderness in her eyes.

"I doted on doing that, because you hated those beautiful tiles so and you're so fond of Alice, that the exchange was just saturated with poetic justice. Then he said if he did he couldn't sell Shillinglee Towers. I said why should he? I told him if he would keep it and bring over the — you know — —"

"The everlasting tiles and cupboard!" roared Mitchell.

"Stop guffawing! That I should give them High Lawn as a wedding present, provided — —"

Mitchell nearly toppled off his chair.

"You never did!"

"Provided," she went on, her eyes sparkling: "that the tiles and cupboard were placed in High Lawn first, while I still owned it, although I couldn't see them there."

"Amanda!" her husband ejaculated solemnly. "With you beside me in the wilderness what can't we do with mere bacilli!"

A woman came out of the door leading from the large airy study of the Isaiah Gronner Research Station in Sarawak, British Borneo, and crossed the veranda to the railing where a man was sitting looking out at the hill range toward the northeast, the tops of which were played on brilliantly by declining sunlight. She clasped her hands across his shoulder, and rested her cheek against his. After a few minutes she pointed to a peak higher than its fellows.

"The height I see is greater than that, dear. Only the hunters who toil, making paths for other men through jungle, ravine and up the sides of lesser mountains win to its top. But there upon the top is a lake of crystal water, and fruits and flowers grow about its margin, and those who have scaled the Enchanted Mountain bathe in the lake and cleanse themselves of weariness, and eat of the magical fruits and are strengthened and rewarded, and I understand it all now."

She had never mentioned the transcript he had made for her of Isaiah Gronner's legend before.

"And I understand only now, dear," he answered softly, reaching for her hand and holding it in both of his; "that the flowers which grow beside the lake on the Enchanted Mountain, and which are the purest gain of all, are love which understands."

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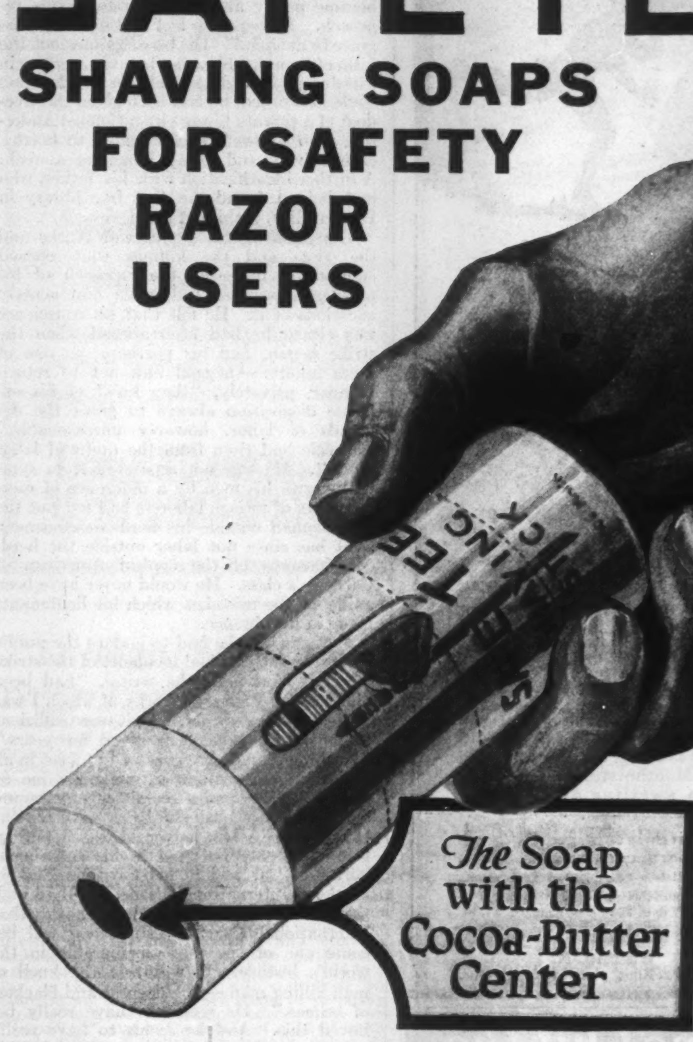
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Carnegie, Barnum and Others

Continued from page 17

became partly an effort to escape this reproach. He began to feel that it was "a disgrace to die rich." His benefactions took the form of founding libraries, because as a boy in Pittsburgh, struggling to obtain an education while he worked, he had been given the freedom of a private library by a Colonel Anderson, who allowed working-boys to borrow each a book and take it home for a week. A further identification with his father, who had helped found the first free library in Dunfermline, stabilized the device.

The strike in his Homestead Works and the riots and the killings that ensued enormously increased the reproach of his privileged position and made him acutely conscious of it. He felt that his conscience was clear; he had been abroad when the strike began, and his partners—as one of them admits — begged him not to return because, privately, "they knew of his extreme disposition always to grant the demands of labor, however unreasonable." Carnegie had risen from the ranks of labor himself. He was not separated from sympathy with his men by a difference of race. An influx of foreign laborers had not put the workingman outside his herd-consciousness, as it has since put labor outside the herd-consciousness of the typical American of Carnegie's class. He would never have been guilty of the mistakes which his lieutenants made in his absence.

Nevertheless, he had to endure the public blame for the criminal incidents of the strike riots. "Workmen," he writes, "had been killed at the Carnegie Works, of which I was the controlling owner. That was sufficient to make my name a by-word for years." "Nothing that I have ever had to meet in all my life, before or since, wounded me so deeply." "No pangs remain of any wound received in my business career save that at Homestead." His horror at those killings is undoubtedly reflected in his subsequent horror of war and in his Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He had high hopes of the Hague Tribunal. "The day that International Court is established will become one of the most memorable in the world's history. It will ring the knell of man killing man — the deepest and blackest of crimes." He seems to have really believed this. And he seems to have really trusted the German Emperor as an "Apostle of Peace." The outbreak of the European War was an unendurable disappointment.

The manuscript of his Autobiography ends, unfinished, with a paragraph written after the war began: "The world convulsed by war as never before! Men slaying each other like wild beasts! I dare not relinquish all hope," etc. And his wife writes in her preface to the book: "When the fateful news of the 4th of August reached us we immediately left our retreat in the hills and returned to Skibo to be more in touch with the situation. These memoirs ended at that time. Henceforth he was never able to interest himself in private affairs . . . Optimist as he always was and tried to be, even in the face of the failure of his hopes, the world disaster was too much. His heart was broken." The war killed him.

Though Carnegie's career was a typical American career in its outward aspects, it was almost an oddity in its motive power and inspiration. He was like many successful Americans in his philanthropy, but he was not like them in his feeling that he must give away his fortune in order to escape the disgrace of dying immoderately rich. The very self-sacrifice inherent in his affectionate ambition for his mother made him self-sacrificing in the sum of his benefactions. He was a happy man, with no self-hatred and no hatred of others; consequently he believed in the perfectibility of man through evolution, and accepted the frailties of human nature with the conviction that "all is well since all grows better."

As a striking contrast to him, take the modern Puritan, Anthony Comstock, who was almost a clinical example of some modern American traits morbidly exaggerated. Take him as he is most glowingly presented by his friend, Charles G. Trumbull, in Trumbull's semi-official biography, "Anthony Comstock, Fighter."

Trumbull begins with an account of how Comstock, as an eighteen-year-old boy, heard that a mad dog was "running amuck" in the little village of Winnipauk, Connecticut, where he was working as clerk in a grocery store. He took a gun and a pistol, went out alone on a mad-dog hunt, and killed the dog. The incident, to Trumbull, is symbolic of Comstock's whole career. It was "his first taste of mad-dog hunting." He spent his life at it. He went after the first mad dog "because he saw that the lives of others were being imperiled and no one seemed ready to accept the responsibility of ending the public peril — no one but himself." He kept hunting mad dogs thereafter for the same reason. "His life was at stake each time — but what of that? The lives of *others* were at stake, and he had been brought up to understand that moral heroism was the only thing really worth while in this life." He had killed his first mad dog in order to save little children from being attacked, and it was always "a source of profound gratitude to Mr. Comstock" that he got the dog "before a single child had been bitten." But it was "one of the heart-sorrows of his life" that this could not be said "of the more dangerous beasts of prey against whom his lifework is directed."

That, it is plain from the biography, was Comstock's own view of his career. It was his conscious psychology. He saw himself defending children from "defilement" at the risk of his life and his reputation. Sustained by his reliance on God, he fought evil, wherever he saw it. He "fought the Devil"; and, says Trumbull, "the Devil has had greater difficulty in making deposits in childhood banks, to draw upon at will, since Anthony Comstock entered business against him."

Now what was the unconscious psychology that inspired his life and lay behind this conscious rationalization of his motives?

His parents were Puritan Congregationalists near New Canaan, Connecticut. Sunday was spent at church, with a lunch "eaten in the horse-sheds", and a dinner at home, followed by the closing church service of the day. "Daily prayers were conducted every morning, before breakfast." The mother's "watchwords" for her children were "purity, principle, duty." She told them Bible stories and stories "sometimes from other sources, but always they were stories of moral heroism." Trumbull writes: "'Such stories to-day fascinate me,' Mr. Comstock will tell you. 'I don't care that' — with a contemptuous snap of his fingers — 'for your blood-and-thunder stories. But I do enjoy the story of any man or woman, boy or girl, who sacrifices self for principle.' Harking back to his mother again, he says with earnestness: 'I'm not entitled to much credit if I stand out against some things in a way that makes people characterize me as puritanical'; and he adds with some conviction: 'I cannot but feel that the teachings of my mother are vastly superior to anything that my opponents have to offer me.'"

The teachings of his mother made him puritanical, gave him a high ideal of purity, and prepared him to sacrifice himself for that ideal. She taught him the puritanism of St. Paul, and set him on St. Paul's side of the fight between the Flesh and the Spirit, and made him ready to sacrifice himself in the war on the Flesh. The fight, of course, began in the boy himself. He was "healthily mischievous", says Trumbull; and he had evidently strong fleshly instincts to overcome. Trumbull describes him at the age of sixty-nine: "Standing about five feet ten in his shoes, he carries his two hundred and ten pounds of muscle and bone so well that you would not judge him to weigh over a hundred and eighty. His Atlas shoulders, of enormous breadth and squareness, his chest of prodigious girth surmounted by a bull-like neck, are in keeping with biceps and a calf of exceptional size and iron solidarity. His legs are short, and remind one somewhat of tree-trunks. . . . His calling is that of a fighter, and he has a fighter's build." With such a build, of course, as a boy he would have the healthy animal instincts of adolescence to suppress. Like all Puritans he saw those instincts as his mother saw them; they were not instincts to be domesticated and socialized; they were mad dogs to be fought and exterminated. He hated and fought them in himself and he hated and fought them in others.

Says Trumbull: "While the boy's childhood days were chiefly filled with things that make for good, yet there were vicious characters in school and on the farm — some of the hired help being abundantly so, which was a great sorrow to the mother. Mr. Comstock bears testimony to the common experience of many when he says that certain things that were brought into his life in those boyhood days started memories and lines of temptation that are harder for him to overcome than anything that ever came into his life in later years." It seems safe to assume from these two sentences that the "great sorrow" of Comstock's mother was caused by the effect upon her son of his association with "vicious characters in school and on the farm." The assumption is strengthened by an incident which Trumbull relates of Comstock's boyhood.

"One of his duties was to drive the cows home from pasture every night. On the way lived a certain boy whose house he was forbidden to visit" — one of the vicious characters, presumably. "One night Anthony did visit there while coming back with the cows, and the boy brought out some home-made wine, which he warmly recommended. The boys drank it together. Anthony felt somewhat hilarious that evening at home, and was glad to get to bed." In less bashful words, he was drunk. "The next morning he had quite a 'head' when he woke up. But he got up and he and his father retired to the woodshed" — where the boy was punished. "The reformation was quick, drastic, complete."

Trumbull treats the incident with charming lightness, but it gives us a clue to the hidden meaning of the mad-dog hunt. The dog, it seems, "belonged to the local saloon-keeper" who "kept an infamous 'joint' in Winnipauk." Says Trumbull: "The boy who had put an end to the dog wanted to see the more dangerous work of its owner closed up." So one night, all alone, he "went up to the gin-mill, wrenched off a shutter, climbed in, opened the faucets and drained off on to the floor every drop of liquor in the place . . . and retired with something of the same consciousness of having done a good job completely that was felt when the first dog lay dead and harmless."

That is to say, Comstock, suffering remorse and self-hatred because he had yielded to the "home-brew", saw in the saloon-keeper another tempter of his weakness similar to the neighbor's boy. He projected upon the saloon-keeper all his hatred of the boy and of himself and of his animal instincts. If he had been physically inferior, his hatred of himself might have made him a submissive, dejected, self-convicted sinner. But he had pride, egotism, courage and a strong physique. Unconsciously, he drained off his suppressed feeling against himself by killing the saloon-keeper's dog and then wrecking his saloon. Consciously, he rationalized his impulse as a defense of the children who might be bitten by the dog, and of the men and women who might be victimized by the saloon. This, as we have pointed out already, is a common device of the Puritan mind. No one who does not suffer with an inferiority complex can endure a chronic self-hate. A hatred of the Flesh in yourself inevitably gets its drainage as a hatred of the Flesh in others, and you do a sort of vicarious penance for your own weakness by punishing the sins of others.

Here, it is plain even from Trumbull's book, we have the key to Anthony Comstock. He began his career by killing the saloon-keeper's dog and wrecking the saloon. The Civil War interrupted his censorial activities; but soon after he returned to commercial life he resumed them. "He had come to know young business men, over and over again, whose lives were plainly being ruined by their interest in the obscene pictures and literature and other devilish things that they had easy access to." While he was working as a clerk in a New York dry-goods house, he heard of a bookseller in the next block who was selling obscene books and pictures. He denounced the bookseller to the police and went to see him arrested. A short time later he complained of another bookseller to a policeman and the policeman tipped off the dealer. "Comstock went to police headquarters, preferred charges and had the man dismissed from the force." He was attacked by some of the newspapers, but one of the most reputable of them took up his cause. With the aid of a reporter, he procured the arrests of seven booksellers. In an interval of inactivity, he drove a neighboring saloon-keeper out of business.

Then he "got possession of a clue that there were four men who were responsible for the printing and publishing" of the books for whose sale the booksellers were being punished. He appealed for help from the Young Men's Christian Association in order to prosecute these publishers, and his letter came to the notice of Morris K. Jesup, the philanthropist, who backed Comstock from that day. With the assistance of the Y. M. C. A., he succeeded in rounding up the publishers and destroying their books and the plates from which these had been printed; he lobbied successfully in Washington for the passage of a bill that should close the mails to the traffic against which he was fighting; and he was made a Special Agent of the Post Office Department, without salary, to help enforce the law. He was "still in the dry-goods business, and conducting his anti-vice work, entirely as an 'aside'," the Y. M. C. A. paying his expenses. Because of attacks upon him as "an agent" of the Y. M. C. A., a majority of the Y. M. C. A. Committee deemed it wise to incorporate a separate organization for the continuance of the work; and thus was born "The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice" of which Comstock remained Secretary to the day of his death.

He now had financial support for his life-work and he went at it with inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm. He prosecuted and closed up the lotteries that were then being advertised and carried on in defiance of the law. He pursued bogus bankers and brokers and mining companies, watch and jewelry swindlers, quack doctors, and various other cheats and charlatans that used the mails. But chiefly he ferreted out and suppressed every form of sexual expression in print that he could reach; and he finally reached so far that he even brought into court the clerk in the office of the Art Students' League who was giving out a prospectus of the League containing reproductions of specimen drawings from the nude that had been made by students in the League's life class.

He met with opposition, of course. Attempts were made to bribe him, to intimidate him, to kill him with an infernal machine, to murder him on the streets, to infect him with germs sent through the mails. He was attacked in Congress and criticized in editorials and misrepresented in the news. He consoled himself with the thought which he expresses in the preface to his volume, "Frauds Exposed": "I cannot expect to have better treatment than our blessed Master." He saw his critics and opponents either as wretches who were profiting by fraud and by the debauchery of the young, or as "infidels and liberals who defend these moral cancer-planters." To him, as to the first Puritans, sex was sin, and he spent his life fighting sex-expression wherever he could get a legal case against it. He was happy because, in the nature of things, his work was never finished. He escaped his subconscious hatred of himself by projecting it on others, and he was so contentedly unaware of his psychology that he could boast, in his "Frauds Exposed", that he wrote "with malice toward none, but with unbounded sympathy and charity toward the multitudes who each year are defrauded through the mails, or cursed in mind, body and soul by obscene matter."

P. T. Barnum came from the same state, Connecticut, that produced Comstock. He grew up under the influence of the same social conditions. He was as typical a Yankee as Comstock was. Yet in almost no trait of character was he like Comstock. It is a measure of the practical value of the new psychology that it explains the hitherto inexplicable difference between these two types of Yankee.

Barnum was born in 1810, in Bethel, which was Presbyterian. But already there had appeared in Universalism a revolt against Puritanism; it removed much of the Puritan fear of hell. Barnum's grandfather was a Universalist, a tavern-keeper, and a bitter critic of Presbyterianism. Among his cronies was the liberal occupant of a Bethel pulpit, who enjoyed his pipe and glass at the tavern. "I was impressed with the belief that the clergy were considerably more than human," Barnum says in his autobiography. And his grandfather's genial ideas of religion were therefore given an almost divine sanction for P. T. Barnum when this liberal clergyman endorsed them.

What those ideas were Barnum indicates in an anecdote of his days in Sunday-school. The clergyman, his grandfather's friend, had asked the members of the class to tell what they thought was "the one thing needful" to salvation. Barnum's written reply, as recorded in his autobiography, was as follows: "To believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, follow in His footsteps, love God and obey His commandments, love our fellow man and embrace every opportunity of ministering to his necessities; to live a life that we can always look on with satisfaction, and be enabled ever to contemplate its termination with trust in Him who has so kindly vouchsafed it to us, surrounding us with innumerable blessings, if we have but the heart and wisdom to receive them in a proper manner." The clergyman pronounced this a "well-written and correct answer", which made it right. It is noticeably free of Comstock's fear of the flesh and hatred of its frailties. And, as the religious creed which Barnum tried to follow throughout his life, it was the basic inspiration of his cheerfulness and kindliness and hearty piety, even when, as the greatest charlatan of his day, he was making a fortune out of the museum fakes which he foisted upon the credulity of the public.

Those amazing humbugs were far more typical of the Yankee than Barnum's religion was. Barnum consciously saw them himself as practical jokes on the people, and he believed that he had inherited his love of practical jokes from his grandfather, the jolly tavern-keeper. But it is evident from his autobiography that we have here an imitation — like Mark Twain's imitation of his mother's humor — not an inheritance. The grandfather, Barnum writes, "would go farther, wait longer, work harder and contrive deeper to carry out a practical joke, than for anything else under heaven." He played a practical joke on his grandchild (P. T. Barnum) at birth, by giving him a deed to five acres of worthless land called Ivy Island and by then subsequently persuading the child, with the aid of his parents, that he was heir to a priceless estate. The joke culminated in a cruel disillusionment when the boy was finally taken to see the inheritance upon which he had been publicly priding himself for years — and found it an inaccessible and wholly worthless piece of swamp.

SUCH an impressive example of cheerful deceit might well have been enough in itself to prepare young Barnum for his career, but it was not an isolated incident. He grew up in an atmosphere of practical joking and of shrewd trading tricks that were profitable practical jokes of a very doubtful honesty. He says: "In nearly every New England village, at the time of which I write, there could be found from six to twenty social, jolly, story-telling, joke-playing wags and wits, who would spend the evenings in relating anecdotes, describing their various adventures, playing off practical jokes upon each other, and engaging in every project out of which a little fun could be extracted." Their club center was the village store; and, like Lincoln and Comstock, Barnum began his career as a clerk in such a store. He gives page after page of these jokes in his memoirs, and numerous examples of Connecticut business methods that were as smart as the jokes.

We have here an aspect of Puritanism that is very interesting. The Puritan was unable to take any joy out of his conquest of nature because he felt that he won only by God's permission and he had to remain humble and self-depreciative in order to insure further benefits. But in competition between man and man, there was no taboo against joy in outwitting a competitor. This was a permitted pleasure. In the form of the practical joke, it was a comparatively innocent pleasure. In the form of a slick trade, it was less innocent; but, as we have said already, the Puritan idea of sin was the Pauline idea — the idea of sin as a pleasure of the senses, not the idea of sin as an injury to others — and the Yankee descendant of the Puritan had a minimum of honesty in barter. He could boast of his humbugging and hoodwinking in a business deal and laugh over it as he laughed over a good practical joke. Barnum, in his museum fakes, was a typical Yankee. He relates many of the hoaxes that he "put over" on the public, and he relates them as gaily as he tells of the practical jokes of his grandfather or the business methods of the Connecticut store-keeper. And he notes that his public seemed to be amused by his humbugs, even when they knew that they were being deceived.

His career as a jovial exploiter of human credulity began at the age of fourteen, when he managed a small lottery among the townsfolk and made money on it. Such lotteries were a permitted form of public gambling in those days — as little frowned on as raffles

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Many Americans are distrustful of foreign investments, in fact, of all things foreign. This is because we know little about them. But we should try to learn, and the sooner the better. We want foreign business, and knowledge of other countries besides our own will help us to get it; investments in the securities of other countries are an evidence of good faith, that we believe in them and are willing to do more than sell them goods. Moreover, it is a well authenticated fact that when the people of one country invest in the securities of another, trade between the two is always stimulated to the advantage of both. England furnishes the proof of this statement. She is the greatest trading nation on earth and the foreign investments of the English people today total about $16,000,000,000. Before the war they were about 25 per cent. larger than this figure, and in all probability soon will be again. The same thing is true of other European countries in lesser degree; France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, have all had a long and extensive experience with foreign investments.

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at a church fair. Barnum describes one which a respected relative organized in such a way that it appeared particularly alluring to its patrons and proved unusually profitable to its inventor. He describes it as if it were a practical joke. He defends himself, in his memoirs, from a charge of fraud in the first exhibit of his career as a showman — an old negress whom he presented to the public as George Washington's nurse. But he made the defense because he was attacked in the newspapers as a forger, after a post-mortem on the alleged nurse showed that she was by no means as old as her alleged birth certificate claimed. He pleaded that he had believed in her claims and in her doubtful credentials. A few pages later, in his account of himself, he relates other adventures in public deception almost as gross.

Throughout his life he remained honest in his financial dealings and "moral" in his museum exhibits. He showed wax-works that preached a lecture against drunkenness, and he always kept temperance pledges in the box-office of his museum for those who might be converted by the horrors of his tableaux. At twenty-six, on the road with a circus, he spoke from the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Rocky Mountain Falls, N. C. "I appealed," he says, "to every man's experience, observation and reason, to confirm the Bible doctrine of wretchedness in vice and happiness in virtue. We cannot violate the laws of God with impunity, and He will not keep back the wages of well-doing. A conscience hardened in sin is the most sorrowful thing that we can think of. Such a one may enjoy life as a beast enjoys it — perhaps like a beast shut up in a cage or dungeon, with enough to eat and drink — but the soul cannot be satisfied or happy without devotion toward God and good-will toward man."

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made up her mind that she wanted Power,
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There is no hypocrisy in this. Barnum's private life was clean and kindly. He poured out benefactions on the town of Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he built himself a fantastic house. If any of his advertisements or procured press stories brought letters of inquiry from trusting dupes, he evaded telling untruths in his replies. He satisfied his conscience by arguing that he instructed the people and did them no harm with his faked wonders — which was true enough. But he set an illustrious example for many less scrupulous charlatans who imitated his campaigns of advertising. He was the first great American exponent of the art of creating a fictitious demand in order to profit by meeting it — an art which is practised now by thousands of advertising agents and publicity men and campaign managers. At the bottom of the whole business is that Puritan lack of social responsibility which comes of seeing private sin as the only immorality. From this aspect Barnum is most significant.

There was one revolt against Puritanism that produced some very distinguished but quite untypical Americans. Walt Whitman, Mark Hanna, and Susan B. Anthony, for instance, are the products of Quakerism, and it is impossible to understand their psychology, or to place them in the American scene, except by reference to the influence of Quakerism on their subconscious minds.

Quakerism, as a religious device, completely dissolved the Puritan soul-fear in an astonishing way. The Puritan relied upon his intelligence to ascertain God's will from the scriptures; he saw conscience as God's warning to use intelligence to ascertain wherein he had failed; and since his fear of hell never ceased, his conscience was never at rest and his anxiety was unremitting. But the Quaker discarded intelligence wholly and went below it, to the subconscious mind, for evidence of salvation. He continually sought for that "accession of grace", that upwelling of subconscious transport, which the pioneer sought only spasmodically in the crowd-ecstasies of revival meetings.

The first Quaker, George Fox, was the son of parents of great piety in the Church of England. At nineteen, he developed an adolescent melancholy, undoubtedly of sex origin. His later aberrations were apparently a flight from sex, which had been made horrifying to him by his training, and that horror produced its inevitable biological despair. He left his home, and became a wanderer; and in the midst of scenes of pastoral innocence he reflected on God. Most persons have felt the quiet elation that comes in solitude when one sees the peace and contentment of the trees and the birds that seem to live free and happy in a God-given and unworried security. Walt Whitman felt it and voiced it. Fox felt it. He reflected that there was a God who made all things; that this God was a god of loving care; that he dwelt in a temple not made by hands; and that Christ had redeemed all men. The whole thought was probably the upwelling of a desire for safety, inspired by the sight of protecting nature caring for its wild things. He was suddenly aware of an inner elation which he accepted as proof of salvation by an accession of grace. On that experience, he founded his religion, casting aside all forms of worship, and preaching that the inner impulse of the spirit was the sole guide to sanctity.

This occurred in Puritan England just before Cromwell's time. It was the purest instance of subconscious revolt in modern religion. Fox denied any authority of teaching or intelligence over conscience. He accepted no superiority of any one over the inspired man. He revolted equally against church and state. He refused to take oaths or make war. He refused to remove his hat to any man or to submit to any authority except God's. Under persecution, his revolt hardened into the tenets of a sect that correlated his new belief with the pious teachings of his parents.

He taught absolute honesty, truth-telling and promise-keeping — valuable aids to the health of commercial life and salient virtues in Mark Hanna's character. He crusaded against drunkenness — the Hanna family was conspicuous in the temperance agitation of its day. Of course, he opposed war — and both Hanna and Whitman were Quakers in that respect during the American Civil War, although Hanna was finally drafted. In some respects Fox's doctrines were those of a cult of universal nature, and this is the backbone of Whitman's philosophy.

Whitman's father, Mark Hanna's father, and Susan B. Anthony's father were all Hicksite Quakers — followers of Elias Hicks, a Long Island preacher who was of the extreme radical "left" in Quakerism. Hicks despised creeds, churches, and every organization of the religious life. For him and his followers religion consisted of a spiritual emotion induced in ecstatic silence. Whitman's art was the same subconscious upwelling practised in poetry, revolting against intelligent control and the reasoned forms and accepted rhymes of verse. That is his singularity in American literature.

Otherwise, his subconscious psychology was almost purely Freudian. He had an affection for his mother that was too strong for romantic love to break down. His sex instinct remained divorced from his instinct of affection, and in that respect he was morbid. He ran foul of his conscience during adolescence — see his novel, "Franklin Evans", and his story, "One Wicked Impulse", which closes with the guilty one finding absolution in the bosom of nature. In his poetry he projected his love of the mother-image upon mother-nature and found peace there. He developed the theme throughout his maturity, and his life was a struggle to complete it against the criticism of its nature-worship.

His conscious philosophy was animated by a pure Quaker revolt against any intelligent authoritative control of the subconscious mind. "This is what you shall do," he writes: "love the earth and sun and animals, despise riches, give alms to any one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men; go freely with powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and mothers of families; read these leaves" (his poems) "in the open air every season of every year of your life; re-examine all you have been told at school or church, or in any book, and dismiss whatever insults your own soul."

Although he saw himself as the poet and prophet of the American democracy — and has been acclaimed in that rôle abroad — he has never been popularly accepted by the Puritan American mind, and it hardly seems likely that he ever will be.

The Hannas were the wealthy family of New Lisbon, Ohio. They were Hicksite Quakers, prohibitionists, abolitionists and reformers. The mother was a Vermont Presbyterian who came to Ohio at eleven years of age, taught school, and married Leonard Hanna, a doctor. Her cousin, Hattie Converse, taught the first school that Mark Hanna attended, and she assumed a position of vicarious maternal authority over him and whipped him frequently — for pushing another child, for being late, for lying, for loitering after school. But both his parents objected to the flogging and to excessive school authority, and this saved him. Protected by their kindly lack of oppressive discipline, he grew up a normal boy, the leader of the "Midtown gang", sociable, generous, mischievous, high-spirited, active and aggressive. At fifteen his family lost its money through the canal failure, but his character was already formed. Prosperity, family prestige, industry, success and ego-confidence fitted him for a good start in life.

He went through High School, but he was suspended from college for a practical joke, and at twenty-three he entered the commission business of Hanna, Garretson & Co. He succeeded as a traveling salesman, and his success was the fruit of the same qualities that had made him the leader of his boys' gang. He was a "teetotaler" and he sowed no wild oats, but he was sociable, a good mixer, captain of the boat club, a dancer and a card-player. His personality was winning and, in the phraseology of the modern adman, he "sold himself" successfully. His assets were good business judgment and the power to dominate men.

There is no need to follow him through the details of his business career. He failed at first in oil and in lake-shipping. He succeeded in coal and iron, and in their production and transportation; and he organized one of the ablest sales-organizations in the country. He founded a bank, bought a theater, owned a newspaper, gained control of a street railway. In the advancement of these interests, he took a hand in local politics. A rival who defeated him as delegate to the Republican convention accused him of being a greedy Boss, and Hanna never escaped that stigma.

These were pioneer days in American big business. The pioneer was naturally aggressive, energetic, hopeful and grasping. He looked to the government for favors. Agriculture received free land and industry a high tariff. The railroads were given land grants. The initiative of early exploitation was encouraged with free timber, pasture and mines. But as soon as opportunities began to be exhausted, state encouragement of this sort became encouragement of "special interests." Hanna, as a product of the pioneer days, preserved the earlier tradition. To him it was the government's duty to support business prosperity because he believed that prosperous business made a better nation, as prosperous individuals made a better community. The party, to him, was the engine of government and the party leaders were responsible for insuring prosperity. His conscience lay in an absolute integrity in the fulfilment of contracts; he was scrupulously loyal to his associates and to all "gentlemen's agreements"; and many of his business alliances were like friendships. As a politician he was far from being as astute as Theodore Roosevelt, with whom, at the time of his death, he was in competition for the Republican nomination to succeed President McKinley. He was a strong and successful character, and in many ways a typical American, but the economic changes in the national life have made his conception of government unpalatable to the common citizen and his name is by no means one to conjure with.

The Silver Screen

[*Continued from page 29*]

living the way I do, writing what seems to me good stuff and getting no action. . . . Somewhere in this wide world I've a couple of kiddies. They haven't much to lean on. Just me and the other broken reed. I don't know if they are sick or well. But the thought that I knew the picture game from A to Z and could beat it has sustained me. There is big money in it for some lucky fellow and I have thought that I could provide for my kiddies' future. . . . Well, it seems not. And I tell you, man, I am blue with discouragement."

"Throckmortan," I said, "you are a saner man than I am, far and away. Will you tell me what you are doing in this galley and why?"

"I had the usual little garden," said he, "with the usual fence around it. One day a mad bull broke down the fence and trampled on the flowers. I shot him. . . . My lawyer got me off on the plea of insanity, and here I am! . . ."

At this moment Jewett came hastily down the path.

Jewett had promised to let me know when he had another of Throckmortan's manuscripts on his desk; and so he did. But unfortunately he put off doing so for several days — and I am afraid he is never going to forgive himself.

The thing was in a long envelope, sealed and addressed to the producer for whom I myself was working. It pleased me to think that poor Throckmortan had taken my advice.

Without ceremony Jewett ripped open the envelope and handed the contents to me.

"See for yourself," he said, "how a sensible talker can go bug-house the moment he picks up a pen."

But there was nothing bug-house about Throckmortan's manuscript — not at least to any one familiar with the jargon of continuities. It was a simple and direct story told in such terms as "Iris In"—"Med. Shot"—"Fade Out"—and so forth and so on. But to a man like Jewett, accustomed to take his fiction in doses of an older fashion, it might indeed have seemed the work of a lunatic.

"Can you make head or tail of it?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered, "it's as lucid as any continuity. Rather more so perhaps. . . . I think it's going to be Throckmortan's own story. If there is no objection I'll carry it into the garden and give it a careful reading. . . . And he's given you others like this, and asked you to send them to the producers, and because *you* couldn't make head or tail of them you've thrown them in the scrap-basket! . . . I'm glad I'm not *you*. Do you realize that you may have destroyed a 'Miracle Man' or a 'Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave'? But I don't blame you. Of all the ways in which it is possible to tell a story a continuity is the worst. Even a man who understands the method cannot always make out what a continuity is about. Very few directors have ever found out."

I had risen and was for removing to the garden when a loose sheet fell from between the pages of Throckmortan's continuity. It was a note to the producers, and stated very briefly that if favorable action was not taken on the story by a certain date, the unfortunate writer, who had reached the end of all patience, all aspiration and all hope, proposed to hang himself.

WITHOUT comment I handed this note to Jewett. When he had finished reading it his forehead was moist and he said,

"*To-day* is the twenty-fifth!"

A moment later we were racing across the garden toward the dormitory in which Throckmortan had his quarters.

Throckmortan must have been dead for several hours. He was as cold as stone. We cut him down and laid him on his bed, and covered him with a sheet.

I was terribly sorry for Jewett. He must have felt like killing himself.

The next day, having read and mastered the details of poor Throckmortan's last continuity, I presented myself to the most high and mighty master, ruler and overlord of the Starcraft Super-Picture Production Company and said that I had a story for him.

"Tell it to me," he said, "in a few words."

"It's about a man named Throckmortan," I said, "a continuity writer. Owing to domestic difficulties he shot a man and instead of being electrocuted for so doing was pronounced insane and shut up in a madhouse. Having children whom he loved dearly he attempted to support them and provide for their future by continuing to engage in his old business of continuity writing. Incidentally he wrote the best continuities that have ever been written, but as the average continuity is unintelligible to the average man and as the superintendent of the asylum was an average man, the continuities never got any farther on the road to fame and fortune than the superintendent's waste-paper basket.

"In despair Throckmortan at last decides to write the story of his own life. He addresses the manuscript to — well, to a producer — to you, for example, and encloses a note, also to you, saying that if you do not take favorable action on the manuscript by a certain date — the twenty-fifth of this month, to be exact — he will hang himself.

"By request this last continuity was kept out of the scrap-basket until I had seen it. The superintendent, however, not thinking the matter of any real importance, did not notify me of its existence until several days after it had been placed on his desk. In the meanwhile Throckmortan had hanged himself. . . ."

The eyes of the most high and mighty master ruler and overlord of the Starcraft Super-Picture Production Company twinkled.

"Of course it's rather tragic," I deprecated.

"That is merely a matter of the ending. . . . I like this story," he said, "we'll shoot it. . . . How is the continuity?"

"Wonderful," I said. "It is the best one I ever read."

A dreaming, visionary look had crept into my lord's eyes.

"It will be one of our stupendous productions," he said, "possibly one of our Super-Stupendous productions. . . . Instead of hanging himself we will have Throckmortan change clothes with one of the female inmates of the asylum. We ought to get some good laughs out of that. Then they will escape together and live happily ever afterward. . . . We might introduce some comedy scenes in the asylum coal-hole."

Nobody ought to feel sorry for Throckmortan, because if he had lived to see the Super-Stupendous picture that we made out of his story, he must have hanged himself anyhow.

The Talker

[*Continued from page 23*]

Mr Billings. Lottie Cline's eyes opened wider than ever — which did not lessen their attractiveness.

"I've been looking about me, there at the office," young Mr. Wharton continued, as they strolled back across the Square to work, "to see what I could do to better present conditions. I've decided to draft a new set of form letters for selling the Encyclopedia. The ones they're using now are positively archaic. I can't imagine who ever got them up — they sound as though it might be Ed Moran, and Ed, though it's plain to be seen that he's a good fellow and a hard worker, is in many ways a rough diamond — now, isn't he? I call him the little stranger to the English language — jokingly, of course. Ever notice with what difficulty he expresses himself, Miss Cline? Now, self-expression is one of the first things that a man who means to be a success in business should develop. Ah yes, Ed's a good fellow, but he'll never get very far in the world — —"

Lottie did not protest, but put the thought in her mind for further examination. It was strange and disturbing to hear an office power like Ed Moran spoken of so lightly. In the meantime she kept on listening absorbedly — so absorbedly that she did not see the little stranger to the English language crossing the street diagonally before them. Ed had seen her, though, and noted her absorption and had flexed his biceps longingly as he eyed her companion.

"I might have known it," he told himself bitterly. "Who'm I to cop off such a queen."

An office love-affair is always a matter of extreme interest and excitement to the onlookers thereof.

"My Gawd, girlie," said Miss Strauss, as she powdered her nose before the glass in the ladies' rest-room, "how do you do it? Wish you'd give me your recipe."

"Which one you going to take?" asked Rachel Yesiersky. "The idea is, get one of 'em hooked for fair, Lottie."

"I wish you girls wouldn't talk so," protested Lottie. "They're both dandy fellows, and awfully kind to me, but I haven't the least idea of getting married — really I haven't."

"Look at her blush," laughed Miss Strauss, good-humoredly. "That's the kind of color you can't buy in a box. No wonder they fall for you, kid. Well, I don't suppose you want any advice, but I'd say, take Ed. He's got money saved, and he's the kind that'll go steady all his life."

"Don't you do it, Lottie," protested Rachel. "Take Wharton. He's smart as a steel trap, and he's got ambition. He's got ideas — which Ed hasn't. And Ed's a grouch. Get Wharton if you can, is my dope, and you'll never regret it."

She went on out as she spoke and Lottie and Miss Strauss were left alone. Despite her informal habit of speech Lottie had long ago learned that there was no girl in the office so kind-hearted and in many ways so level-headed as Maxine, and there was a real friendship between them. So now Lottie confided:

"Maxine," she began hesitantly, "I'm all kind of muddled — I wish you'd help me clear my mind. It's true, all the things you and Rachel said — and they're both such nice fellows, and they've both got such good qualities, and I don't feel as if it was right to — to let them both think — oh, you know — —"

"You don't want to string 'em both along, but you can't make a choice. I get you," quoth Miss. Strauss. "Well, kid, there's one sure-thing test. Take 'em out home and show 'em to your folks. Let your old man and old woman give 'em the once-over, and whichever one stacks up the best — he's your candy kid. You've got plenty sense, Lottie, and all you need is to ask the two of 'em out to your folks, and then look and listen. They'll do the rest."

Lottie considered these words of wisdom seriously, for it was evident that something must be done.

Both young men were surprised to receive the invitation to spend Sunday at Lottie's home, an invitation which she delivered with blushes and some misgivings.

"Come out on the morning train," she told them, "and stay all day. I want you to meet my — my family. It's real nice out in the country now, and — and — and I think you'll enjoy it. And — and I thought I'd come in with you on the train Sunday evening, like I always do."

Ed Moran's now habitual gloom had lightened for a moment at the prospect, but only deepened when he learned that Wharton was to go too. For a moment he had thoughts of refusing. Then he set his teeth. He wouldn't give his rival the advantage of being with Lottie in her own home for a whole day. "Much obliged," he said. "I'll be there."

On the other hand, Mr. Wharton beamed. "How very delightful!" he exclaimed. "Just what I would have liked to suggest — it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet your family, and I am so fond of the country. There's nothing like a day spent in rural surroundings for real pleasure. And when it is with such a companion — —"

"Do you mean Ed Moran? I asked him, too," broke in Lottie.

For a second Mr. Wharton's mobile face was a trifle blank, but he recovered himself. "You know perfectly well I wasn't thinking of Ed," he said meaningly, "and you know perfectly well who I *was* thinking of. But it won't be at all bad to have Ed along — he can talk to the old folks while we talk to each

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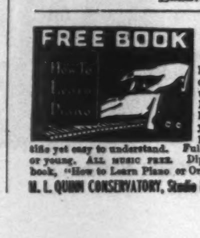

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other. How about that? An ideal arrangement from every standpoint."

The Cline farm lay a couple of miles from the nearest train town, but it was on one of the innumerable trolley lines that make a pattern of movement on the fair face of Jersey. Unfortunately that particular trolley line is popular with Sabbath holiday makers, and the two guests emerged from the jam of perspiring humans in a state of extreme mental and physical heat.

But Mr. Wharton's ready smile came out when they observed Lottie waiting for them on the front porch, a Lottie flushed with excitement, enticingly pretty in her blue cotton dress. She was the only thing worth looking at, even to unprejudiced eyes, for it was plain that the farm was a run-down, out-at-elbows, shabby and commonplace affair.

"Now *this* was worth coming for," cried Mr. Wharton, as they came within earshot. "Just to see you standing there under that vine — a real picture, if there ever was one. How are you this hot morning, and isn't it hot? You will pardon me if I mop my heated brow — this is the worst day we've had yet."

Ed was already mopping his brow without asking permission. He looked far hotter than Mr. Wharton. All he said was a few inarticulate noises that, translated, might have been: "How do, Lottie, how are you?" but they were too chaotic to answer.

"Sit right down here on the porch," said Lottie. "I'll bring you out some cold water. And Pa and Ma will be out in a few minutes."

Mr. Wharton took a rustic chair and Ed sat on the edge of the porch, in dumb misery. He told himself that he was a double-blanked fool for coming — but he had been telling himself that ever since he started. Presently Lottie came, bringing the promised cooling draught, and followed by a sour-faced bewhiskered middle-aged man, and a large flaccid woman whose apron strings were lost in the bulging curves of her waist-line.

"Pa and Ma," said Lottie, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Wharton and Mr. Moran."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Wharton, shaking hands heartily. "Happy to have the pleasure, I am sure, though I feel that it is a great imposition to be your visitor on such a day as this. What a beautiful place you have here, Mr. Cline — a real little gem of a farm, one of the prettiest I have ever seen."

His volubility left nothing for Ed to say even had he been capable of saying anything. He shook hands dumbly and tried to smile. In the middle of it he gave a surprised "Ow" and clapped his hand to his cheek.

"It's Petie with his bean-shooter," explained Mrs. Cline. "He's hiding round the corner of the house. You, Petie, come out now and shake hands with the company."

After some giggling and scuffling and further invitation from his mother, Petie, a sly, spidery youngster of nine, appeared and shook hands.

"Now 'pologize to Mr. Moran for hitting him," said Mrs. Cline, beaming on him.

"Oh, leave him alone," broke in Mr. Wharton. "Boys will be boys, you know, and a lad at that age is just full of mischief and can't help it. Why, you'd feel uneasy about him, wouldn't you now, Mrs. Cline, if he wasn't into some mischief or other every few minutes? I don't believe Ed's very seriously wounded. He's big enough to stand a good bit, aren't you, Ed?"

Ed looked at the speaker with blood in his eye, but did not answer. However, there was no need. "Come on, Petie, I'd like to romp with you a little bit," quoth Mr. Wharton, further, and taking off his coat leaped off the veranda forthwith and started an animated game of tag. Mrs. Cline vanished with a murmur about dinner, and this left Lottie, her father and Ed together.

"M'wife, she spoils that kid something fierce," said Mr. Cline to Ed. "Don't even want 'im to do any chores. But I put my foot down there."

Petie heard this and stopped in the midst of his racing to stick out his tongue at his parent. "Yeah' you did — who brought in the kin'lin' last night? Ma she said I needn't ever bring in any more kin'lin', she did, when Lottie's home. Ner feed the chickens neither. Ner milk. An' Lot's got to clean out the woodhouse, too."

Ed looked at Lottie whose eyes were full of distress at this impertinent revelation. "You oughtn't to have to do rough work like that," he said, with no difficulty whatsoever in his speech now. "I *thought* you always looked kind of tired on Mondays."

"It isn't hard," she protested. "I don't mind a bit. It's a change."

"It's a change, all right," said Ed Moran.

Mr. Cline broke in on this. "I guess we don't need nobody to come out here and tell us what to do," he said stiffly. "I guess Lottie don't look very peak-ed."

Ed subsided. He was using bad language a-plenty inwardly again though. First crack out of the box he gets in a row with Lottie's father. A hmh-hmh boob was the kindest name he called himself.

Mr. Wharton providentially created a diversion by dropping down on the porch beside them. He was breathless. "Active little chap," he beamed. "I never can help joining in when I see youngsters ready for play — I suppose I'm still a good bit of a kid myself — I was reading something the other day though that had a consoling statement in it — it said that practically every big business man, real captains of industry, that is, still keep alive the spirit of play in their hearts. Well, Mr. Cline, are you going to let us make a tour of inspection of this pretty little domain of yours? I suppose you go in for intensive farming."

"I'll call Ma, she'll like to go," said Lottie, and went into the house. "Go ahead — we'll catch up."

The three men and the boy started round the house, and as they came within earshot of the kitchen they could hear Lottie speaking. "Oh, come on, there isn't a thing to do. I fixed all the vegetables and put the chickens in the fireless, and packed the ice-cream just before they came. It's not so hot — and I don't like to go by myself."

So presently Mrs. Cline, perspiring freely under her sunbonnet, and Lottie, looking rosy and starry-eyed, joined them. By this time they had reached the barnyard, and Mr. Wharton seized the opportunity to walk beside Lottie and comment on the chickens.

"They're the finest looking lot of chickens I've seen for many a day," he said. "Did you know that the Japanese have chickens with tails ten feet long, and that all of our domestic fowls originally came from India? Fact. These are particularly good-looking chickens — as handsome a lot of Plymouth Rocks as I ever saw at a poultry show."

Lottie looked at him queerly. "These aren't Plymouth Rocks," she said. "They're Rhode Island Reds."

"They used to call them Plymouth Rocks when I was a boy," said Mr. Wharton, unabashed. "Are you sure you're not mistaken?"

"I — I'm pretty sure," answered Lottie, hesitantly. "Don't, Petie, don't pull Sister's sash."

The last remark was made because Petie had been enlivening the walk by what was evidently his natural state of teasing Lottie. He circled round her, tweaking her skirt and sash ends, administering furtive pinches. Mr. Wharton surveyed him amiably.

"He's a high-spirited youngster," he offered. "Just like I used to be — Oh, these your cows — why you've got just about everything there is to be had on a farm, haven't you? Fine-looking cattle — that one over there is a pretty fair milker, I imagine."

Mr. Wharton's flow of information was checked because Ed Moran had suddenly reached out and seized the offending Petie by the shoulder. "D'ja hear what your sister said, to leave her alone?" he growled, for Petie had again been hatefully snatching at the ribbon that hung from Lottie's belt, and accenting it with a pinch on her arm.

Mrs. Cline flung Ed a poisonous glance. "The boy means no harm, Mr. Moran, and I'd thank you to let his parents discipline him when he needs it."

Ed became a strangulated scarlet, but stood his ground.

"He needs it now," he asserted.

"I suppose I might also be allowed to be a judge of that," flung back Mrs. Cline, her sunbonnet shaking with indignation. "You and me, Petie, we'll go back int' the house. It's too hot to be walking in the sun, and when the company's so pa'ticular, and so high-handed —" She seized the boy away. Ed looked after her despairingly. He'd done it this time, and the distress in Lottie's eyes was nothing to the distress in his heart. Lottie's mother would have thumbs down on him now, forevermore, as well as her father.

The arrival at the orchard was enlivened by a short lecture from Mr. Wharton on the San Jose scale and other insect pests, culled largely from the Magnum Opus, and interspersed with admiring comments on a very scrubby lot of old trees. Ed was occupied with his own unhappy musings and it was plain that Lottie was not very much at ease.

"Pa," she said, "you and Mr. Wharton and Mr. Moran go on and I'll go back to the house and help Ma get dinner ready. I guess they'll want to see the corn and wheat. And maybe the watermelon patch."

"I certainly would like to see the wheat-field," exclaimed Mr. Wharton. "The growing of wheat and the milling industry are two great factors of our national commerce. Speculation in wheat has formed the basis of more than one interesting work of fiction. Corn, also — corn is a native American plant, you know,— the first settlers found the Indians growing it — they called it maize. There's a lot of romantic history to be found even in the corn-field, eh, Mr. Cline?"

"I reckon you've never thinned corn, nor hoed it," said Ed Moran, drily, and he thought that Lottie looked at him reproachfully as she turned away.

The tour proceeded, but it was flat without Lottie. Both Ed and Mr. Wharton were glad when they heard her calling them to come back to dinner. But it was not a comfortable meal. Mrs. Cline was very stiff to Ed, and markedly pleasant to Mr. Wharton, urging more cream in his coffee, more gravy on his potatoes, serving him first to everything. Ed sat dumbly and ate whatever was put before him, listening to the constant flow of elegant language that came from his rival's lips. When the dessert was on he made one miserable effort to win back Mrs. Cline's favor. Cake had been passed and Ed tasted his slice and broke his Stygian silence.

"You're a fine cake-maker, Mrs. Cline," he said. "Never tasted better."

"Lottie baked that cake, Mr. Moran," replied Mrs. Cline, icily, and her tone implied that he knew and had offered his comment in a spirit of gratuitous insult.

The incident was closed by a dissertation by Mr. Wharton about the significance of the Old English Christmas cakes.

After dinner they went out on the front porch again. Mr. Cline took off his collar and shoes and composed himself to slumber on an old lounge. It was terribly hot.

Mrs. Cline sat heavily in a highbacked rocker. The heat subdued even Petie, and he lay quietly on the grass. Ed Moran and Mr. Wharton took up positions on either side of Lottie and — Mr. Wharton talked.

He displayed to his hearers all his experience, all his wisdom, all his ideas. He addressed himself to Lottie and it was well that it was so, for presently Mrs. Cline's head went back on her chair and she slept, audibly. Ed Moran made a brave fight to keep awake, but presently he, too, yielded to the soporific spell of the heat.

Mr. Wharton was not abashed. He surveyed his sleeping audience and addressed Lottie with unmistakable tenderness. "Thank heavens," he said, "they're all asleep. Now you and I'll go over into that little grove I can see from here, and be by ourselves awhile. Your home is beautiful, Miss Lottie, and your father and mother are highly estimable in every way, but — there's a clever proverb that begins by saying 'Two's company.' Come on — it'll be much cooler over among the trees."

The sun, on its downward course, crept up Ed Moran's legs and made him dream that he was traveling through a fiery desert. The burning sands at last became unbearable, and he awoke with a start to find himself practically alone, though the elder and younger Clines were visible. It was the final blow.

He'd let himself go to sleep like a stuffed pig, and Lottie and Mr. Wharton had seized the chance for a tête-à-tête. He felt that all was over and he picked up his hat and started drearily for the trolley. No need to wait and say good-bye.

He was hardly started on his way when he saw Lottie and her attendant returning from the grove. They seemed cool and they carried a great bunch of flowers and foliage. Ed stopped — there was no escape now.

"Everybody seemed so comfortable, Mr. Wharton and I thought we'd go over to the grove," said Lottie gently. "He picked the flowers, and I'm going to take 'em in town with me to-night and give 'em to the girls in the office." Ed saw that Wharton wore one of the flowers in his buttonhole. He suppressed a groan and returned with them, listening to Mr. Wharton on the study of botany.

The Cline family was refreshed and bright after its *siesta*, and Petie in particular was blithe. After supper the bean-shooter was abandoned for the more delightful pleasure of gathering cockle-burs and slyly applying these to the family's and guests' clothing and hair, with particular attention to Lottie. He rather steered clear of Ed, but Mr. Wharton was a smiling, amused and highly tolerant victim. Presently the playful little dear came sneaking up behind Lottie, and pressed a handful of the cruel spiny burs into the back of her neck. She jumped and cried out with the pain of the contact. Ed Moran jumped, too, and the flat of his hand gave Petie such a satisfying smack as carried that darling child out into the yard and left him sprawling and yelling.

Mrs. Cline rushed to comfort him. "Poor little fella," she mourned. "Did that great big rough man strike him, and hurt him? There, there, Petie, don't cry — where did he hurt you, lambie?"

Ed Moran was unrepentant. "He's not hurt," he said. "That's temper."

Mrs. Cline turned on him majestically. "I guess you don't know anything about children — Petie's a very delicate little fella, and not used to being struck and slammed round. I'm astonished at your doing such a thing. Seems to me you might choose somebody your own size to hit." She gathered the wailing Petie to her bosom and strode into the house.

"I guess I'll be goin' back to town," said Ed to Lottie. He did not try to meet her eyes.

"It's time we all started," said Lottie, and presently the three of them were on the trolley, Ed carrying Lottie's suitcase, while Mr. Wharton elegantly held the flowers.

When they got on the train Ed let the other two sit together and went into the smoker. He was done for, and he knew it. He watched the rushing night and meditated on emigrating to Alaska. He meant to say good night and good-bye forever right at the station, but Lottie prevented it.

"Can you go up to the boarding-house with me?" she asked. "Mr. Wharton says he's going way uptown to stay with a friend."

So Ed and Lottie, the bunch of flowers and the suitcase, approached Mrs. Hart's boarding-house together. At the door Lottie said, "Let's sit down a minute on the steps. It's so hot I hate to go in. But I believe it's cooler here in the city than it was out home, don't you?"

"Yes. No. I don't know," remarked Ed, absently.

"Why what do you mean?"

He choked and found his voice — a little. "I don't know. I've been such a boob all day — I'm sorry I got in bad with your Pa and made your Ma mad about the kid, but I wasn't going to stand round and see him doing mean little things to you and get away with it. Not by a jugful. I guess I better be going. I — I — you probably won't want me coming round any more."

Lottie regarded the empty street. "Why not?" she asked.

"Why — I thought — after to-day — my going to sleep, and being such a dumb fish — and putting my foot in it so — and I thought you and Wharton — —"

Lottie dropped her chin, and looked abashed — it was one of the best things she did, and Ed Moran seeing her do it, longed to eat her up.

"Ed," she began in a little far-away voice. "I got to tell you something. First — Ma isn't my real mother; she's my step-mother, and though we get along all right, she bosses everything out there and, of course, she's just wrapped up in Petie. That's one reason I like to work in the city. And about Mr. Wharton — well, you see, I thought he was so educated and smart, and maybe he is about some things, but — but the things he said about the farm and the chickens were just ridiculous — and so — I began to think, maybe when he talked about other things he didn't really know about them either. I — I can only tell by the things I know about myself — see? And oh — Ed — he talked so *much* — and all the time — every minute, it seemed to me if that clack went on any more I'd just *die*. And to have him round, talking *all the time* — I couldn't do it, even if he knew what he was talking about — and well — I just had to use what little common sense I've got — and it's silly to pretend Petie's a nice child, for he's spoiled till he's downright awful — and it's silly to think Pa's farm's wonderful, for it isn't — and it's silly to pretend to know things when you don't, and it's silliest of all to talk — talk — talk all the time — and so, — I could see that — that he was just a big noise, and that it was you who was real — and good — —"

She stopped. It was impossible to go on, for Ed Moran was holding her tight in his arms.

"Oh, Lottie," he said, and again, "Oh, Lottie!" And nothing more, but it seemed to be sufficient. Some people can say as much in two words as others can say in a lifetime.

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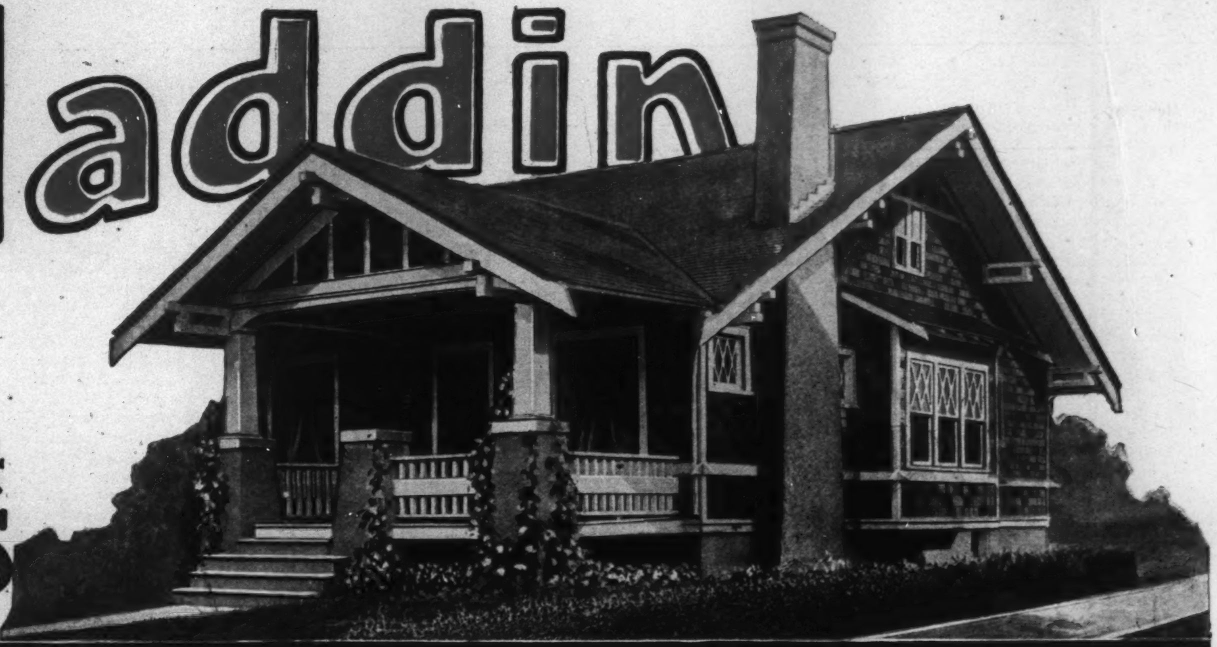

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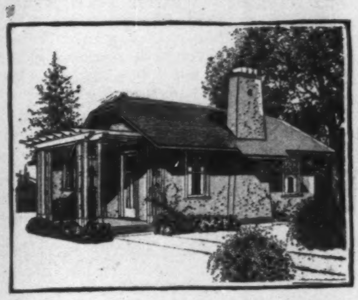

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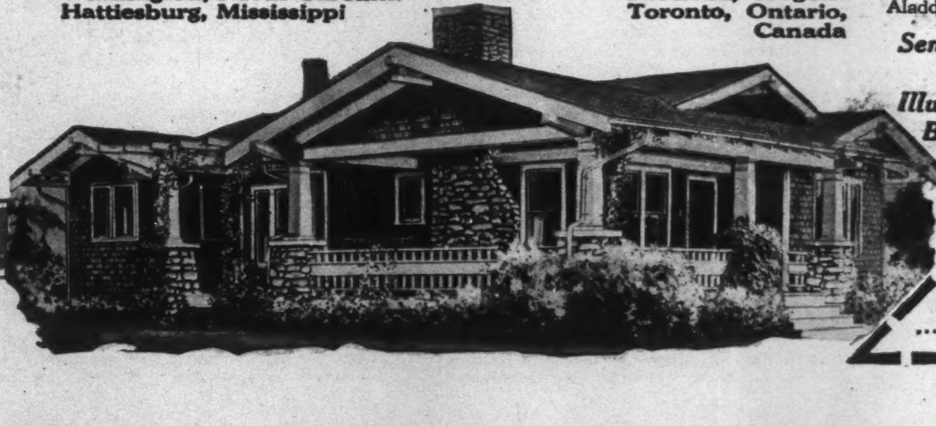

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